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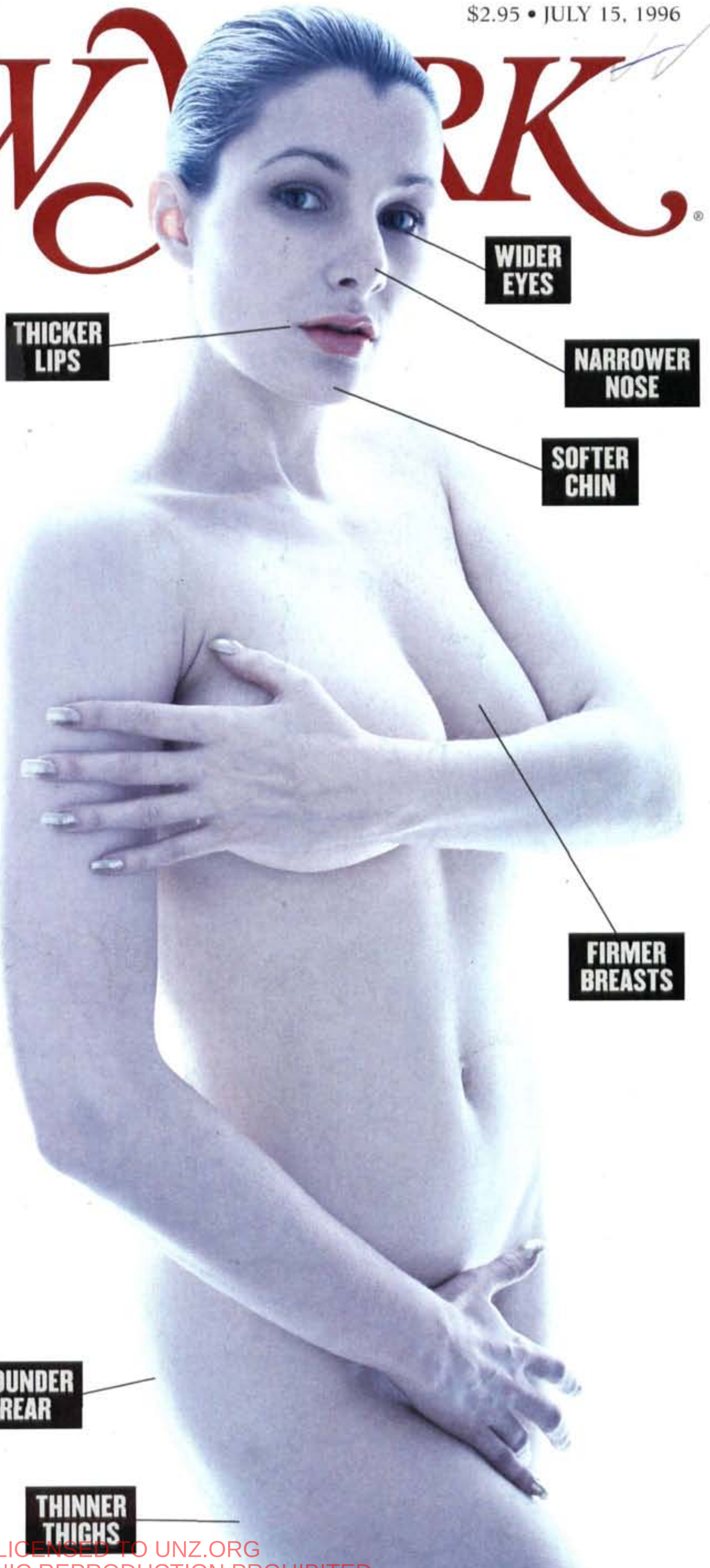
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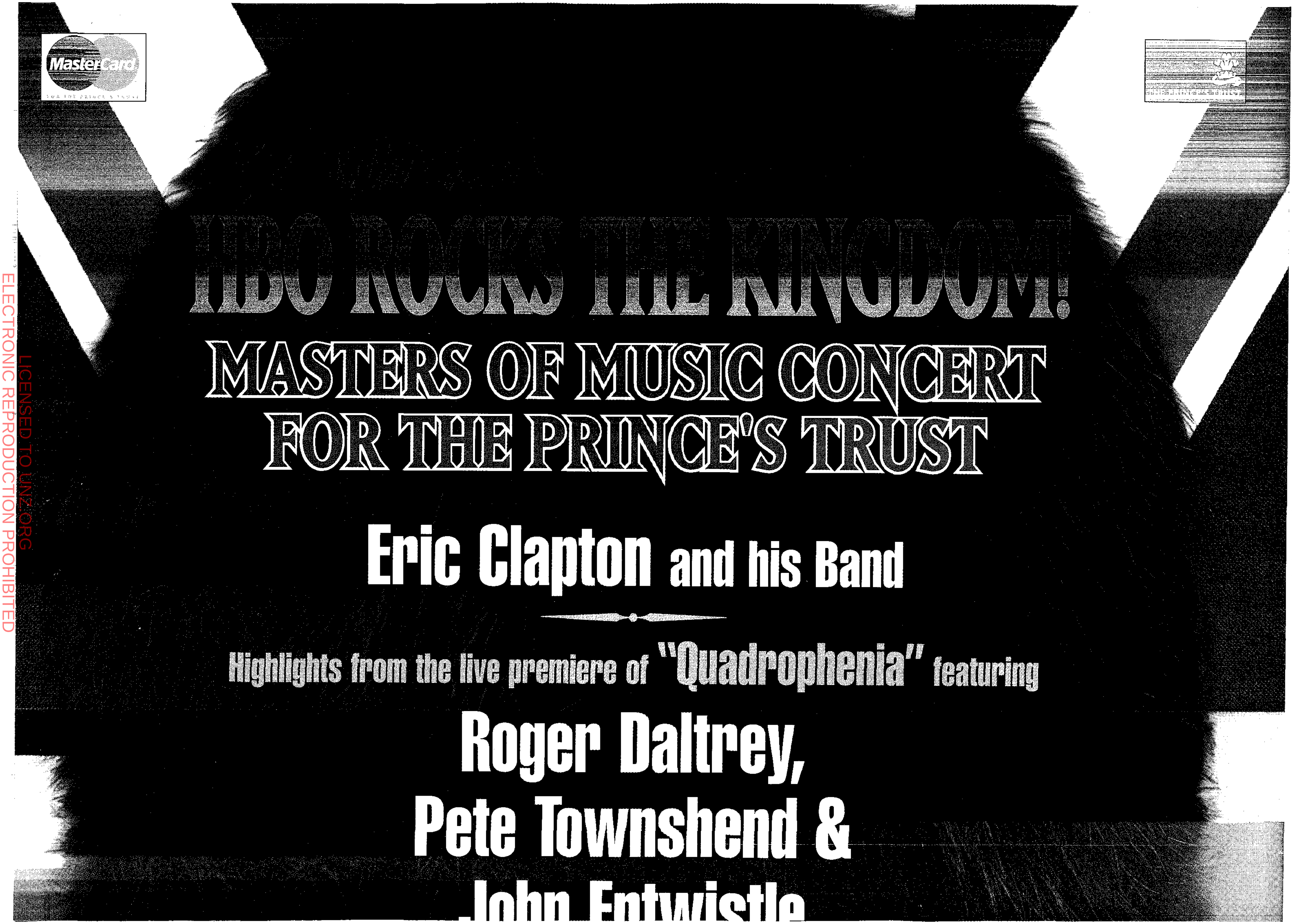

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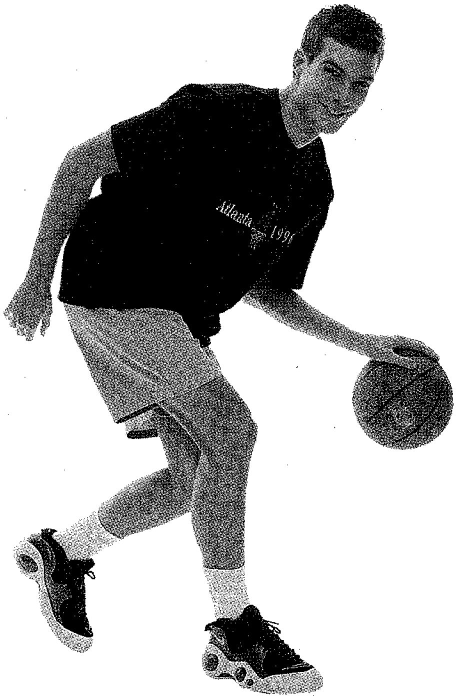

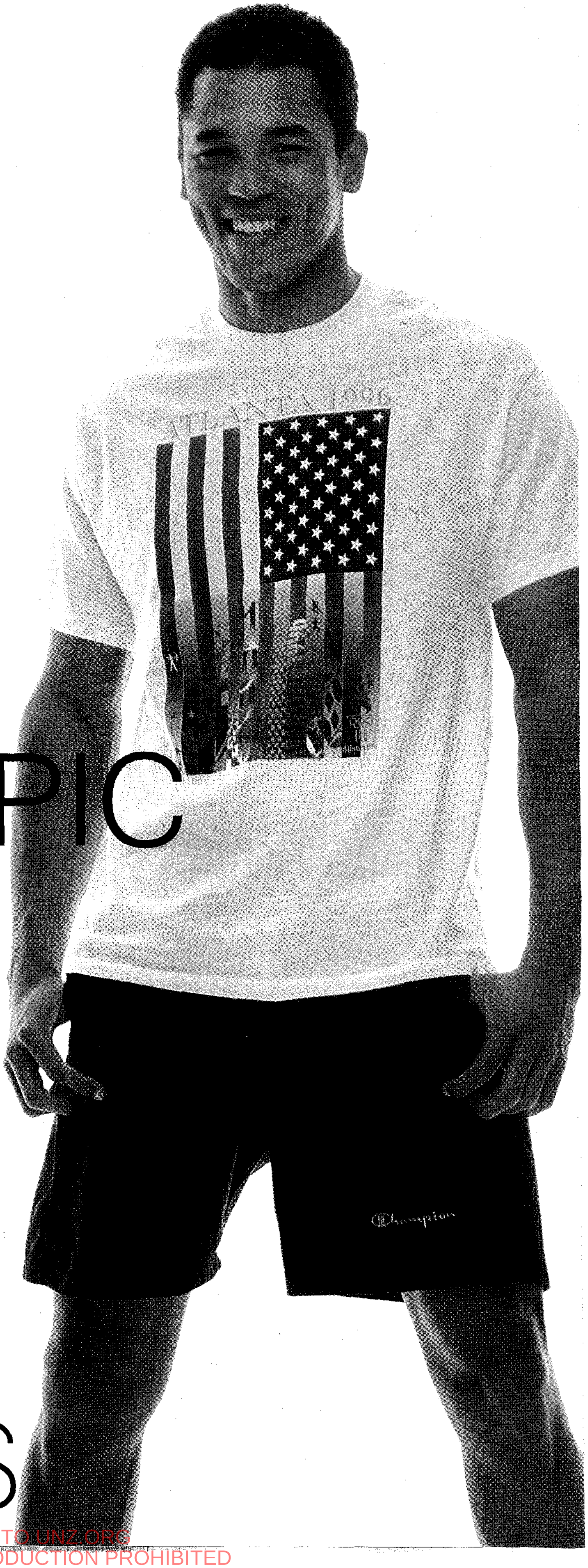

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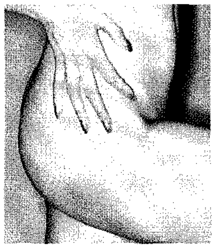
Contents July 15, 1996

> *"I saw myself as a hardy young sapling that could do with some pruning, but now I see a gnarled old thing that begs to be torn down to the root and rebuilt limb by limb."*
>
> LILY BURANA, PAGE 28

28 Pretty Woman

By Lily Burana



One look at the cover of this magazine would convince most people that the woman pictured—writer Lily Burana—is not someone in dire need of cosmetic surgery. But *most* patients are okay-looking people interested in a few tweaks. As Burana discovered on an incognito fact-finding mission at offices of some of the biggest surgeons in town, tweaking is in plentiful supply.

Heroin Chic

36 Angry Young Cinema

By Maureen Callahan

Wild with life and bursting with energy, the heavily hyped *Trainspotting*—about a bunch of Scottish malcontents on junk—has become totemic to a whole generation of British young people and ubiquitous as a subject among the chattering class. Like last summer's *Kids,* it's hard to ignore. Unlike *Kids,* it's a lot of fun to watch. Will it translate here?

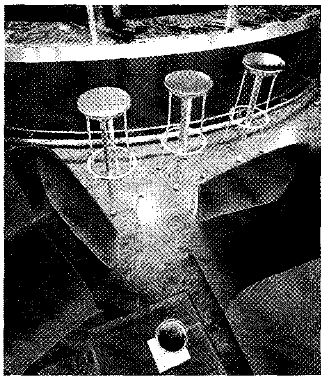
40 Junk Bonds

By Mim Udovitch

New York punk-rock hero Richard Hell—whose new novel, *Go Now,* about a heroin-addicted musician not unlike his younger self—talks about getting up early in the morning, getting older, and the new punk nostalgia.

42 Opening the Windows

By Corby Kummer



Twenty years after it opened (and one explosion later), Windows on the World is trying to live up to its original promise. The retro architecture is virtually voguish now. Joe Baum, the man who so successfully revamped the Rainbow Room, has made the place more *fun.* And while management is taking pains not to alienate tourists, it's ready for locals to show up, too.

Gotham

13 The strange, sad story of the murdered magazine editor; newsweeklies invaded by aliens

Departments

18 The City Politic

Michael Tomasky

It's congressional-redistricting time: Racial diversity, meet incumbent protection

20 Sports

William Goldman

Wimbledon goes the way of the NBA, with jaded young stars and winners who don't win

24 The Bottom Line

James J. Cramer

The day (actually, the precise minute) the stock market regained its sanity

Marketplace

48 Best Bets

Corky Pollan

Summer rains, on tap; switchless lights; a cool picnic platter

50 The Goods

Rene Chun

Leather Deco-era club chairs, long popular in Paris, sink into the New York fashion consciousness

52 Sales & Bargains

Dany Levy

Marked-down Manolo Blahnik shoes; noise-reducing windows; cut-rate catering

The Arts

53 Movies

David Denby

Phenomenon is pleasant but grows fatuous; *Striptease* is punitive and hypocritical

55 Art

Mark Stevens

The Guggenheim offers a sweeping vision of African art (uptown) and a glimpse at the future (down), but hasn't a thing to say

56 Theater

John Simon

Henry V in the Park: exaggerated enunciation and declamatory dullness

57 Dance

Tobi Tobias

The Paris Opéra Ballet returns, magnificently

Cue

59 Way inside the Brooklyn Bridge; *Hunchback* fever

Misc.

Letters 7

Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11

***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* 102

***Guardian* Crossword** 101

'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 101

Bad Publicity *by Larry Doyle and Kyle Baker* 104

Classified 89

Strictly Personals 98

Online

Chat with film and television producer Stephen J. Cannell in the *New York* Forum this Thursday, July 11, at 9 P.M. On CompuServe, *go* NYTALK.

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Foreground photos, left to right: Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre,
Reigakusha, Kurt Masur, Lyons Opera Ballet, Merce Cunningham Dance
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He Likes Mike

IN SUZANNA ANDREWS'S "MICHAEL Milken Just Wants to Be Loved" (June 10) regarding my longtime friend and client Michael Milken, she states that he "deflect[ed]" her question about whether he tried to raise money for Ted Turner to buy CBS. Ms. Andrews did ask Michael if he helped Turner by sounding out sources of funding for a CBS bid (which of course never occurred). Mr. Milken responded unequivocally that "no [he] did not."

Similarly, Ms. Andrews suggests that Michael was somehow involved in the pricing of the Turner–Time Warner merger, which again is not true. Unfortunately, in three hours of interviews, Ms. Andrews never asked either Michael or me about this totally baseless contention. Instead, she relied solely on one of the unnamed sources upon which she bases most of her article, who clearly is not a reliable source. (Consistent with the accuracy of the article is a picture on page 27 captioned "Milken with Sandler" in which I am nowhere to be seen.)

While disappointed by the tone and mischaracterizations of Ms. Andrews's story, I am not surprised. Like many previous negative articles—which, incidentally, Ms. Andrews drew heavily from—the *New York* story is built almost entirely on a foundation of unnamed and unknowledgeable sources. If *New York* wishes to publish character assassinations based upon such sources, it should at least give the subject of the article the opportunity to respond to all the allegations, and then accurately report the responses given.

Richard V. Sandler
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Overtaxed

JACOB WEISBERG'S JUNE 10 COLUMN ON how Republicans are divided on the tax-versus-balanced-budget issue is among the best I've seen in the period-

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Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

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ical press ["The National Interest: Tax Cutups"]. There is, though, one small but critical inaccuracy in the piece. He writes that supply-side dogma holds that "if you lower tax rates, people will work and earn more, thus increasing tax revenues—despite the rather impressive evidence that their theory is wrong."

The classical supply-side dogma instead holds that the law of diminishing returns applies to tax rates—which are the price of public goods and services—just as the law applies to market prices for goods and services in the private sector. Market competition forces producers to price their goods at an optimum level before diminishing returns set in. This kind of competition can only occur in the political realm when one party argues that rates should go higher and the other argues that they should go lower. The system of democracy we have gives voters the choice on how to set maximum tax rates in different situations.

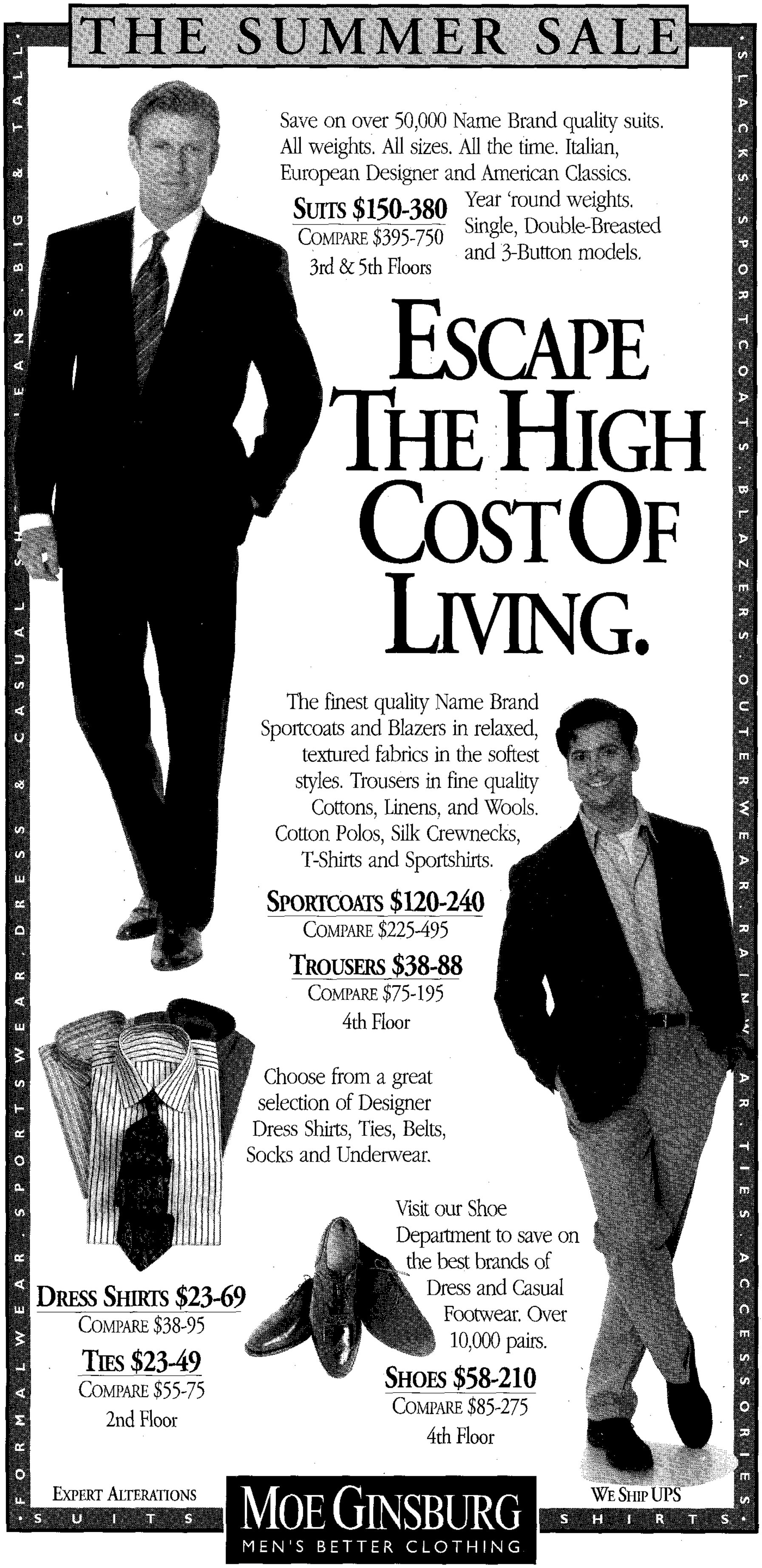
When Ronald Reagan campaigned in 1980 and 1984 on arguments that tax rates were higher than they needed to be to produce a given level of revenue, he was elected by landslide proportions. In 1988, George Bush promised not to raise tax rates and to cut the capital-gains tax if elected. He also won in a landslide. When he broke his promise, he was defeated by President Clinton, who campaigned in 1992 promising a tax cut.

Supply-side theory continues to suggest that tax rates are much higher than they need to be in a few areas—particularly in the tax on capital gains, which is now effectively higher than at any time in U.S. history. This problem can be corrected for the most part simply by indexing gains against inflation, which both political parties say they would like to do but can't because the issue gets snarled in legislative gridlock involving other issues. It is not at all clear, though, that gasoline-tax rates are too high, given the law of diminishing returns. Supply-side dogma, you see, has subtleties along with its simplicities.

Jude Wanniski
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Women's Wear

HELLO? PAGING 1996 . . . I HATE TO BE the one to break the news, but last time I looked, there were women, even power women, in the workplace, too. I am a female attorney in a large New York City law firm, and I suffer through the "giant lie" of casual Friday no less than your "five power guys" do ["Fear of Fri-



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day," June 10]. In fact, we power women have it worse than the men: Should we wear panty hose, or go without? Is it appropriate to wear a sundress? Is sleeveless too sexy? As far as I'm concerned, men have it easy on casual Fridays. They simply throw on a button-down shirt and a pair of slacks. No problem.

Lauren S. Cahn
MANHATTAN

Off the Map

I READ WITH AMAZEMENT IN "RUDY'S COP" [by Robert Sabbag, June 3] that Honduras is located in South America! Is this the result of the less-than-perfect geography knowledge of the article's author—and of his editor—or the sign of a new New York "geographic reality," where all places below Miami are in South America?

Is anyone watching the map?

Miron Abramovici
CLIFFSIDE PARK, N.J.

Phantom Appearance

TSK. YOU GUYS CAN BE SO RAREFIED sometimes ["Cue: Movies"]. The Phantom is a comic-*strip* character (newspapers, that is) begun in the mid-thirties—not one that originated or even meaningfully established residence in comic *books*.

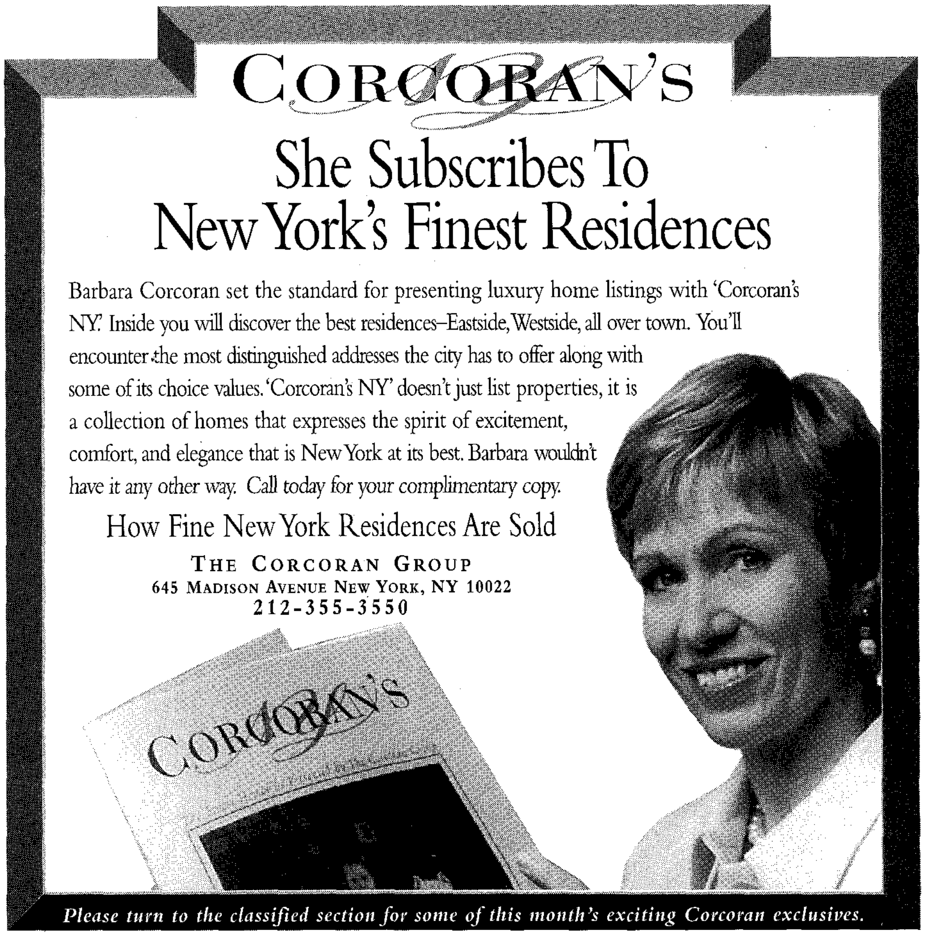
Richard Howell
LEONIA, N.J.

Replacement Politics

THE CONJECTURES REPORTED BY ED Shanahan ["Gotham: The Albanian Candidate," June 24–July 1] concerning the replacement of Betsy McCaughey Ross failed to take into account that the New York State Constitution does not provide for the replacement of the lieutenant governor. In the event of a vacancy, the duties are to be performed by the temporary president of the State Senate. In the event of vacancy in both offices, the temporary president of the Senate acts as governor until a new governor and lieutenant governor are elected for the remainder of the term at the next regularly scheduled election.

Dorothy E. Mancusi
ALBANY, N.Y.

Correction "The Battle of Fort Totten" ("Gotham," by Chris Kincade, June 24–July 1) misidentified the library where Robert Friedrich works. It is the central branch of the Queens Borough Public Library. ▬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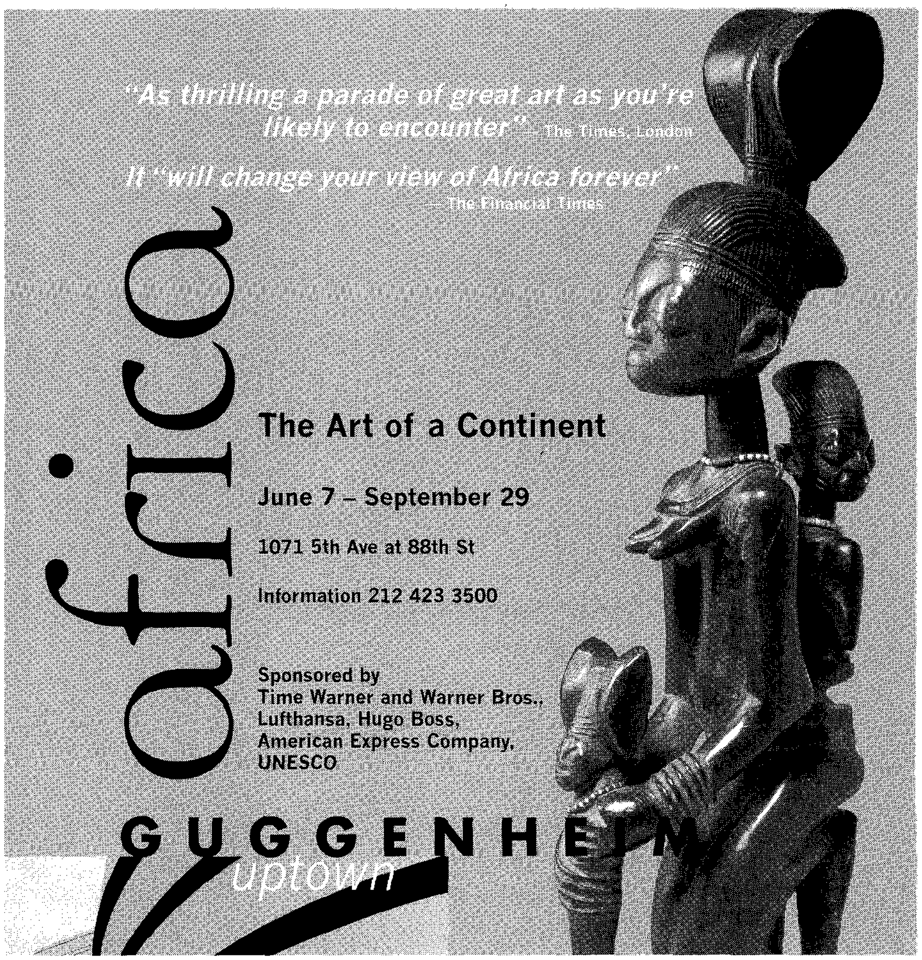
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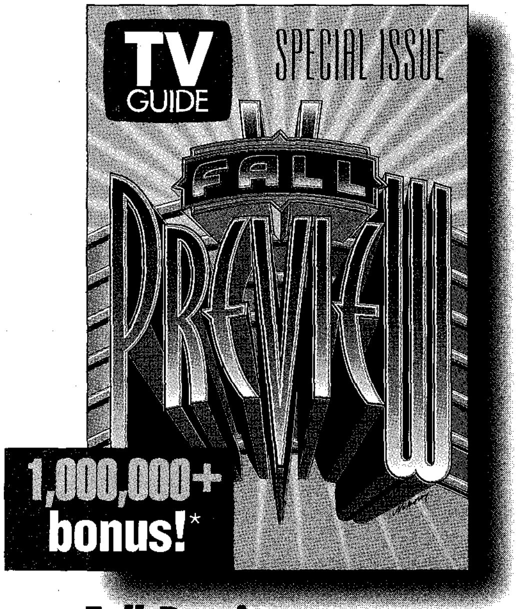
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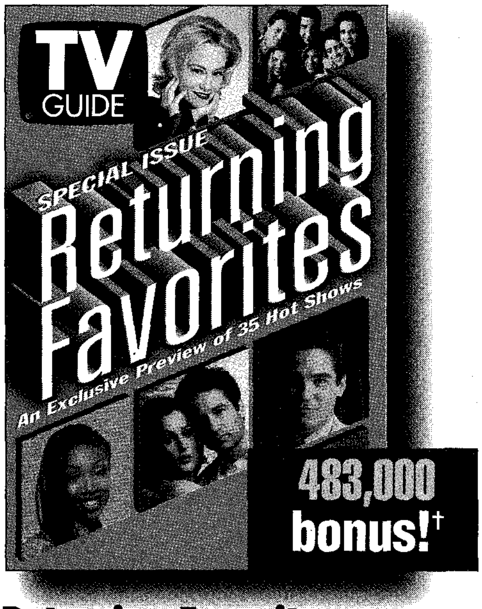
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Source: 1996 Spring MRI; *1991-1995 ABC Publisher's Statements six months ending December 31.
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

POLITICS AS USUAL AT *THE NEW YORKER*

Klein: Primary candidate

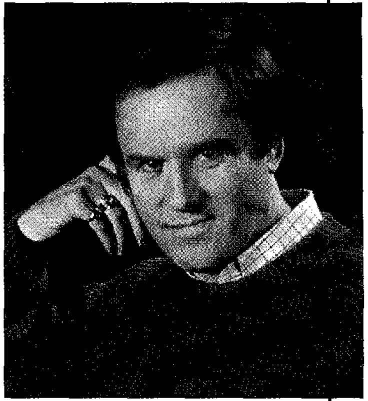
On the shortest list to replace **Michael Kelly** as *The New Yorker's* political writer: *Newsweek* columnist (and alleged multimillionaire *Primary Colors* author) **Joe Klein.** Both magazines' editors are said to be fervently making nice to Klein. Among the top contenders for Kelly's slot are *Atlantic Monthly* contributor **Nicholas Lemann,** Washington *Post* media reporter **Howard Kurtz,** *The New Republic* senior editor **Robert Wright,** and Washington *Post* staff writer **Katherine Boo.** But *Newsweek* is not about to give up its star political writer without a fight. "Now that [Joe's] rich," says one of his current colleagues, "we can't use mere money to keep him." Says Klein carefully: "I'm flattered that my name would be on the list to replace Kelly." Kelly, who has been named editor of *The New Republic,* won't be switching mastheads until after the election.

PITTMAN DIVORCE HITS A SANDY PATCH

Sandy Hill Pittman: Steep pique

The break-up of MTV multimillionaire **Bob Pittman** and Everest-survivor **Sandy Hill Pittman** is about to get even nastier. The beleaguered Mrs. Pittman just traded in her suburban-model lawyer, **Michael Cancellare** of Dix Hills, for the higher-voltage Manhattanite **Robert Stephan Cohen.** Cancellare won't comment, but sources claim he had barely started working out a financial settlement with Bob's attorney, **David Aronson,** when he got the ax. Word is that the oft-traveling Sandy is worried about a custody battle over her 13-year-old son, Bo, although a close friend of the couple's insists that custody will not be an issue. "This one is going to be all about money," predicts another friend. Meanwhile, Sandy is also facing a battle on the public front: The August *Vanity Fair* reports that **Anatoli Boukreev,** a Russian mountaineer, "half carried, half dragged Sandy Pittman back to camp" during that fatal Everest blizzard, saving her life—a fact that Pittman has never mentioned in her voluminous reporting on the trip. According to writer **Jennet Conant,** the wry Boukreev later dismissed Pittman to other climbers as "Princess Sandy. Very rich, very spoiled."

IS CHARLES GRODIN CNBC-SICK?



Charles Grodin: Bullied by Bolster

He's handled everyone from **Kathie Lee Gifford** to a 200-pound Saint Bernard, but the interestingly odd talk-show host **Charles Grodin** may have met his match at CNBC. For months, there have been rumors of the *Beethoven* star's growing dissatisfaction with the cable network and its new president, **Bill Bolster,** who was brought in to replace **Roger Ailes,** after the latter fled to Rupert Murdoch's crypto-conservative cable news channel. Though Grodin's contract expires next October, he remains unsigned, and so far things aren't looking good. According to a source close to Grodin and CNBC, Bolster regularly "went ballistic" at senior staff meetings, "screaming about Grodin's salary and blaming him for killing the ratings." The situation went from bad to worse when recently appointed program chief **Bruno Cohen** was brought in to placate the troubled star. "To his face, Bruno would tell Chuck, 'We love you,' but behind his back, they're *slaying* him," says one CNBC source. Furthermore, according to a recently departed executive, the troubles at the network don't end with Grodin. "It's a jailbreak over there," he says, "I know at least 20 or 30 people who were lucky enough to escape. I wouldn't be surprised if Grodin was next." Calls to Grodin and CNBC were not returned.

RUDY'S GROSS OUT; TRASHY ART

THE KILLING FIELDS: Is Anderson, Kill & Olick's open door to the mayor's office about to swing shut? The law firm, which employed **Rudy Giuliani** before he took office, currently employs Rudy's campaign treasurer, **John Gross,** among other Rudy allies. But the recent defection of top gun **Jerold Oshinsky** and close to 40 other attorneys has left the firm reeling. The latest casualty may be Gross himself, who, sources say, is soon planning to depart for rival Proskauer, Rose, Goetz & Mendelsohn. Gross declined to comment on the report.

ART-BROKEN: When East Village installation artist **Larry Krone** got a chance to participate in the Alliance for Downtown New York's Art Exchange Show last month, he saw the perfect opportunity to showcase his interactive sculpture *I Can't Drink Enough.* But when the artist showed up after the festivities to reclaim his work, he was greeted with a nasty surprise. The piece, a collection of freestanding bottles containing messages, had been carted off by the show's cleaning crew, who understandably mistook it for the ravages of the previous night's cocktail opening. "I came in and was like, *Uh, where's my work?*" says a confounded Krone. "They just told me to look in the recycling bin." A broken-up Krone plans to take his case to small-claims court.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Joyce Ravid/Outline; Isaiah Wyner.

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GOTHAM

Crazed with avarice, lust and rum—*B.R. Newton*

THE FRONT PAGE

The *Gee!* Decade

America is back, to approximately 1957.

The good old days, these days, were the fifties, a time when teenagers drank malt with milk, not liquor, a time when a car could never be too big, a time when you could treat black people just a smidge less than human and not feel too terribly bad about it.

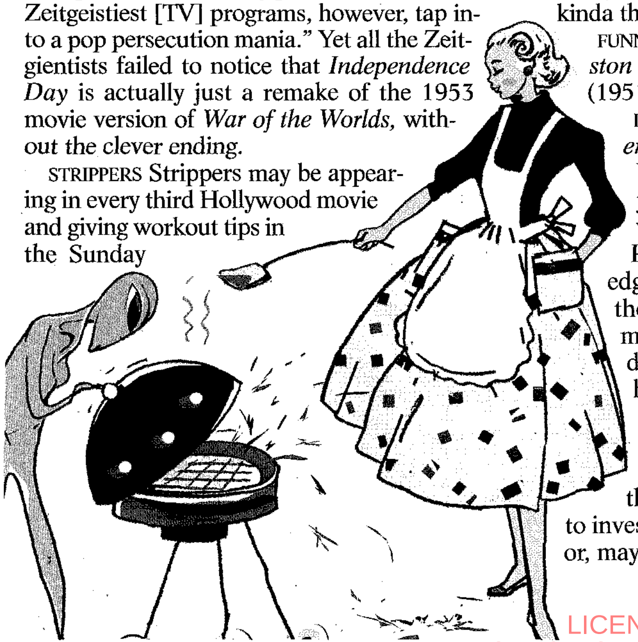
Ah, those hi-fi 3-D gray-flanneled service-with-a-smile days! So powerful is the pull of the pre-fab fifties that Bob Dole often appears to be living there, particularly when talking about popular culture or tobacco. Certainly, comparing smoking a cigarette to drinking a long cold glass of milk would not have seemed very jarring back then. And so perhaps it augurs well for a Dole presidency that America has, not quite consciously, returned to those days even while lamenting that they're gone forever. That special fifties feeling—the sense that anything is possible unless, you know, there's a nuclear holocaust—is missing, but all the icons are back.

ALIEN INVASIONS The media tripped over itself last week trying to make meaningful the hype it had generated for *Independence Day. Time,* like *Newsweek,* focused on the issue of science fiction as a *trend* (see page 15), producing this near-perfect newsweekly pronouncement: "The Zeitgeistiest [TV] programs, however, tap into a pop persecution mania." Yet all the Zeitgientists failed to notice that *Independence Day* is actually just a remake of the 1953 movie version of *War of the Worlds,* without the clever ending.

STRIPPERS Strippers may be appearing in every third Hollywood movie and giving workout tips in the Sunday *Post,* but in the fifties, Gypsy Rose Lee inspired a hit Broadway musical *and* hosted her own television talk show.

CIGARS Joey Buttafuoco lit one up on the front page of the *Post* last week, Pamela Anderson Lee's newborn sucks one in his baby picture, and *Independence Day* ends with cigars all around, but the most conspicuous sign of the stogie revival—premium sales up 44 percent this year, after a 30 percent increase in 1995—was, tellingly, the $574,500 paid for JFK's humidor, inscribed by Milton Berle, who *was* the fifties and whose cigar will one day be in the Smithsonian.

COCKTAILS Martini bars and cocktail parties featuring retro lounge music have replaced raves and mosh pits, say freelance writers who follow young people around. As one twentysomething told her bewildered former-hippie-turned-journalist mom, "It's a hip-to-be-square kinda thing."



FUNNY MONKEYS Cf. 1996's *Ed* and *Dunston Checks In* with *Bedtime for Bonzo* (1951) and *Bonzo Goes to College* (1952).

DOGS *Why we have never been so enamored of an animal,* one New York–based weekly subtitled Marjorie Garber's "Dog Days" essay last week, perhaps forgetting Lassie and Rin Tin Tin. Garber herself acknowledges it, in a nineties kind of way: "If the dog brings back the fifties in a miniaturized form, it's because the dog is what we would have liked to have been to our parents: totally lovable, totally loved."

Yikes. Surely all this doesn't mean *that.* Perhaps it means only that this would be an excellent time to invest in clown paintings and tiki lamps, or, maybe, it means nothing at all.

HAIR NET In a recent sweep of 125th Street, eleven stylists were arrested for soliciting business too obnoxiously—which, according to local residents, is no mere fashion crime. "It's hard to describe the intensity of it. It's a constant bombardment. 'Miss, you want hair braid? *Miss, you want hair braid?*' A woman told me, 'I don't want to walk on that side of the street because there's so *much* hair there it gets in my shoes,' " Barbara Askins, the president of the 125th Street Business Improvement District, told *New York.*

EYE JOB "Oh no, we weren't surprised at all. . . . All kinds of people want them. Oakleys are incredibly popular right now, because they're wrap, because they're trendy, and because Michael Jordan wears them"—Tania Ceravola, manager of the Optical Exchange eyeglasses shop at 77th and Broadway, on the arrest of two men who were discovered trying to fish a pair of Oakleys out of the store using a wire stuck through a crack in the door

MOTORMOUTH Tony Randall, never one to deny either his civic duty or his stereotyped neatness, is back on Broadway—supplying the audio component of a new street-cleaning device being used in Times Square. "They told me there was going to be such a thing—and I've never seen one—and would I be the voice of it. And I was very amused," Randall told *New York,* although he says he can't recall what he said in the recording. "Anything for New York, I'd do," Randall added.

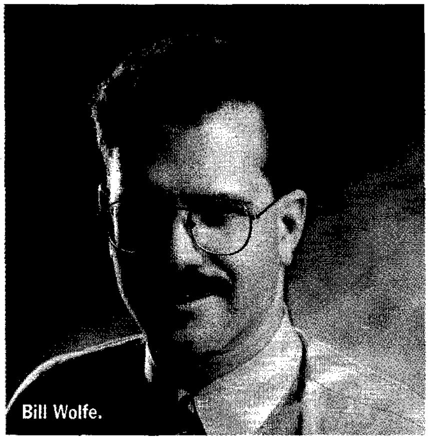
Crime

KILL THY NEIGHBOR

BILL WOLFE LEFT A PILE OF DIRTY DISHES IN his sink. It was Saturday afternoon, Memorial Day weekend, and he must have figured that they'd keep. Living with his cat, Wolfe occupied the one-bedroom first-floor apartment of a classic brownstone in Hoboken. The long, narrow floor-through was configured to uniquely suit his priorities. The sofa was tatty, the bedroom small, but the place was not about that; it was about the $10,000 stereo system, the Sony 35-inch television, the seven speakers, the 3,000 compact disks. In the center of the main room resided a comfortable, well-worn leather chair. Situated to provide Wolfe with the best possible fidelity from his man-size speakers, it supported a remote-control device on each arm and would later be characterized as "Mr. Wolfe's throne" by a cop who visited the apartment.

As editor-in-chief of Hachette Filipacci Magazines' *Video* and *Car Stereo Review*, Wolfe was not among the highest-paid editors in town, nor did he enjoy any of the glamour bestowed upon his counterparts at the publisher's *George*, *Elle*, and *Premiere*. But he didn't really care about those things. His job provided him with one essential perk: access to free and discounted state-of-the-art stereo gear.

Planning to spend that Saturday evening, Sunday, and Monday with friends and relatives in his hometown of Westport, Wolfe had put aside freshly laundered shirts and pants to wear during the visit. He left them hanging, still in their cleaner's clear-plastic wrapping, on a doorknob of the bedroom's armoire. Walking past his laser-disc player, from which upstairs neighbors had become accustomed to overhearing dialogue of the vintage movies that Wolfe favored, he stepped out the front door of his apartment, locking it behind him and proceeding through the brownstone's frosted-glass entryway. Parked in front of the building was Wolfe's blue Subaru, ten years old and well-maintained. The tall, thin, bespectacled 36-year-old slid into the driver's seat, started the engine, and proceeded to run a couple of errands. Once they were completed, he figured, he'd return to the apartment, pick up his clothing, and be off.


Bill Wolfe.

From his garden-level apartment, a floor below Wolfe's, Aldo Del Re noticed that Wolfe had left. A burly, thick-waisted man of 40 years, described by one neighbor as a "laid-back person who liked to drink beer and smoke a little bit of dope," Del Re was in debt. Nearly three months before, he'd been laid off from his job as a clerk on the New York Mercantile Exchange's crude-oil desk, where he answered phones and facilitated orders for Rafferty Bank. This was the fourth Wall Street post (and the second at Rafferty) that Del Re had lost in the past five years. Unpaid bills were piling up, and, as his telephone records show, he'd been having numerous dealings with collection agents. His live-in girlfriend, Alba Caglioti, who had just departed on a trip home to the Dominican Republic, left Del Re with $3,300 in cash. The money, presumably, was to be put toward paying bills.

However, Aldo Del Re had a problem: His girlfriend's $3,300 was gone. Only twelve hours before, at 3:49 A.M., Del Re had telephoned the Hoboken Police Department and reported that the money had been stolen from his dresser drawer as he showered (police made a cursory inspection but found no evidence of a burglary). A law-enforcement source would later hypothesize that Del Re made this call in order to account for the missing cash: "He [may have] blown the $3,300 on a drug or gambling binge. Then he was afraid that his girlfriend would find out, get pissed at him, and leave. Alba has quite the fiery disposition, you know." Indeed, a neighbor recounted that on more than one occasion, "you could hear Aldo and Alba yelling and throwing stuff around the apartment." Wolfe had complained to a friend about the ongoing racket, though there is no indication that he ever confronted Del Re about it—or that the two men even had more than a nodding acquaintance. "I'm sure that when [Del Re] got loud, Bill responded by turning up his stereo," said Michael Smolen, Wolfe's longtime friend and a former executive editor at *Stereo Review*.

Well aware of the electronic booty upstairs—besides being audible, it was visible through a French door that opened onto Wolfe's fire escape—and believing that

SHOT

Hudson Street, 5:30 P.M., Sunday, June 30, after the Gay Pride parade, *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

his neighbor had left for the weekend, Del Re made his move. Emboldened, perhaps, by a recently consumed cocktail of Xanax and liquor, he climbed up the building's fire escape and used a diving knife to pop the lock on Wolfe's rear door. Stepping inside the apartment, Del Re turned to face an amphead extravaganza: the Marantz CD player, the Sony and Onkyo amplifiers, all those speakers.

As he stood among Wolfe's valuables, Del Re must have realized, perhaps for the first time, just how different his life was from his neighbor's: Del Re had been arrested for shoplifting in 1990, had served time in at least one alcohol/substance-abuse program, had nothing and, it seemed, little prospect of a better future.

Wolfe, in contrast, lived in this lap of electronic luxury, with as many material possessions as his apartment could hold. He was a hard-driving and well-regarded editor whom colleagues viewed as wry and conscientious, if a bit withdrawn. Despite occasional relationships with women, he seemed to be overridingly interested in the high-end audio goodies and promotional CDs that neighbors regularly saw him bringing home. Occasionally, Wolfe raced around the streets of Hoboken behind the wheel of a Ferrari or Lamborghini on loan from a manufacturer eager to have its car stereo tested in style. Hachette's editorial director, Jean-Louis Ginibre, viewed Wolfe as a rising star: "He was being groomed for bigger and better things."

Del Re neatly stacked components of the stereo system alongside the doorjamb, tightly wrapping their cords and wires for safe carrying. He was just about to make a successful exit when he heard a disconcerting sound: the turning of a lock's tumblers. Wolfe opened his apartment door and stepped inside, startling Del Re and setting off a physical confrontation that progressed into the adjacent bedroom. Wolfe attempted to fight back, leaving scratch marks on Del Re's hands, but he was no match for his neighbor, who outweighed him by a good 50 pounds. In the end, Wolfe was on his bed with 40 stab wounds in his chest and arms. Del Re swaddled Wolfe's body in sheets and retreated downstairs to his apartment. He left the stereo equipment behind.

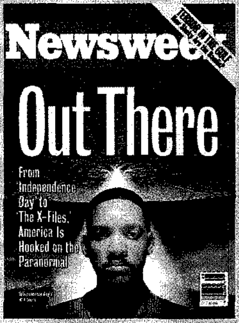
The weekend passed, and tenants on the upper floors began to notice a strong odor emanating from Wolfe's door. Inside the apartment, answering-machine messages piled up: *Bill? Are you there? We missed you this weekend. Please call, just to let us know that you're all right.* Del Re remained in his apartment, knowing that the man he'd killed lay directly overhead.

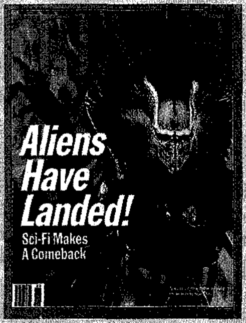
That following Wednesday, the Hudson County Prosecutor's Office received a visit from Aldo Del Re and his attorney. Del Re confessed to the killing of Bill Wolfe, continually misidentifying him as "Steve Wolfe." During an interview with Hudson County investigators, Del Re claimed that Wolfe had stolen the $3,300. In response,

MEDIA

This Week in *Newstime*

***Time* and *Newsweek* often agree on the top story of the week, particularly when the choices include a deadly terrorist attack against U.S. soldiers in the Persian Gulf; accusations of sex, drugs, and security breaches in the White House; or a new movie coming out. What the two newsweeklies don't agree on is why. "Maybe they're desperate for newsstand over there," suggested *Newsweek* editor Maynard Parker. "They just did *Twister* on the cover [in May]. Why else are they going to the movie well so often?" *Time* deputy managing editor Jim Kelly offered a more sinister explanation for the cover convergence. "Obviously, the people who work at *Newsweek* are controlled by aliens," he said. "How else could they know what we were doing?" Those differences aside, it appears that behind the nearly identical cover choices lay a strikingly similar news-judgment process.**


Newsweek
Out There
From Independence Day to The X-Files, America Is Hooked on the Paranormal



	NEWSWEEK	TIME
Why put* Independence Day *on the cover?	"This is a story about a social trend—when we do something like this we always try to do more than just the movie itself. There's the holiday weekend, so a lot of people are going to be sitting on the beach. *Independence Day* opens this week, and it was a good jumping-off point for our story."	"*Independence Day* has been getting a lot of buzz. Certainly *The X-Files* is a very popular show. The cover was not about *Independence Day*; it was about a trend. This is a good newsmagazine cover story, and we happened to run into each other. Luckily, we did not have the same image."
Why not the bombing of American soldiers in Saudi Arabia?	"Every day, you come in and look at what the story is, what you have on the story, what other people have on the story, and where the story is going. Saudi Arabia might have gone. If the culprits had been captured or even if they even had suspects, we might have been tempted. But by the time we closed on Friday, it did not look like that was going to happen."	"Saudi Arabia is an important story. But we knew that when we came out this week, it would also be covered by the dailies and TV. By Friday, we felt we could handle it well enough in the five pages we devoted to it."
What about former FBI agent Gary Aldrich's charges against the Clinton administration?	"I would have been more interested in a Jean Houston story [Hillary Clinton's supposed guru]. There wasn't enough there. [Regardless,] we wouldn't have done that because last week we ran the Woodward [book] excerpt [where the Houston story was first floated]."	"The feeling around here is that that [Aldrich] book is a raw file, and so much of it would never make it into the pages of our magazine. Mostly, it would not pass our checking staff. We decided to not give it that much attention."

Eine Kleine Shtetlmuzik

At Radio City Music Hall after "Itzhak Perlman in the Fiddler's House."

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

Top, drummer David Licht of the Andy Statman Klezmer Orchestra, Licht's son Jacob, and Itzhak Perlman at the reception following their Radio City performance. At the Pierpont Morgan Library party for Peter Duchin's book, *Ghost of a Chance:* Renata Adler, Duchin, and Betty Comden raise a glass (above), and Peter Gallagher favors the crowd with a tune (below right).

KLEZMER—THE RAUCOUS, EXUBERant centuries-old music of Eastern European Jewish peasants—takes a considerable toll on its audience. "You just turn on the lights and get 'em to dance. The music *demands* it," said Hankus Netsky of the Klezmer Conservatory Band. The very twentieth-century-American audience, in turn, was every bit as demanding after the show.

"Yellow passes, orange laminate," someone vaguely official yelled over the heads of the crowd. "Yellow passes and orange laminate only to get backstage. Folks, would you just listen . . ."

No use. "Check the list, just check the list—I'm sure I'm on it," a woman said. "I'm Judy Drucker's friend."

"Yeah, it's a scene," said Frank London, surveying the highly eclectic crowd. "So what are we? The anarchist-Communist party contingent?" His band, the Klezmatics, usually visits venues much farther downtown.

"The black hats and the purple hats," said Alicia Svigals, noting her bandmate's not-quite-Orthodox headwear.

"I used to listen to this music in the *shtetl,*" said Celia Ores. "And in the old country, it was never so good. Perlman doesn't accept any slouchers."

"I've never been in an old country; I'm from Israel," said Perlman, the violin's mark still visible on his neck. "Back then it was just like any concert, I suppose. After, you sit, you drink, you eat. Except tomorrow we have to make a recording, so tonight, I just sleep."

At the New York Stock Exchange, for a party celebrating the premiere of Columbia Picture's *Multiplicity,* Mark Canton and his wife, Wendy Finerman, with Michael Keaton (above left) and co-star Andie MacDowell (below left). Below, Joan Almedilla and Emy Baysic, the former and current Kim in *Miss Saigon,* at the MCC Theatre Benefit at Metronome.

Del Re said, he had broken into Wolfe's apartment to take the stereo equipment "hostage" until the money was returned. Claiming that Wolfe used his house key as a weapon, Del Re insisted that he had little choice but to defend himself with the diving knife.

The story sounds suspect to police and ludicrous to those who knew Wolfe. "Bill didn't need anybody else's money," says Hachette co-worker Mike Mettler. "He had more than he knew what to do with." In fact, at the time of his murder, Wolfe, who earned over $100,000, had three uncashed paychecks in his desk drawer. Furthermore, it seems unlikely that the mild-mannered Wolfe would grapple over stereo equipment. "Bill was in the biz," says his friend Michael Smolen. "He could have replaced that stuff as easily as replacing a glass of water." Police believe that Del Re simply overreacted when he was caught stealing by a victim who knew him. "This was fate at its absolute worst," says a law-enforcement source. "Had Mr. Wolfe walked into his apartment a few minutes later, the intruder would have been gone and it would have only been a robbery."

A week later, neighbors watched as police officers removed Wolfe's bloodstained mattress from the apartment. The couple directly upstairs from Wolfe, who had moved into the building only days before the murder, had already begun looking for another place to live. The killer's girlfriend, Alba Caglioti, had returned to the basement home she shared with Del Re, joined now by several live-in guests. "They blast Alanis Morissette and drink beer on the roof," one tenant says. "They've laid out six mattresses in the backyard, with blankets and lanterns." Del Re, whose crime has received surprisingly scant media attention, has been remanded to a Hudson County prison. Unable to make his $200,000 cash-only bail, he awaits trial later this summer; if convicted, prosecutors say, he could face the death penalty. In light of Del Re's confession, potential legal gambits would appear limited, though his attorney Robert Eisenberg put the best possible spin on the situation: "Aldo's confession shows that he is an honorable man. When the facts are fully disclosed, this will not be a first-degree murder."

Beyond Hoboken, in the intense little world of Manhattan's professional audio buffs, the murder of Bill Wolfe has had a chilling effect. During the recent Hi Fi '96 convention at the Waldorf Astoria, where there was talk of establishing an award in Wolfe's name (for drivers with exceptionally loud car stereos), attendees reflected on what had happened. "Now you know," one audiophile said, "why I never tell anybody about the kind of equipment I have."

WARREN BERGER AND MICHAEL KAPLAN

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Breaking the Lines

Now that the Supreme Court has outlawed racial gerrymandering, New York congressional districts will likely be redrawn according to an older principle: power.

IN THE MOVIES, IF YOU WANT TO GET A vampire off your back, you flash a silver cross, right? In politics, if you want to see a legislator recoil in the same kind of horror, you show him a map of his district slightly redrawn. Nothing sends a legislator up a pole like the thought that one apartment complex, one block (*My caseworker's cousins live on that block!*), one patch of earth that a single potentially friendly voter calls home, might be shoved into an adjacent jurisdiction. You'd never know from their fulminations that most of these people coast to reelection every time out.

Things get all the more complicated when you throw race into the mix. For decades, black neighborhoods were diced into little pieces so that blacks could not get elected—there are stories about the old Brooklyn boss Meade Esposito drawing bisecting lines through Bed-Stuy so that the black vote would be dispersed and thus defused. The Latino vote, as such, was not even a category for contemplation in those days. Thus did the Great Society give birth to the 1965 Voting Rights Act, which proscribed the old slice and dice. Amendments passed in 1982 took the corrective a step further, explicitly mandating creative gerrymandering in the name of forging "majority-minority" districts in which blacks and Latinos could elect one of their own, a process helped along by new software that could make racial and ethnic identifications on literally a block-by-block basis. Within a decade, the number of blacks and Hispanics in Congress roughly doubled.

Nydia Velazquez's Brooklyn seat is about to get hotter.

THIS MOMENTUM JUST CAME TO A CRASHING halt. In a five–four decision, the Supreme Court said no. A plurality of the five—Anthony Kennedy, William Rehnquist, and Sandra Day O'Connor, writing—dictated that race couldn't be the main factor in drawing legislative districts. If legislators hate redistricting in the first place, they positively loathe the thought of having to do it unexpectedly between censuses.

But so they might. Last week in federal court, litigators argued the fate of the Twelfth Congressional District in Brooklyn—well, sort of in Brooklyn; it actually subsumes bits of three counties—currently represented by Democrat Nydia Velazquez. The Twelfth was drawn in 1992 with the specific intent of being a majority-Latino district. It was constitutional then, but suddenly it's on very shaky ground. "I think they did seem to recognize that this district is doomed," Robert Popper, the attorney who argued for its demise, says of the three federal judges who heard arguments.

The Twelfth's minority population was "maximized," in the lingo, so that it is 54 percent Latino and 13 percent black. To do so, it snakes erratically around the Brooklyn and Manhattan waterfronts, hiccuping its way into Queens, with enough twists and turns and tiny incisions that it has a grand total of 813 sides.

Not everyone agrees this is so bad. Arthur Baer, attorney for the Puerto Rican Legal Defense and Education Fund, argues that the shape of the Twelfth doesn't represent "a substantial deviation from traditional districting." In other words, New York's districts—and this should surprise no one—have always been wacko. Baer says in the 1800s, one district jumped from Staten Island to Rockland County, and he argues that the 1992 redistricting was mainly a function of incumbent protection, not race.

The goal of the 1982 amendments—maximizing the political power of the historically underpowered—is fine, but their theory, as this district shows, is fraught. Can it really be said that a Puerto Rican on the Lower East Side and a Colombian in Jackson Heights have a shared cultural identity? And even if they do, should that identity define their representation and take automatic precedence over their other important identities—as neighbors, as members of a geographic community?

Complicated questions. And there are strong arguments—from a liberal, integrationist perspective—that the goals of the Voting Rights Acts may be better served by grouping people of different ethnicities into districts together, in order to force multiracial coalition-building. Black and Latino concerns that white voters won't vote for one of their number are real, but there are signs (David Dinkins, Doug Wilder, Harold Washington, Carl McCall) we're moving past that.

Besides, the Supreme Court's plurality opinion does not deny the salience of race; it says race can be one of several factors in drawing districts. This means that relatively easy solutions, potentially, at least, present themselves—or would, if not for the redistricting-as-silver-cross factor.

IN NEW YORK, THE SIMPLE SOLUTION IS THIS: Assuming the Twelfth is declared unconstitutional, just reduce the district's Latino population by about 10 percent and make it more compact. It would still be a large-

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

ly Hispanic district. Velazquez probably wouldn't be thrilled about it, but the fact is that she, or any future Hispanic candidate, would remain a prohibitive favorite. Even Popper acknowledges: "I don't think you could successfully sue to prevent it."

But of course you can't change just one set of boundaries. "Districting is like a cat's cradle," says political consultant Norman Adler. "You move one string, all the others come into play."

A few weeks ago, State Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver called together Velazquez, Congresswoman Carolyn Maloney, and Congressman Tom Manton. All four are Democrats. Silver was trying to broker an arrangement among the three whereby Maloney, whose Manhattan-based district includes pieces of Brooklyn and Queens, and Manton, whose Queens-based district runs into the Bronx, would agree to absorb small portions of the Twelfth's Latino population and in return give up some white voters to the Twelfth. The meeting, sources say, went well enough. "I'm certainly willing to work to accommodate Nydia," says Maloney.

But the sketchy "three-district solution," as it's been called, may not work so well when the time comes to set about actually doing it. Velazquez's district shares borders with six others. Jerry Nadler, whose traditionally West Side Manhattan district now runs down to Coney Island, has common borders with Velazquez. Charles Schumer's district touches lightly on the Twelfth, and so do black Congressmen Major Owens's and Ed Towns's.

Maloney and Manton might well wonder why the remedy has to come off their hides. It's generally agreed that Maloney beat longtime silk-stocking GOPer Bill Green in 1992 because the district was changed to include heavily Democratic outer-borough neighborhoods such as Greenpoint and Astoria, and she lives in mortal terror of having those cushions pulled out from under her. Manton, who two elections ago actually beat a Republican by only 14 percent (!) and had to spend $1 million doing it, no doubt feels he needs no more Republicans, thank you. Towns, meanwhile, hasn't had a close race in years in a district that's about 60 percent black and 19 percent Latino. Reportedly, Velazquez would prefer to pick up some of Towns's black voters, but he, needless to say, would rather die first.

Who gets gored will depend, of course, less on voting-rights theories and formulas than on plain old muscle. Manton, in addition to being a congressman, is a county leader and speaks a language of power that legislators understand. Schumer, the likely Democratic candidate for governor in 1998, is powerful and probably untouchable. Towns's tendency to play ball is well established. Power plays are common, as was shown most aggressively in 1992 by then-congressman Steve Solarz, who had the unchecked gall to have Shimon Peres call then–Assembly speaker Saul Weprin and remind poor Weprin what an asset Steve was to Israel.

THE THREE-JUDGE PANEL WILL RENDER ITS decision anytime now, and the betting is that the judges will declare the Twelfth District unconstitutional. What the pols really fear, though, is the possibility that the panel will call for new district lines for this fall's election. One congressman says the odds of that are "small," and he's probably right—nominating petitions are already out on the street, and it's highly unlikely that the state's contentious legislature could accomplish the task in time for the September 10 primary.

But there could be a special election next year. In the meantime, the catfights will commence quietly. Racial diversity is a nice idea, but to an incumbent, *Save my district!* is a better one. ▬

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The Wimbledon upsets—of Agassi and Seles and several other top seeds—show that winning is no longer the only thing for modern players: Money and image mean more.

WIMBLEDON IS STILL—amazingly—the most important annual sporting event in the world. No single golf tournament has comparable prestige. Soccer does not have an annual rite, and as much as we treasure the Super Bowl and used to love the World Series, they are basically only *our* pastimes. I suspect the NBA Finals are soon to take over, but for now, the Big W still reigns.

And it's still growing. In 1990, 71 countries televised more than 2,000 hours of tennis. Piffle. This year's numbers aren't final yet, but last year more than 6,000 hours were beamed to 145 countries. What are they watching? Why do they love it in Qatar? Why are they glued to their sets in São Tomé? (I didn't know they had TV in São Tomé. I didn't know we earthlings had a São Tomé.) Do they have their own Bill Clinton? Do they have a Barbara Walters? And if they do, whom does she interview?

Not only is Wimbledon important; it is also insane. It is played in a country—Britain—that hasn't produced a men's singles champion since the early days of Mussolini. It is played on a surface—grass—that drives the players nuts because it is the only major championship to use the stuff. It is played in front of fans who queue up not just for days but for weeks to see not Paul and John but more likely Jacco and Magnus banging the ball at each other.

This is being written on the middle Sunday, and whereas usually the first of the two weeks is nothing but preamble, this year not so—the crucial events have already taken place, in what may turn out to be the most important Wimbledon in memory.

Andre Agassi and Monica Seles are the two most famous tennis players, both wonderful champions, sure, but known primarily for other things—Agassi for his image, Seles for her scars. Both players are long gone, Agassi having been knocked out in the first round, Seles in the second. Huge upsets, of course, and of course upsets do happen—that's why they play the games. But I would like to suggest there is something very different and very dangerous to sports at work here. And this is not meant to be critical of either player, as I am nutty about both, but I believe they lost for the same reason.

Because they didn't, either of them, really give a damn. Because Wimbledon, for neither of them, really mattered.

Agassi came in without focus. You could tell, watching him; he simply wasn't there. And a shame, that, because when he is on his game, he is fabulous to watch. And he is beloved here. When he walked off the court in defeat, he did not look depressed as much as confused. A European friend of his talked to me about it: "You've got to understand something about Andre—he's already accomplished his goals. Wimbledon? Won that. U.S. Open? Won that. No. 1 ranking? Did that. He never, not in all the years I've known him, voiced any desire to be remembered as the greatest player of all time."

Seles came in fat. She visibly tired as she lost, and that's a shame, because at 19 she was on her way to being one of the legends. This is delicate to talk about, of course, because she is still very young and because in Hamburg in 1993, a Steffi Graf fan almost killed her on court. She stayed away for 27 months, and when she returned, not surprisingly, she was not fit. But that was many months ago, and she looked even more out of shape now. After her loss, articles appeared that she was now going to hire a full-time fitness coach.

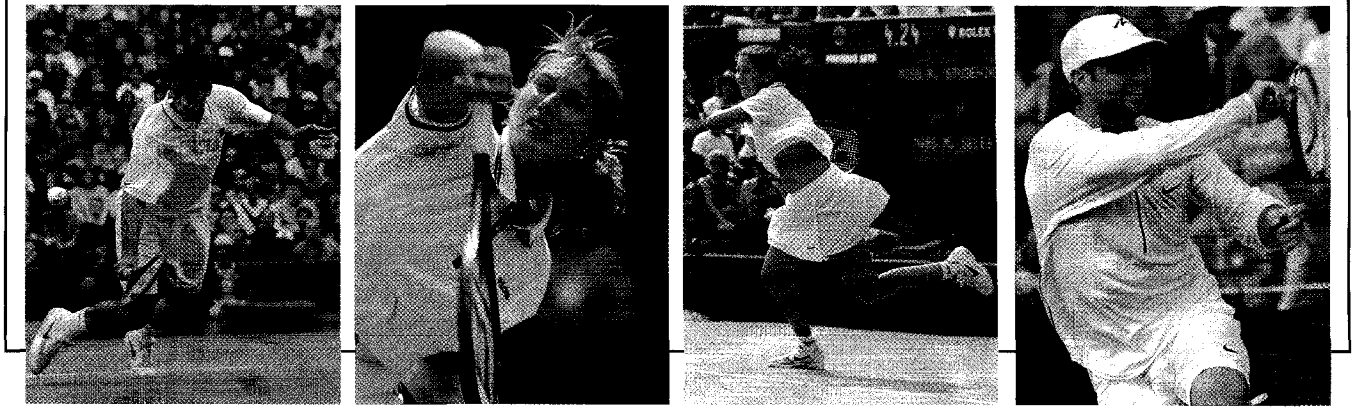
Okay, why were they both, in differing ways, unprepared? This was not, remember, some satellite tournament in Little Rock. Not exactly because they are rich; all superstars today are rich. And not because Agassi and Seles are in some way flawed—they're not, and this is about not Agassi and Seles but what's going on generally in sports today. And what's going on is this: To be wealthy and famous and loved, you don't have to win anymore. Neither Agassi nor Seles lost an endorsement over being defeated.

Worse, you don't even have to be good anymore.

A few years back, Wimbledon published a magazine, *Centre Court*, celebrating women's tennis. And on the inside cover is a full-page Rolex ad with, naturally, a picture of a female star. Who was in the Rolex ad? No, not Martina or Chrissie or Steffi or Little Mo Connolly. Not Lenglen or Court or Bueno or King.

What great champion am I leaving out? Jennifer Capriati was the player Rolex paid to shill that year. Why? Not because of her Grand Slam triumphs but because she had been, in 1990, at the age of 14, the youngest player ever seeded at Wimbledon. Well, come on, isn't that enough?

Capriati was a millionaire before she ever went to rehab.



Sampras and Graf: The last champions? Seles and Agassi: Talented but not great.

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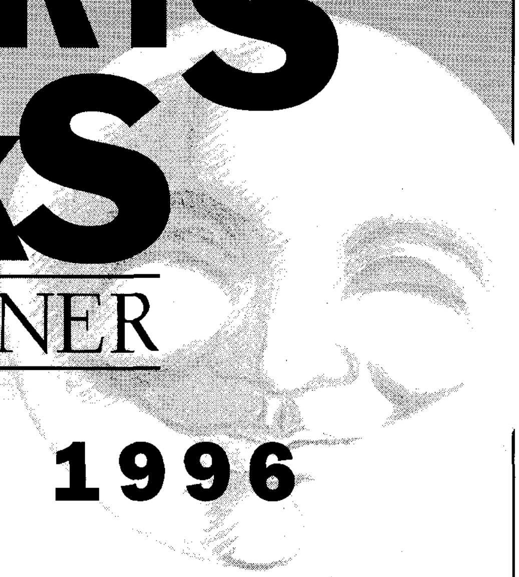

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The NBA just held its draft, and believe this: Every teenager who jumped from high school or college already has a shoe contract and a clothing contract. Two years back, Milwaukee made Glenn Robinson the No. 1 pick and proceeded to have trouble signing him because he was demanding a $100 million contract. This before he'd ever missed a free throw. Kenny Anderson was outraged that the Nets had disrespected him. How? By offering him $40 million to play point guard for six years.

I love it when athletes make money. These are their prime earning years; they should. And thank God for agents, because without them, athletes would be used up and dumped, as they were for decades. I want Michael Jordan to sign a $100 million contract.

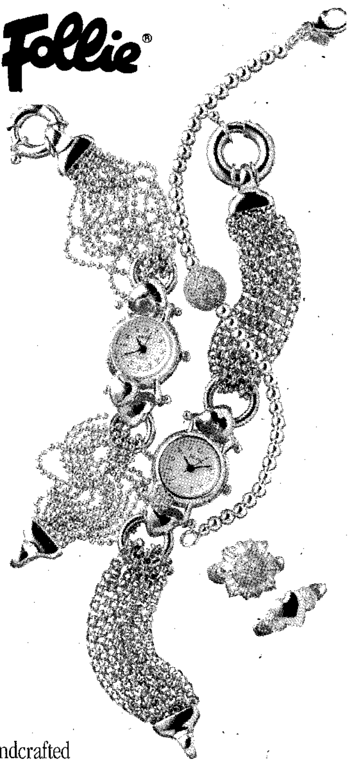
Because he has done something.

But the concept of value for money is sinking from sight. In the NBA, the giants of the Jordan era are on the far side of their careers. By 2000, they'll be retired. And we had better watch them closely, not just because they are great but because of this: They may be the last athletes who had to be great to be successful.

The remainder of Wimbledon will center on Graf and Sampras. Graf has a clear path to victory and will likely add to her phenomenal record. She is, for me, the luckiest of all the major champions. She peaked at a time of amazing weakness in her field. Chrissie and Martina got old, Monica got stabbed, the other up-and-comers got high or got seriously injured. Not Graf's fault. She's still slugging away. And she's still standing.

Sampras is on his way to being the greatest player of all time, *on his way* being the operative phrase. If he stops now, no. But give him a few more years like the past few, and step aside. I've seen four great men in 50-plus years of clocking this stuff: Gonzales then Laver then Borg, now Pistol Pete.

Like Michael Jordan, Sampras is a ridiculously talented athlete who works his ass off. And like Jordan, he has no flaw to his game, no weakness to attack. They were both three-time champions. Then Jordan added a fourth. I hope Sampras does, too. He has a sense of history. Laver is his idol. He dreams of someday earning the comparison. The media have not taken to him much—too "dull." (Someone should alert them that compared with Laver and Borg, he is class cutup.) But he wants terribly to be someone who has done something. And we'd better watch him every chance we get—as we must study Jordan—because the way sports are headed, we may never see anything like him again. ▬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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

Snapping Out of It

Few realize it, but as the stock market lurches into the second half of the year, it does so with its sanity regained. How the madness ended, and why that's a good thing.

THE STOCK MARKET'S SPECULATIVE balloon burst Thursday, May 23, at 6:38 P.M. I could feel the air rushing out of it at the time, but it's only now, looking back at my last six months' worth of trading, that I realize the market changed permanently that evening. For months the market had been frothy, and for weeks leading up to the end of May, every piece of junk known to man was taking off like a rocket. It didn't matter if companies had earnings, product, or, in the end, net worth. If it had a four-letter stock symbol—the signature of many over-the-counter meteors—it went higher.

Illustration by Christian Northeast.

Everybody knew the bubble had to burst sometime. We just didn't know who'd step up to puncture it. Would it be Federal Reserve Board chairman Alan Greenspan, damping speculation with an interest-rate hike, as I hazarded here a month ago? Or maybe the cool heads at Morgan Stanley or Merrill Lynch, breaking ranks with their fellow brokers by saying, *Sell this stuff—it's overvalued.* Or one of those gurus, a new Elaine Garzarelli, the Lehman Brothers analyst who called the top in '87, with a crowded-theater yell to head for the exits, on CNN's *Moneyline.*

But it was none of the above. The unlikely answer came from John Luhtala, the chief financial officer of a little company called SyQuest Technology, Inc. His first day on the job, Luhtala took a call from an inquiring reporter at Bloomberg News Service. The reporter, noting that shares of SyQuest, a maker of disk drives, had more than tripled in a week, from $4 and change to nearly $18, asked Luhtala if he thought the stock had gotten ahead of itself. Mind you, any other typical late-nineties CFO of a publicly traded company would know this setup and answer with a patented "Not at all—our stock remains of great value," or a more toutish "We're going much higher." Even a "No comment" would have done the trick. But apparently no one had instructed Luhtala in the catechism of this ridiculous market: Never let the fundamentals get in the way of a great stock. So like the kid in "The Emperor's New Clothes," he broke the conspiracy of silence, hitherto upheld by the mutual funds, the research analysts, the stock-syndicate desks, and, of course, the insanely speculative shareholders themselves. He told the reporter the simple truth, that at this price, his company's stock didn't look cheap anymore. He mentioned that he had just gotten off the phone with someone who had said, "I just bought your stock. Now I want to know what you do." Luhtala said dryly, "So much for sophisticated investors. A number of people seem to be buying as part of a feeding frenzy." Showing rare fiduciary responsibility, he didn't want to create any misapprehensions about the company. Its "problems are still there," he said. (Like the fact that the company was losing millions of dollars every quarter, that its liabilities exceeded its assets and that it had been brushing up against insolvency.) As for the possibility of a takeover, he said he didn't know of any suitors and added, quite reasonably, that SyQuest was much less of a takeover target at nearly $18 a share than it had been at $4. He said that the interest in the stock had come "as a bit of a surprise."

Pfffffttttt.

Luhtala, who still has his job, later said he had been misquoted, but no matter. A great speculative rout had begun, one that continues to this day, even though it goes relatively unreported by the off-line press: The public is coming to its senses and is realizing that money can be lost, not just made, in playing the stock-market game. Luhtala didn't know that he was taking on the whole daisy chain of speculators, fed through *The Motley Fool,* the grass-roots cheerleader on America Online; stoked by CNBC, which features mutual-fund managers with hot hands and often-overvalued stocks; and nurtured by the mystical *Cabot Market Letter,* the hype-happy tout sheet now under investigation by the SEC. For days, the underground market—the online chat boards, the fast-money traders, and the over-the-counter bandits—had been praising SyQuest as the next Iomega. Iomega, also a maker of disk drives, is the icon of this religion, the one that went up twentyfold and made rich people out of every doctor, lawyer, nurse, and computer jock who touched it. The Midases had all piled into SyQuest, borrowing on margin, of course, to watch it repeat Iomega's alchemy. But Luhtala's candor couldn't be refuted or spun. It was like a punch in the jaw. His

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James J. Cramer is a professional money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. Of the companies mentioned in this article, he owns shares of Microsoft and Intel. He can be reached via e-mail at jjcramerco@aol.com.

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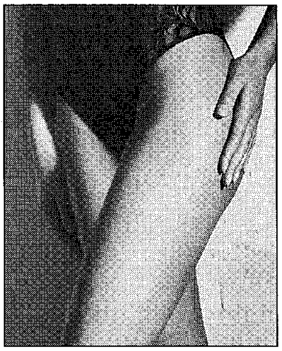

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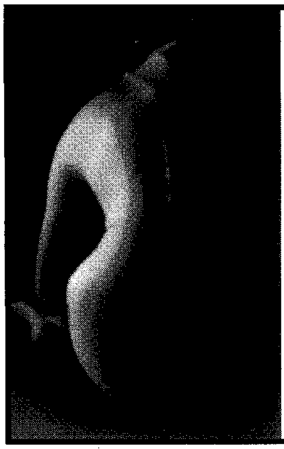

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comments were quickly picked up by CNBC and echoed on *The Motley Fool.*

The next morning, SyQuest opened almost in half. Now it's trading at about $8. Its sisters in madness, led by Iomega (from $51.25 to $34.75 in three sessions), MRV Communications (from $80.50 to $40 in two weeks), Presstek (from $173.50 to $60 in two weeks), and Diana (from $120 to $82 in six trading days), came crashing down, too. And the speculative mind-set began to question itself. Greed morphed into fear, and from that day on, many of those stocks with great share-price charts growing to the sky became just charts, and bad ones at that. For the next seven days in May, we experienced what amounted to a successful coup d'état. The market's general principles were upheld. From that day forward, the stocks that have gone up have done so for rational reasons, not fantasies. There is still some denial going on in the online community. But on May 23, the 1995–96 speculative bull market died. The stock chartists know this. Hit up almost any of the charts of the once-hyped four-letter stocks, and you'll see that the downward trajectory began the day after Luhtala's comments. The easy money had been made. And its sad corollary followed, bringing back the ineluctable logic that all of us who've traded for years know best: that the public, the last little guys in on the scheme, must be crushed in the end like so many bugs on the windshield.

I know I sound like an embittered old geezer, a doomsayer. I know I can be easily dismissed, as I was by my nurse when I awoke in an anesthetic fog after recent knee surgery. As I stared up dreamily, she grabbed my chart and noted that it said "money manager." She said to me, "I was up huge on a stock called Iomega, but now I'm giving it all back. Should I average down?" At the mention of Iomega, my haze cleared, and I pointed out that there wasn't enough anesthetic in the operating room to ease the pain she would surely feel from Iomega's eventual downside plunge. Her face told me that she thought it was the epidural talking, and she moved on to the next babbling patient. I hope she sold, though, because Iomega lost one third of its value in the next three trading days.

The offline press hasn't quite caught on to this yet. Stories have run about the collapse of some of the more speculative stuff. But with uniform lack of insight, the reporters have rounded up the usual abstract suspects: higher interest rates, fretting that the Fed might raise rates further, inflation fears, earnings slowdowns. Sure, rates did climb at the end of May, and a lot of tech companies warned of the annual summer slowdown occurring with a vengeance this year. Not to mention that plenty of money managers were up nicely and tried to lock in gains by selling off the wilder stocks.

But I know better. The top came because calmer heads took the keys away from the intoxicated public before they cracked up too many of their IRAs and 401(k) plans. And there are a lot of Luhtalas out there who feel their stock has been overvalued. In recent months, corporate insiders at some of these companies have feverishly attempted to cash in their own holdings.

All of this is good news. I believe the crash of the speculators buys the overall bull market some more time. Although the madness didn't directly affect the Dow Jones Industrial Average, which is after all a collection of 30 huge companies, it diverted money that otherwise might have poured into healthier stocks, and now will. So I'm sticking by my Dow 6,500-by-Labor Day target set at the beginning of the year—give or take a few months and a couple of hundred points.

What makes me bearish on the speculative stocks is precisely what makes me excited about the prospects for plain-vanilla growth stocks. It wasn't just the online fast-buck artists who tried to cash in on the SyQuests. The go-go managers at the emerging-growth and technology mutual funds piled on, too. But what they discovered was that these stocks can be like roach motels. We call them that at my shop: You can check in pretty easily, but just try checking out, particularly when some companies' executives are trying to sell at the same time. These same mutual-fund honchos now want liquidity, and they are willing to sacrifice some of the racy upside that comes with a SyQuest or a similar company for the ability to sell easily and calmly when the time comes. They'll seek something akin to a Microsoft or Intel—technology stocks that, by dint of superb balance sheets and solid growth, give you a chance to make plenty of money and some margin for error or exit if you are wrong. It doesn't hurt the overall picture that the Fed can now rest assured the marketplace has self-corrected, grinding up the speculators. This gives Greenspan a chance to manage the economy and not the NASDAQ. With the Fed now on the sidelines and the speculators in disarray, the next six months just might be much smoother sailing than most pundits are predicting.

Though the days of giddy speculation are over, I'm not proclaiming the death of online profits—far from it. Computer-delivered information about stocks will continue to do end runs around the Wall Street Establishment and make money for investors. We love *The Motley Fool's* chat boards at my office—they're great places to tap into the buzz. Neat little companies with nifty products often surface there before they do anywhere else. Indeed—full disclosure here—I'm investing in and helping to launch an interactive business journal with similarities to *The Motley Fool.* But these new services are only a starting point. Just because a company has an exciting idea doesn't mean its stock is a sure thing. These companies need to be seen in context—can they market their product, what are their financials, can a bigger rival ace them out? (I know, because I lost $3 million on one of these in about three weeks. It had a terrific product, but a giant manufacturer was late in placing an order, and . . . *poof.* I learned a lot.) Investors now have to start combining real homework with *The Motley Fool.* Not as exciting as taking a flier on the most-recent chat-board favorite, but not as expensive, either. ■

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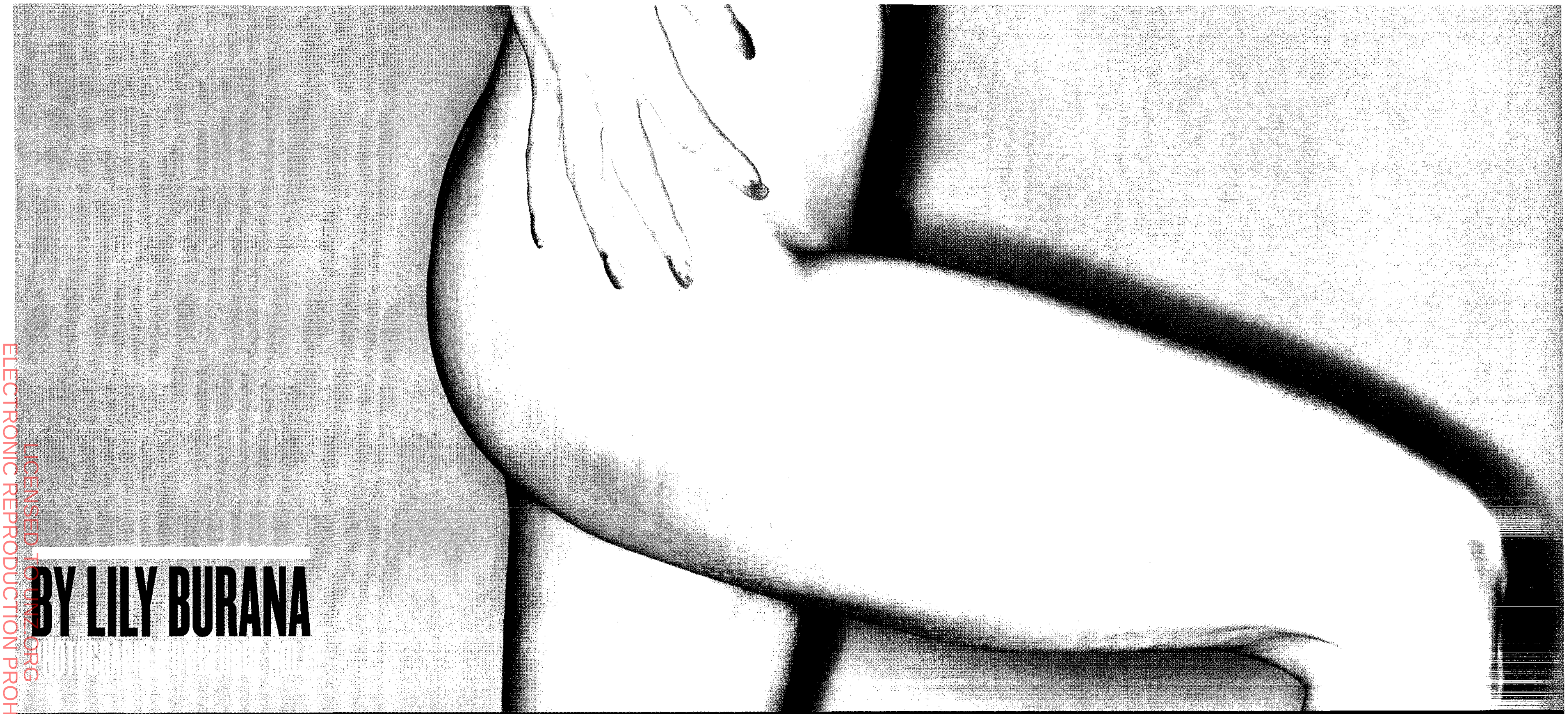


BY LILY BURANA

[illegible]

BEND ME, SHAPE ME

NOT COUNTING THE OFF-DAYS—when I'd gladly trade 50 IQ points to look like Claudia Schiffer—I'm usually pretty comfortable with my appearance. But sometimes I look in the mirror and this is what I see: a chin that's a bit too sharp, a nose that's a little too big, lips that could stand to be fuller, and narrow eyes under heavy lids. A recent ten-pound weight loss (currently, I'm 118 pounds, five foot six, and 28 years old) has left me with a less perky bustline, and my inner and outer thighs doggedly resist every attempt at firming.

◆

At these moments, I'm intrigued by the idea of cosmetic surgery. I pinch the poochy flesh on my thighs and think, Why not? But then as I consider it further, I wade through a heap of reservations, and end up sinking into self-recrimination.

◆

Mainstreamed as cosmetic surgery has become, we're still not terribly kind about those who choose to get it. In a country built on second chances and on the credo that we must labor for that which we desire, it's odd that the only wholly acceptable beauty is the kind which is the product of good breeding. I'm no different in that respect, really. I see a finely tuned matron on Fifth Avenue and find myself thinking, snarkily, "I'll bet *she's* had some work done." Such hypocritical disdain! With bleached blonde hair and an unnatural attachment to my WonderBra, I'm not going to win many points for realness myself.

Ultimately, cosmetic surgery is not a serious consideration for me. Right now, I know I don't really feel like I *need* any. Still, who among us does not possess some curiosity about just how radically our appearance could be changed under the knife? It's a kind of aesthetic upward mobility. And I'm more than a little curious about how far the surgeons are willing to go in accommodating their patients' dreams.

So I do some investigation. Since I have no system of referral, no network of nipped-'n'-tucked friends to send me to "their guy," I comb magazines and the Yellow Pages and pick whoever seems promising. No easy feat, since there are more than 100 cosmetic surgeons listed in the Manhattan directory. I make a laundry list of my hypothetical trouble spots—eyelids, nose, lips, chin, breasts, thighs—then make a few phone calls, and start shopping.

My first consultation is with Dr. Marjorie Cramer. One thing you can say about Dr. Cramer is that she knows her market. On a tea cart in her mauve-and-gray waiting room is a pot of herbal tea, water, and a dish of cookies, with the nutrition-information label carefully clipped from the box and propped in the dish so her patients can snack with assurance that the cookies are fat-free and only 60 calories apiece.

Her assistant parks me in an examining room and leaves me to strip down to my drawers and put on a fancy mauve cotton robe, monogrammed with Cramer's logo on the breast pocket. After a long time, Cramer enters the room, all stunning stature topped with bobbed salt-and-pepper hair. I warm to her presence right away—easy smile, slight brogue.

I've been intrigued by Dr. Cramer ever since I saw her in the documentary *Synthetic Pleasures,* in which she put custom-made silicone implants into the forehead of Orlan, the French performance artist whose *oeuvre* is her own body—Orlan undergoes various operations to make her body parts resemble those in famous works of art. The forehead implants were to give her a *Mona Lisa*–like brow. I ask Dr. Cramer what she thought of Orlan and the work she'd done with her. "It was interesting," she says very carefully. "It really allowed me to grow as a surgeon." Pause. "Because I don't usually do such unusual procedures." Pause. "But I think such extreme body modification is a little weird."

She gives me no guff about my list of proposed changes. We start the consultation at the top: For my eyelids, she recommends an upper-lid blepharoplasty. The procedure involves making an incision along the natural crease of the lids, then separating the skin from the muscle and fatty tissue underneath and removing the excess skin and fat that cause the brooding heaviness. Then, with fine sutures, the incisions are closed. She says that since my forehead is rather high, I could opt for a brow lift instead, which would have a similar eye-opening effect, but that, in her estimation, blepharoplasty would give me a better result.

On to the nose: "You've got a great profile and tip projection," she raves, "but the bridge would look better if it were thinner." To do this, she'd do an open rhinoplasty—making an incision between the nostrils and literally lifting the nose open like the hood of a car. Then the bones would be re-broken and pushed together. After the procedure was done, a splint would be placed on the nose for a week after the surgery. Having already had reconstructive surgery on a broken nose, I know this means at least a week of black eyes.

Lip augmentation, when overambitious, can be a terrible sight to behold, as evidenced by certain actresses and famous ex-wives whose mouths are so spongy, they look as if they're stuffed with Nerf balls. But I'm curious whether Dr. Cramer thinks it would be right for me. She suggests a permanent augmentation called a "V-Y plasty," wherein small, *v*-shaped cuts are made in the inner lip, then stitches are placed behind the cuts to push the tissue forward, literally turning the lips inside out. It'll leave me with stitches in my

Hair and makeup by Birgitte Philippides for Judy Casey.

swollen lips for four days to two weeks, but Cramer feels the discomfort is worth it for a permanent change. She discourages me when I ask her about the other, more common forms of (temporary) lip augmentation—injections of either fat or collagen—as she thinks collagen doesn't last long enough and fat is too hard to place symmetrically because of its lumpiness.

We move our discussion to parts below the neck, and I open my robe so she can have a look. "I wouldn't do a breast lift on you," she says, "because the scars would be so large and unattractive, they'd outweigh the benefits on someone like you who has minimal 'fold.' " (*Fold.* My breasts don't sag; they have fold.) As an alternative, she suggests saline implants. "The implants won't lift your breasts, but it will fill them out," she explains. Saline implants are thought to be safer than those filled with silicone gel, which were taken off the market for use in breast augmentation in 1993, but I'm extremely wary of the concept.

"On you, I'd insert the implants subglandularly, since you have enough tissue to conceal the contour of the implant. On very small-breasted or skinny women, they'd go under the muscle," she says, adding that sub-muscular implants are bad for active women like me, because during strenuous upper-body exertion, the implant silhouette can become visible. I've seen this myself, when an athletic friend did dumbbell flies, causing her pectoralis muscles to contract and shift her implant over toward her armpit like she was laterally flexing her breast. Dr. Cramer continues, "I'd insert the implants through an incision in the crease under each breast, because that's the most direct route of access. It also leaves the least-visible scar and creates the least risk of loss of sensation." Once the bandages came off following the surgery, I'd have to wear a special support garment and refrain from lifting my arms for two weeks.

She pronounces my thighs viable candidates for liposuction, and thinks my "banana roll" (the swag of thigh flab just below the buttock) could go as well. I'm worried about the visibility of the scars, but she assures me she'll make the incisions in my bikini area (if I show her what type of panties I wear, she'll make sure the scars can be concealed by the cut) and in my buttock crease. Afterwards, I'll have to wear a compression garment for four days, and be mighty bruised and swollen for a week or more.

'TO SHOW HOW A BROW LIFT MIGHT LOOK, DR. SHIFFMAN USES COMPUTER IMAGING. MY EYES AREN'T PIXIEISH ANYMORE.'

She strongly discourages any sort of chin reduction. "With your high forehead and well-balanced profile, reducing your chin will make it too small for your face," she says. I think my chin is sharp enough to chip ice, but I'm relieved to hear her say no to something.

I dress, and her assistant takes me to her office and delivers the bottom line. All fees include anesthesia, before-and-after care, and the doctor's surgical fee. All procedures, unless requested otherwise, are performed in Dr. Cramer's on-site surgical facility on an outpatient basis, meaning I'd get nipped and shipped the same day. Since my nose has been operated on before, the rhinoplasty will be especially complex and therefore should be performed separately, at a cost of $4,500. The rest—the lipo, lips, eyelids, and breasts—, can be lumped together in one day, the assistant tells me. The cost will be $14,500 if I elect to do them all separately, $14,000 if they're done together, plus an additional $425 for presurgical medical photos, $100 for the special post-op bra, $140 for the post-liposuction compression garment, and $165 for standard blood work. Assuming I take the plunge and opt for the group-procedure discount, the grand total comes to $19,330.

ON A COUCH NEAR THE PUSH-BUTTON FIREPLACE IN DR. GEORGE Lefkovits's waiting room sits a middle-aged woman wearing dark glasses. I'm dying to see what she's hiding underneath. As I page through *Vogue,* she sizes me up: "What are you doing here? You don't need anything!" I smile and make self-deprecating noises about "flabby" this and "too big" that. She's not convinced, and reaches up to remove her glasses: Her upper lids are swollen and taped in tiny, flesh-colored bandages, and her under-eye area is tinged with bruises. Black sutures wave out from under her eyes like feelers on a catfish. Five days ago, she says, preening, she had an upper- and lower-lid job.

"I see sutures coming out of your face," I tell her, "but I don't see any actual stitches."

"Oh," she trills gamely, "that's because they're all on the inside!" She motions me to her and pulls down her lower lid, exposing an intricate latticework of black stitches. It's so easy to think about plastic surgery solely in "before-and-after" terms, with studied avoidance of all that goes on in between. But this woman clangs me upside the head with a wake-up call: Yes, it's *surgery*. Even clinically graphic consultation talk pales in comparison as a reality check.

The doctor's assistant surveys my chart. Seeing that I'm interested in liposuction, she ushers me into a broom-closet-size examining room where I view an educational video about lipo, produced by and starring Dr. Lefkovits himself. It's actually quite informative, with Dr. Lefkovits, looking like a smaller and more genial Joey Buttafuoco, explaining the history and evolution of the procedure.

Dr. Lefkovits and I consult briefly in his office; then another assistant takes me to a tiny examining room to change. Once I'm in the paper gown, the doctor comes in, with the assistant acting as chaperone—a common procedure for most male cosmetic surgeons these days. He turns my head this way and that. "For your eyes, I'd do an upper-lid blepharoplasty—just take that strip of excess fat and skin right out." I'm familiar with the concept, I tell him, no need to elaborate.

"It's too wide at the tip," Dr. Lefkovits muses, beeping my nose a few times, "but it's hard as a rock from scar tissue formed after it was rebuilt. Not much chance we could try to thin the tip without making it look worse. You'd probably just end up with more scarring. But we could thin the bridge a little bit." He turns my head to the side. "Ugh," he pronounces, surveying my profile. "The angle of the tip projection is much too steep. Maybe I can do something about that too. It would definitely have to be an open rhinoplasty, so I could see what I'm doing."

He flat-out says no about the chin, so we move on to my breasts. Dr. Lefkovits tells me that if I don't mind losing some volume, he can do a nipple lift (concentric mastopexy) to perk them up. To demonstrate how the procedure is performed, he draws a circle with the tip of his pencil around my nipple. "I make an incision around the nipple [effectively removing it], then gather the tissue that lies around it and trim it, which draws the breast up. Then I position the nipple a bit higher and reattach it." I imagine my nipples sitting on a stainless-steel tray, patiently awaiting their return to the mother ship.

Dr. Lefkovits mentions that if I want to maintain the size of my breasts, he can put in saline implants at the same time he does the nipple lift. "The implants would fill the breasts out like this"—he pinches the underside of each breast and pushes them up so they swell, and point. "They don't look full when you do that; they look like toucan beaks," I tell him. The chaperone bites her lip to keep from laughing. As for my legs, he says, yes, the inner and outer thighs could stand some liposuction, and my knees are a little chubby, too. My *knees*?

I forget to ask about my lips until the end of the consultation. When I mention it, Dr. Lefkovits says, "Collagen is a waste of money, and you can have an allergic reaction to it even if the test dose doesn't bother you. No one is allergic to their own fat." (Collagen is also, I should point out, made of bovine extract.) He then offers to augment my lips with fat for free. He'd just suck it out of my thighs during the liposuction and inject it into my lips.

Dr. Lefkovits summons his chaperone and leaves the room so I can dress, then comes back in to discuss fees. The nose, which he wants to do separately, will cost $5,000, plus $100 for the in-office operating-facility fee and $750 for the anesthesia. The lipo ($3,500), breasts ($5,500), and eyelids ($2,000) will cost $11,000 if done separately, plus the $750 anesthesia fee and $100 for the operating room each time. He's mellow about when to do the procedures, if and how I want to bundle them together. But should I choose to do them all together (except for the nose), it would cost $9,000, and $850 for the anesthesia and operating-room fee. So the total of all the procedures grouped together would be $15,700, versus $19,400 separately.

As I gather my things to leave, I take hold of how this is sitting with me. I'm not as surprised by the damage that surgery could do to my wallet as I am by what the fact-finding mission is doing to my self-esteem. Until I began, I saw myself as a hardy young sapling that could do with some pruning, but now I see a gnarled thing that begs to be torn down to the root and rebuilt limb by limb. On the way out of the office, I see a beautiful young girl writing out a check for $6,000 and think, *What's she doing here? She doesn't need anything!*

"DR. CRAMER SUGGESTS AN OPEN RHINOPLASTY: MAKING AN INCISION BETWEEN THE NOSTRILS AND LIFTING THE NOSE LIKE THE HOOD OF A CAR."

DR. JAMES REARDON STANDS IN THE SOMBER, ROCKWELL-LIKE waiting room of his office and looks at my stat sheet. He rushes me into an exam room, where he peers at me. "You can't possibly want all these procedures!" he says, his voice bouncing off the dark, paneled walls. He rushes me into his office, where he peers at me from across his desk. "Eyelids, nose, lips, chin, breasts, liposuction," he reads briskly, "I'll be honest with you. Looking at your face, I only agree with you about your nose. Forget everything else." He looks me up and down and shakes his head. "It would be a moral and philosophical crime, as well as criminal malpractice, to put any sort of scars on those breasts."

"But," I start, "I just wanted to fill them out a little bit up top. One doctor I saw recommended augmentation, and another—" He interjects again, afire, "Don't tell me a doctor said he'd do a breast lift on you!" He does a double take: "No, tell me, but don't mention any names. I don't believe this!"

I move on to discuss the possibility of liposuction. He looks at my thighs and shakes his head once again. "If I do liposuction on someone as thin as you, it's very likely that you're going to end up with ripples and dimpling under the surface. So to run the risk of that for maybe a one percent difference in the appearance of your thighs is not worth it. Your thighs are fine.

"Listen, I know this may not be what you want to hear, and you probably think I sound like your dad or something," he says. "I love to operate, but I just don't think you need any of this. Look, I'll do your nose if you want," he offers, "but that's it. I'll thin the bridge of your nose with an open rhinoplasty, and then you get out of here."

AFTER THE EXHORTATIONS IN DR. REARDON'S office, I'm a bit more wary by the time I roll into Dr. Robert Vitolo's waiting room. It's a Euro-fancy affair with bright salon lighting, Deco mirrors, and a marble-topped reception desk. Vitolo's office is even fancier. Louis XV furniture, ornate mirror, backlit shelving—it looks like Liberace dropped in for a quick touch-up, then decided to stick around and spruce the place up a bit.

Once I've gotten into his examining room, he comes in to discuss the body procedures. We start with the thighs. To him, I'm a shoo-in for the inner- and outer-thigh lipo. And more. He turns me around so I'm looking at my side view in the mirror: "See how your buttock just blends right into your thigh?" I nod. "You have long, flat buttocks, with no buttock crease." This is true. However, lack of butt crease is not something that had occurred to me to obsess over. Until now.

Pressing on, he says, "What I could do while I'm liposuctioning your thighs is suction away the fat right below your buttocks, creating a crease. I can also take some fat out from atop the buttock, making it appear more shapely." He scrutinizes my breasts. "Your nipples are well-placed, right in line with the middle of your upper arm. They're attractive breasts with minimal droop; you may not want to do anything to them. If you really want to make them appear fuller, I'd go with implants, not a lift. But to fill out all the skin in your bust, you'd have to go up at least a size and a half." I do a quick calculation—that would make me a 36DD. I'm wondering if the breast augmentation blooming me out up top, in concert with the liposuction thinning my stems, will leave me with a silhouette like two watermelons on a toothpick.

I dress and take a seat next to the desk in his office, and he explains his innovative new endoscopic breast-augmentation technique. (Endoscopic surgery has been used for years in orthopedic and eye-ear-nose-and-throat care.) I am agog when he tells me that rather than inserting the implants through incisions in conventional points such as the armpit, breast crease, or nipple, the surgeon makes an incision in the *belly button,* and the empty implants are tunneled up to the breast via a tube and then inflated through a fill-valve in the implant's side. The implants are placed by the surgeon's watching an image of the surgical site projected on a video screen via an endoscope inserted in the breast. Unlike other breast-aug procedures, this type of implant insertion leaves no visible scar, and according to the doctor, the recovery period is mere days, while other procedures require several weeks of recuperation. And for the finishing touch, "There's less risk of loss of sensation this way," he says. At this point, three doctors have told me that three insertion routes are less likely to leave me with numb nipples. How does one make sense of this?

When we discuss my face, he stands me before the ornate mirror on his office wall. About my chin, he says, "Your features are very angular, which is attractive. You have a great jaw, so I'd leave it alone." Easy enough. That was the carrot. Now the stick. "Your nose is the worst part of your face. It definitely needs refinement. It overpowers your face. It's too wide, and makes your eyes look too close together." Like everyone else I'd seen, he suggests an open rhinoplasty wherein he would re-break my nose and thin it considerably from top to bottom. He also says that once that is done, the change in my appearance might be so dramatic that I might not want to do anything else to my face.

Just in case I do, however, he tells me what he suggests for my eyes—an endoscopic brow lift. To demonstrate the kind of result I can expect, he puts his hand atop my head and pulls the scalp back, tightening my brow, which makes my eyes appear much wider and more alert. He explains that an endoscopic brow lift differs from a conventional brow lift because it involves far less cutting. It usually entails just four small incisions in the scalp behind the hairline, and an endoscope placed in one of the incisions. Watching the endoscope-image transmission on the monitor, he separates the muscles behind the brow from the bone so they relax upward (and in the case of trying to rectify furrows between the eyes, the corrugator and procerus muscles may be removed); then the muscles and tissue are pulled taut and anchored inside the scalp incisions. Compared to old-fashioned "coronal" (ear-to-ear incision) brow lift, this procedure leaves very little scarring in the scalp. It also reduces potential for nerve injury and loss of sensation above the scar, which is a frequent side effect of a coronal lift.

When the time comes to talk money, like most of the others he is quick to get creative with the packaging of procedures. Separately, the nose would cost $7,500; the brow, $6,500; breasts, $6,500; and the lipo, $6,500, plus $4,000 for the anesthesia and a $500 surgical-facility fee for each procedure, payable in cash or credit. Grand total: $33,000. However, should I be interested in doing them all at once, which would require an overnight hospital stay, he'd do it for $22,500 ($19,500 surgical fees, $2,500 anesthesia, $500 hospital fees). Quite a discount. If I were a spontaneous shopper, I'd be on the table that very second. He tells me he can book me for surgery within two weeks.

When we finish, he closes my chart and looks at me. "Most women would kill for a figure like yours, but I understand. You want perfection."

"Well, if it weren't summer, I probably wouldn't care," I fudge.

"Oh, you'd care," he says, with great certainty.

THE EARLY SIXTIES LIVE ON IN DR. HIROSHI WASHIO'S office. The series of dark, dingily carpeted rooms is decorated in such a way that I expect Laura Petrie to swing in to tell me, "The doctor will see you now!" I sit on the edge of the old table in the mint-green examining room, and Dr. Washio, a slight Japanese man with graying hair, sizes me up. Yes, he says, consulting the desired procedures I listed on my patient record, he could make my chin less prominent. Yes, my nose could use some refinement. Yes, my lips could be made fuller. Yes, my eyes could be made to appear wider. Yes, my breasts most likely could be filled out. And yes, my thighs could probably stand to be made thinner. Now here's a guy with a can do attitude. For the first time, I'm batting a thousand.

At Dr. Washio's behest, I lie down on the examination table, and he pokes around the inside of my nose with a swab. He announces that he can lower the septum cartilages, reduce the bridge, and narrow the sides and tip, all through a closed rhinoplasty—no lifting of the car hood needed. Since I've heard four doctors recommend an open rhinoplasty, the alarm bells go off.

Concerning my eyes, he reports that upper-lid blepharoplasty would be a waste of time—I have so little eyelid skin that to remove any of it wouldn't make a significant difference. So he suggests a conventional coronal brow lift, which involves making an incision from ear to ear behind the hairline, then pulling the brow skin and muscles up and back. Then, after that, the excess tissue is trimmed off and the scalp is sutured together. No mention of the risk of loss of sensation.

An osteotomy is the procedure he recommends to soften my chin. This involves making an incision just under the chin, then cutting down the chin bone with an electric bone saw. He doesn't offer any information about the procedure beyond that. Another warning bell.

He is similarly discreet about the procedure he'd do on my lips. He simply says he'd turn the lips out by putting stitches along the inside of them. He also tells me it won't make much of a difference, maybe a millimeter or so, which is hardly an inducement. There's no chaperone in the room with us, and Dr. Washio doesn't even leave so I can disrobe in privacy before he examines my breasts and thighs. Like Dr. Cramer and Dr. Vitolo, he thinks saline implants are the best way to fill out my breasts. He, however, would insert them through incisions in the lower part of the nipple. "Less risk of loss of sensation this way," he says.

To his credit, while he surveys my inner and outer thighs, he explains one crucial thing about liposuction that no other doctor did—that the body has a finite number of fat cells in any given area, and that once those cells are removed, they will never be replaced. "But if the fat cells are removed from one area, and you gain weight after the surgery, won't you gain weight around the area, while the liposuctioned part stays flat?" I ask. Yes, he concedes, that can happen. A person will gain the weight back everywhere, but it may look disproportionate and wavy around the lipo site, particularly in a thinner person, where any change is going to be more noticeable.

After the exam, we move to his desk in a small office alcove to discuss matters further. I ask what type of surgical facility he uses, and he gestures toward the examination room. That's it? Not good. He suggests that we group the surgeries into clusters and space them three months apart to allow for ample recovery time. The nose would be done by itself under local anesthesia, which he would administer himself; then breasts, chin, and lips, under general anesthesia administered by an anesthesiologist; and the same for the liposuction and brow lift done together. We'd do the nose first, which would cost $5,000; then two months afterward, the chin and breasts ($6,000 together) and the lips ($3,000), plus $1,500 for general anesthesia; and last, two months later, the forehead ($4,000) and lipo ($3,000), plus $1,500 for the anesthesia. All together, it would take six months to complete and would cost $24,500. I can't fathom investing that much time into refurbishing my façade. I'm exhausted just from the time-suck of the consulting—and confused too. Who knew there'd be so many conflicting opinions?

"HE OFFERS TO AUGMENT MY LIPS WITH FAT *FOR FREE.* HE'D JUST SUCK IT OUT OF MY THIGHS DURING LIPOSUCTION AND INJECT IT INTO MY LIPS."

MY FINAL VISIT WAS TO DR. Felix Shiffman, the only doctor I met with who uses computer imaging to show possible results of surgery. Once his receptionist fills out a little file card with my name, address, phone, desired procedures, and means of referral (I cut his ad out of the *Voice*), Dr. Shiffman and I have a brief chat about my objective and he leads me into a room behind his office, operating facility, and storage area (we step neatly over his assistant, who is sorting files on the floor), where he has his imaging system set up.

First, he photographs my profile with a digital camera and brings the image up on the computer monitor. He's going to work on my nose first. For five minutes, he digitally shades, cuts, and refines the image, giving me a graceful little white-girl nose. He traces and retraces my nasal tip until it comes to a tidy point. "So the problem is not that your eyes are hidden by your brow or lids but, rather, your *nose*," he says. "If we make your nose thinner and bring the tip lower, your eyes will be like saucers and your lips will look bigger. As it is right now, you really don't have an upper lip. Your chin is fine, by the way, so just leave it."

I have to admit, the image of my potential diminutive nose is very attractive. The overall effect, from both the profile and face-forward angle, is dramatic. He interrupts the consultation to take a long, involved phone call. I busy myself looking at his art collection and picking all the butterscotch out of the candy dish. After ten minutes, he resumes his imaging, this time working on my eyes. It's hard to show a computer image of a blepharoplasty, as the area is so small and the software is rudimentary. Still, he does his best to lighten the area to show how it might look with less skin, but I can't see any difference. To show how a brow lift might look, he draws boxes around my eyebrows and drags them up higher, and lowers my hairline. I look totally fake, so taut my face is devoid of character. My eyes aren't pixieish anymore; they're just blank.

He takes me into his office and shows me a book of actual brow-lift photos. He makes the incision right in the hairline, so I'd have to wear bangs for a number of weeks after the surgery. "This is my wife," he says, pointing to one photo. All his procedures are done on-site. He offers to do both the nose and brow for $7,000, or for $7,200 separately. "What about all the other procedures?" I ask. "When you're ready to do more, we'll talk about your body." If he is in this much of a hurry to end a consultation, how much of a tear will he be on to finish the job once I'm on the table?

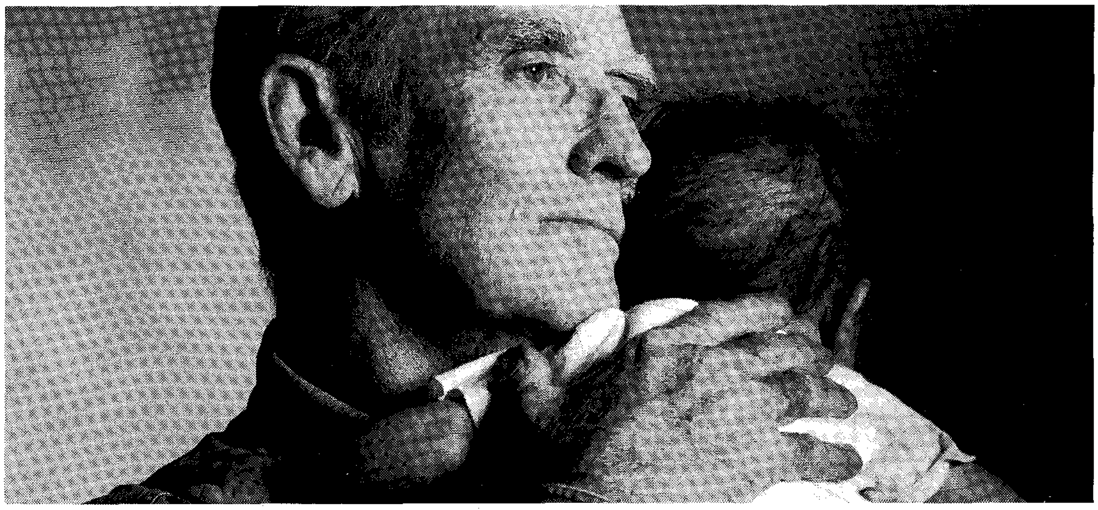
AFTER SEEING SIX DOCTORS AND GETTING six very different opinions, surgical approaches, and prices, I'm stymied. Is there a qualitative difference between a $3,000 thigh-liposuction procedure and a $6,500 one? Is a brow lift going to make my eyes look better than a lid job?

For an expert opinion I call the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (ASPRS) and am put in contact with a Dr. Paul Weiss. "If you do a number of different consultations, you will notice a consensus of opinions amongst the doctors." This, of course, was not my experience at all. I got three different routes of breast augmentation, with a breast lift thrown in; a split on the brow-lift-vs.-lid-job question; and other conflicting viewpoints as to which way to go with my body.

If I were an earnest shopper in the beauty-through-surgery market, I'd be more confused than when I started this investigation. With so many options to choose from, apparently there is no hard-and-fast bottom line, only one's own wishes measured against the aesthetic sensibility (and, presumably, profit motive) of the surgeon.

Even after after all of this, I still would never rule out the idea of cosmetic surgery. But I'm just disconcerted by how few guideposts there are on the road to a New You. Maybe I don't need a new look so much as a new career. I could be a champion of the body-morphing masses, a Ralph Nader for the aesthetically ambitious. ■

THE ABILITY TO STOP CHILD ABUSE IS NOW IN ALL OUR HANDS.



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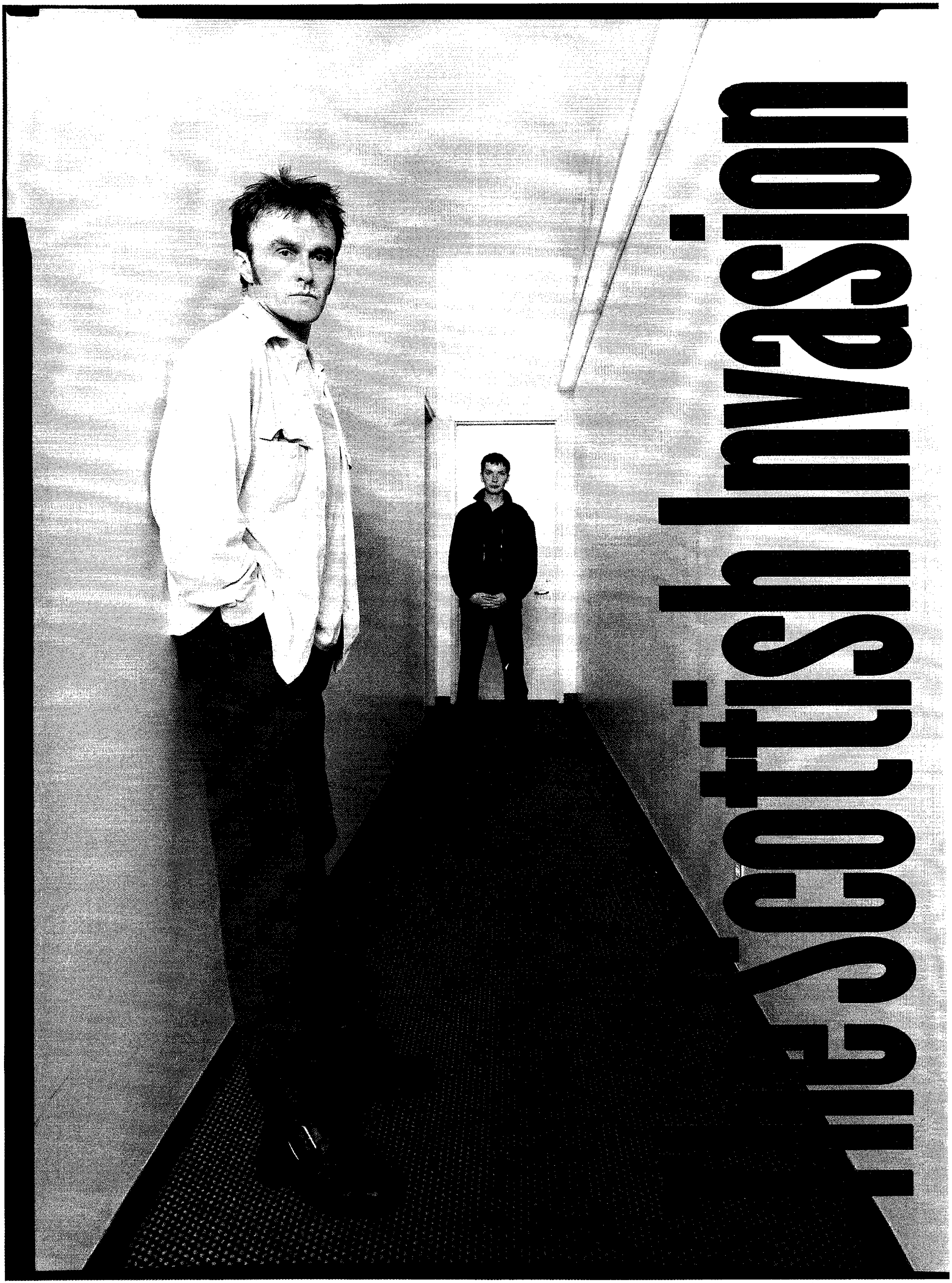

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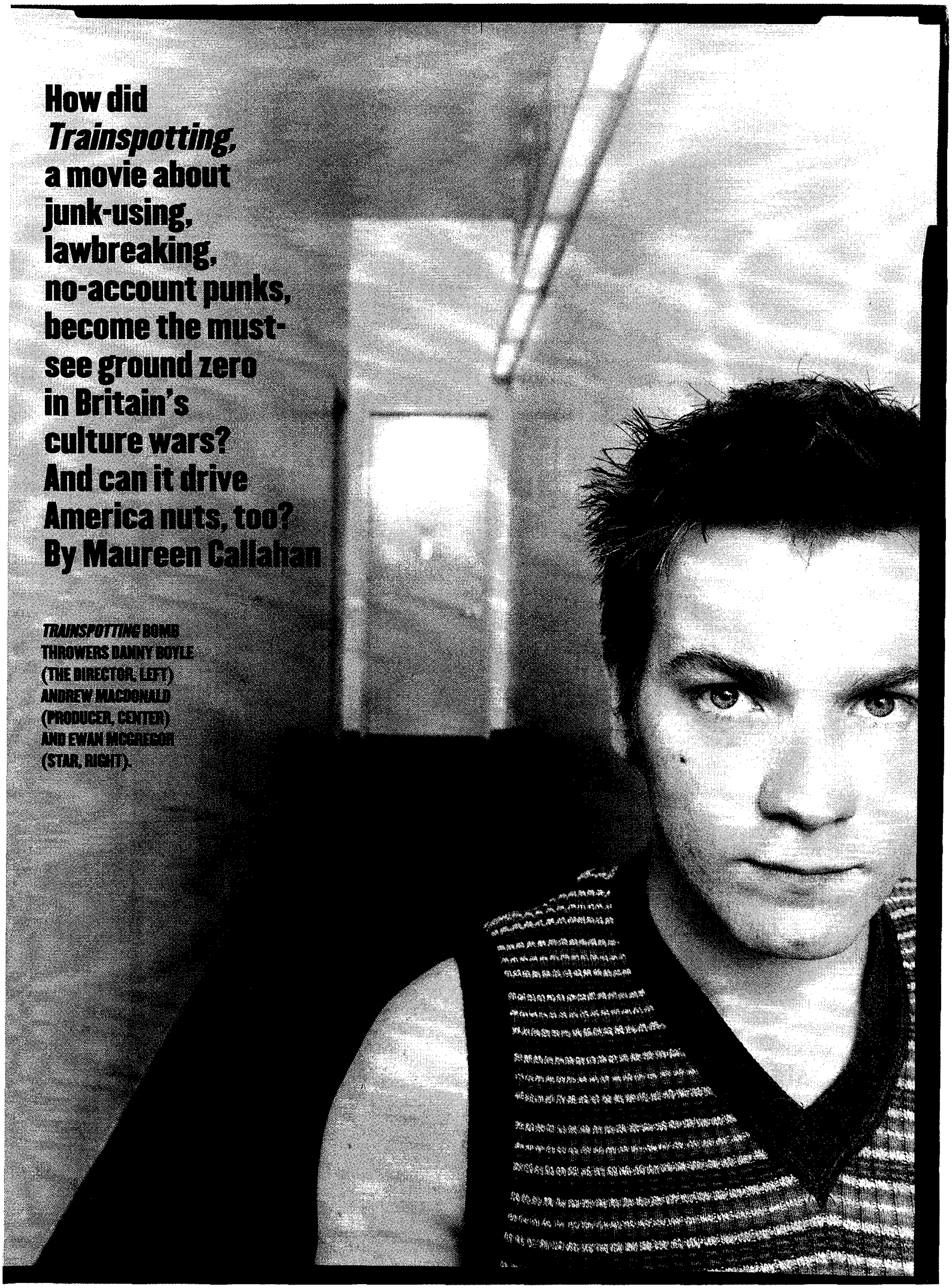


How did *Trainspotting,* a movie about junk-using, lawbreaking, no-account punks, become the must-see ground zero in Britain's culture wars? And can it drive America nuts, too?

By Maureen Callahan

TRAINSPOTTING BOMB THROWERS DANNY BOYLE (THE DIRECTOR, LEFT) ANDREW MACDONALD (PRODUCER, CENTER) AND EWAN MCGREGOR (STAR, RIGHT).

IT HAS BEEN CALLED “THE BEST AND most important film about modern Britain in nearly a decade,” or words to that effect, by nearly every pop-culture magazine in England. The others have derided it as a paean to thuggery, moral bankruptcy, and hard drugs. *Trainspotting,* an often thrillingly vibrant movie adapted from Irvine Welsh’s bestselling 1993 novel about working-class Scottish heroin addicts who do little more than shoot up, screw around, and get junk-sick, has become nothing less than a generational totem since it opened five months ago in the UK—not unlike *A Clockwork Orange* and then the Sex Pistols in the seventies. The movie’s release in the U.S. (it opens July 19) has been hyped by Miramax in much the same way they sold last year’s *Kids:* the movie to see; the book to read; the soundtrack to spin; the art-house hit of the summer, if not the decade; controversial, harrowing, and in-your-face. Actually, that’s not much of an exaggeration. *Trainspotting* looks like nothing else out of Britain in recent memory, and it’s been greeted there with animosity as furious as the adulation.

It’s clear why so many find *Trainspotting* a dangerous movie. It’s uncompromising in its depiction of the pleasures (and ghastliness) of heroin, of random sex, shoplifting, nihilism, and almost every other social pathology you can think of. Eyelids flutter in ecstasy after a needle sears a vein; kids literally run from Johnny Law with gleeful smiles and a pounding backbeat; they humorously torment a dog, for lack of anything better to do. *Trainspotting* is Sex Pistols–ish, no-future high comedy, the well-crafted artistic rebellion of the moment, and it has tremendous resonance for the generation of British kids who grew up in the eighties. Just by watching, they’ve managed to collectively outrage their elders, which adds to its heat.

RELATIVELY YOUNG AND MAYBE THE MOST gifted filmmakers working in Britain today, the triumvirate responsible for adapting *Trainspotting*—director Danny Boyle, screenwriter John Hodge, and producer Andrew Macdonald—first collaborated on 1994’s *Shallow Grave,* a bloody, witty Scottish *noir* about three giddily amoral roommates whose collective acquisitiveness leads to a fair amount of murder and dismemberment. Not only was it aggressively contemporary—unlike most British cinema, which tends to be either socio-realistic and steeped in sixties ideology or hyper-literary—but it didn’t take the usual bows toward American culture; its focus was squarely on Britain. This is an endless topic of conversation for Boyle and Macdonald, who are lively and engaging despite the early hour, considerable jet lag, and an unseasonably grim, drizzly morning (which makes them feel right at home). “There’s this attitude in Britain that the audience is just cattle who turn up to see American blockbusters,” says Boyle, who, at 39, looks and sounds ten years younger. “There’s this thinking that goes on all the time, like, ‘Can we put an American in the movie? Will it work in America?’ ”

Much to their surprise, *Grave did* work in America, but, more important, it worked in the UK. Boyle, Macdonald, and Hodge had clearly reached an audience that had long been ignored—young, smart, and sick to death of being slathered in exclusively American culture. “People feel very trampled by America,” says Macdonald, who is so scrawny and pallid that many of his veins are visible to the naked eye. “That’s very much Irvine’s attitude, and I think it’s not really reflected in many films apart from ours.”

“The film isn’t about heroin. It’s about an attitude, and that’s why we wanted the film to pulse, the way you *do* in your twenties.”

At around the same time *Shallow Grave* was released, the novel *Trainspotting*—violent, sharp, funny, scatologically obsessive, and garrulously written in Scottish slang—had just been published in the UK, and it rocked the literary Establishment, which initially tried to dismiss it as nothing more than a sloppily constructed work with marginal appeal to the drug-addled and/or undereducated working class. *Trainspotting* went on to sell 450,000 copies in Britain alone, and the then-34-year-old Welsh was nominated for the 1993 Booker Prize; it was adapted, several times, for the stage in London. Welsh churned out two more novels in rapid succession—*The Acid House,* set in England’s techno-drug subculture, and *Marabou Stork Nightmares,* narrated by a comatose rapist’s subconscious—which, with *Trainspotting,* simultaneously occupied the top three slots on the British best-seller lists. To the horror of Britain’s intellectual elite, he has been crowned king of a thriving new wave of literature—one that’s giving the finger not only to an economically depressed post-Thatcherite Britain but to American cultural hegemony.

IN EARLY ’94, MACDONALD WAS LOOKING for a new project, which would be fully financed by Britain’s Channel Four Films, and which Hodge would write and Boyle direct. They also knew they wanted Ewan McGregor, who had played one of *Grave’*s homicidal yuppies, to have a role. (All three had turned down offers from Hollywood to stay together and in Britain. “I respect them so much for that,” says McGregor, “because a lot of young British directors who do well with one film go straight to America to make schlock.”) When Macdonald stumbled across an old friend who talked up *Trainspotting,* he immediately snatched up a copy and devoured it in three days. “I said, ‘This is the sort of thing we should be doing,’ ” recalls Macdonald. “Because all we have in Britain is these 50-year-old men making films about the sixties. This had *energy.*” Boyle, too, was blown away. “Even though you think you’re trendy and up-to-date—like we all like to think we are—you read something like this that makes you realize you’ve been asleep. It was just addictive.”

Hodge, however, was a bit more skeptical. He loved the novel but wasn’t sure it could be adapted; it’s got no narrative arc, is dense with characters both peripheral and central, and has no real external action. Everyone in the book is running to stand still; the title itself refers to the bizarre British hobby of keeping track of the arrival and departure of trains. (It’s now evolved into a slang term for being a slacker.) Yet Macdonald and Boyle knew they were onto something, and Hodge, with Welsh’s blessing, shaved the 344-page novel into a lean 90-minute screenplay. Mark Renton, the novel’s most cunning character, was fleshed out and became the protagonist; McGregor, then only 24, signed on for the part and was subsequently chased out of pubs by the filmmakers, who ordered him to drop 30 pounds. “When I read the script, I was blown away by Renton,” says a considerably fleshier McGregor as he sips a mid-afternoon beer in his plush hotel suite. “I imagined De Niro felt the same when he read *Taxi Driver.*”

Simultaneously amused and disgusted by his smack-addled cohorts (and his own addiction), Renton is the character the audience must latch onto. "Danny said that in *Shallow Grave,* I managed to play a likable wanker," McGregor says modestly. "He needed the same thing for Renton." McGregor's droll, knowing narration threads together what would otherwise be disjointed vignettes that are rhythmically paced and often beautiful looking. When Renton OD's and literally falls into the scarlet floor, it's a gloriously surrealistic moment. And you're happy to be there.

Trainspotting WAS SHOT IN JUST SEVEN weeks in the bowels of Glasgow during the spring of '95, with the help of a tightly knit group of recovering heroin addicts called Carlton Athletic (they appear in the film's opening sequence as part of a soccer team). Though the filmmakers had gotten everything they wanted—creative control, British financing (the budget was an almost impossibly modest $2.8 million), and the unconditional cooperation of nearly everyone they approached—they were still nervous. "I was concerned, obviously," admits Macdonald today. "Could we make a film that people would go and see? Could we sell drugs?"

ANARCHY—AGAIN—IN THE UK: THE *TRAINSPOTTING* BOYS.

Trainspotting has grossed more than $15 million to date in the UK, more than any other fully financed British film in history; *Trainspotting* fashion has been splattered across the pages of British magazines and, already, the New York *Times;* the comings and goings of the cast, dubbed a hipper "Britpack," are relentlessly chronicled; their faces scowl from magazine covers, often accompanied by urgently hysterical headlines like WAKE UP, AMERICA!; nearly every British band that matters today contributed to the soundtrack; *Trainspotting* is referenced in articles and editorials having nothing at all to do with the movie. It's penetrated the cultural consciousness so deeply because, in its own way, it aims to tell the truth about modern, disaffected youth without resorting to hysterical moralizing.

THOUGH MANY OF ITS HARSHEST CRITICS would like to believe that *Trainspotting* depicts a ghettoized subculture, two of the last year's most controversial films—*Kids,* set in downtown New York City, and *La Haine* ("Hate"), set in the Parisian projects—would dispute that theory. Actually, together they form a fascinating and disturbing triptych. Each in its own way depicts hip, nihilistic, downwardly mobile youth with specific grudges against the Man, and all three have been attacked as hyperbolic, exploitative, and—most tellingly—mere slumfests for the bored upper classes, virtual petting zoos they can visit anytime they want to feel like they're down with the kids.

Two months ago, in an essay in *The New York Times Magazine,* Michiko Kakutani wrote, "Although *Trainspotting* . . . and *Kids* pretend to offer knowing glimpses of insider rituals like shooting up, they actually perpetuate simplistic stereotypes that ratify bourgeoisie prejudices. . . . These works are just the latest offerings from a thriving new brand of tourism that offers bourgeoisie audiences a voyeuristic peep at an alien subculture and then lets them go home feeling smug and with it." Welsh himself has been railing against this mind-set since his novel moved from genteel literary circles into the mainstream. "It's precisely the bourgeois types that are perceiving it [as voyeuristic]," he has said. "They're recognizing that voyeurism in themselves. It's a different world and they're not part of it, they've never been part of it. . . . The middle class is in power, and they are the main voices who are pontificating, analyzing, and evaluating."

Although, in a sense, *Trainspotting* would have failed if the Establishment weren't so emphatically opposed to everything it represents—what's punk about something your mom would get?—it doesn't sugarcoat the consequences of the bad behavior of Renton and his mates: jail, withdrawal, AIDS, and death portrayed on the screen in ways that are hard to watch. The movie has a moral center, and to suggest that it doesn't seems a willful misreading. For all its junkie trappings, the problem people have with *Trainspotting* is the old one about the charming rogue: Should sinners and villains be thoroughly unattractive? Not only do these characters torment animals and each other, flout the laws, and ruin their lives, but they do it *charismatically,* with flair, style, and a fair amount of gallows humor—and that is what the moralists find most offensive.

BOYLE, FOR HIS PART, BELIEVES THAT THOSE who focus solely on drug use or class issues miss the obvious point. "It's about being a transgressor," he says. "It's about doing something that everybody says will kill you—*you will kill yourself.* And the thing that nobody understands is, it's not that you don't hear that message, it's just that it's irrelevant. The film isn't about heroin. It's about an attitude, and that's why we wanted the film to pulse, to pulse like you *do* in your twenties, before you get ground down by whatever grinds you down—be it heroin or all the other things that wipe you out."

The trailer, which sells the movie as if it were *A Hard Day's Night 1996,* an adventurous romp through the back alleys and byways of Britain with a bunch of rude boys as your tour guides, has been running here since March. Though the movie will open on just four screens (two in New York, two in L.A.), Miramax is plausibly shooting for 200, with an eye toward further expansion into suburban malls and multiplexes—a territory where *Kids* never played. "*Kids* was like a wake-up call to America," says Mark Gill, Miramax's marketing president. "*Trainspotting* is an entertainment from the word go."

BOYLE, MACDONALD, AND HODGE, MEANwhile, will apply their cracked genius to a third project, a small romantic comedy called *A Life Less Ordinary*. McGregor, who earnestly describes the movie as "sweet and lovely," will play an unemployed Scottish immigrant who falls in love with an American girl and embarks on a cross-country journey that's alternately interrupted by gangsters and angels. Though, as Boyle says, they'll be spending the next few months "trying to get their minds around America," they're typically giving Hollywood the brush-off. "We were offered a lot of money [to make *Alien 4*]," says a clearly amused Boyle, who adds that although the trio had every intention of turning it down, they waited until "we got to meet Sigourney and Winona." Macdonald, the most pragmatic and business-minded of the three, is just as nonchalant. "Success in America has never mattered to us," he says resolutely. "And it still doesn't." ▬

Photograph by Liam Longman/Miramax.

To Hell and Back

Richard Hell, punk hero emeritus, has written a novel about heroin, sex, and rock, and it's not half bad. By Mim Udovitch

AS IT TURNS OUT, THE SEX PISTOLS were wrong when they sang *no future*, not only about themselves but about 47-year-old Richard Hell. Hell—a founding member of the proto-punk band Television in 1973, as well as a founding member of the Heartbreakers, as well as the creator, with his band the Voidoids in 1977, of one of punk's signal works, "Blank Generation"—has published a novel called *Go Now.* Similar in intensity to Hell's work as a musician and to Irvine Welsh's *Trainspotting*, with which it shares a junkie's-eye view of life, *Go Now* (Scribner, $18) is a strange, scary water slide of a read, the morbid, sexual, contemplative, abrasive musings of narrator and semi-successful punk musician Billy Mud as he traverses the country in search of dope and art in 1980. As well as being all the things he is listed above as being, Hell is, by the way, my longtime friend. He is currently at work on a second novel. In a nutshell, as it turns out, *yes* future for him.

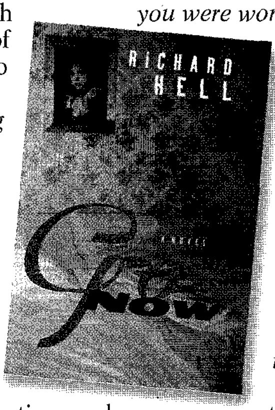
Mim Udovitch: *Did I mention I'm a little unprepared to talk to you?*
Richard Hell: It doesn't take much preparation. I mean, you've read the book.

And I like to think that our friendship is some kind of preparation. That way I'll know it was definitely good for something. So when did you start writing this book?

In January of '93. It was great to see those pages piling up. And people are so impressed when you write a novel, you know? When I first finished it, whenever I mentioned it to anyone, the first question was always: How long is it? Because a novel seems like it really takes some sustained discipline. But it didn't feel like discipline; once I hit speed, I looked forward every morning to waking up, which . . . which was a *real novelty*. Although I have gotten to where I'm glad to wake up these days. I had this theory when I was real young, like 18, 19 . . .

Not fake young like you are now.

Right, not fake young like I am now, my belief was that . . . *nothing was worth doing if it wasn't easy*. And people find that really repulsive—even I've had periods where I thought, wow, I was really disgusting to contemplate such a concept. But the other side of it is it's worked for me. Why do anything that's an ordeal?



But you end up going through ordeals anyway.

Yeah, like this. No, I don't really mean that. I mean *this* in the larger sense, not this specifically.

Right. I guess I was thinking more of an ordeal like years and years of heroin addiction, actually.

But even the painful parts of that are really interesting, and even when you're going through them, you eventually come to realize that. You can get to kind of relish it, you know? Otherwise, what are you gonna do, just be inert?

So what about this punk renaissance we're going through? Patti Smith's new album, the Sex Pistols reunion . . . why do you think punk is getting this new legitimacy?

I guess because it's dead. You know, it's not threatening anymore. Now it's everybody's nostalgia. It's kind of sad.

You're not nostalgic for it?

Are you kidding me? No *way*. *Fuck*, no. I had my youth like everybody had their youth. It had its good parts and it also had its terrible parts, just like now—it didn't have any advantages.

It doesn't make you a little glad to be recognized for what you did?

Yes, but that's not nostalgia. I'm glad. But the times it really makes you feel good are when you feel like somebody is better for having been exposed to something you did. And that's separate from having punk become fashionable again.

Let's talk more about the writing process. Did the book change a lot when you were working on it?

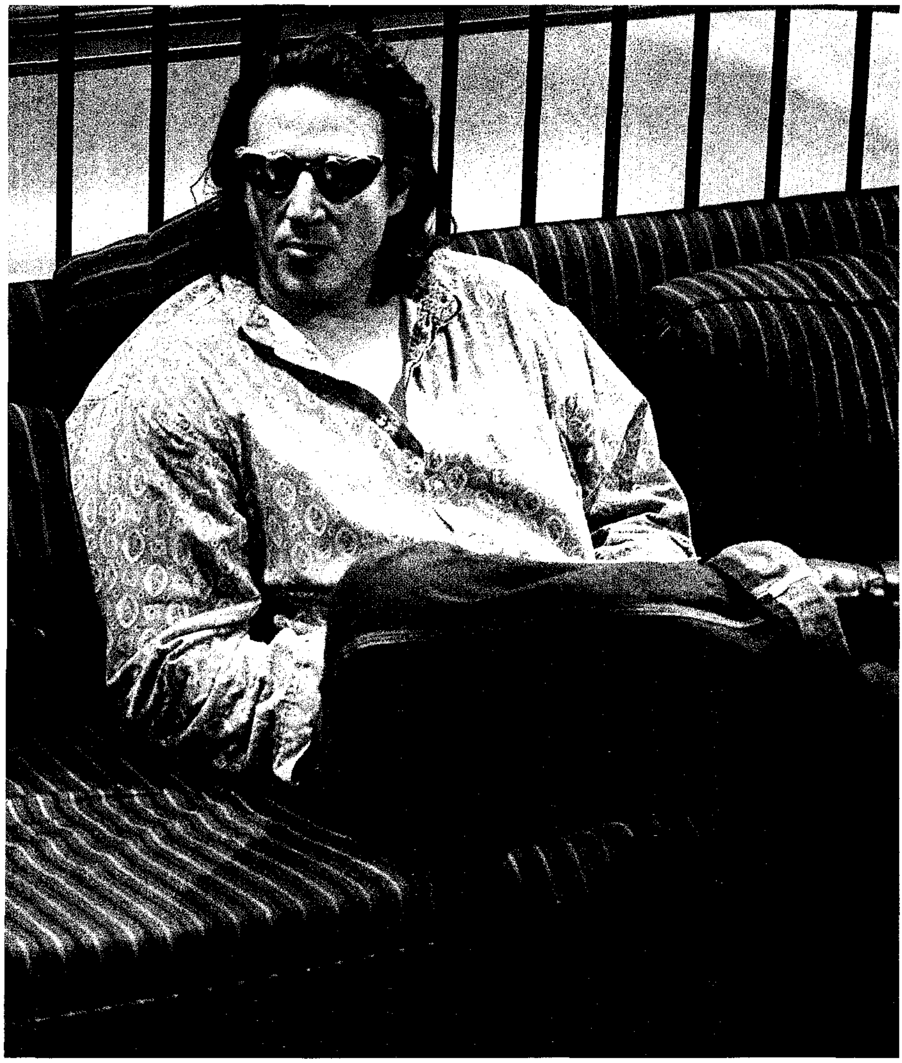
It came out completely differently from what I first expected. I thought it was gonna be this picaresque kind of story of this hapless, self-mocking, burnout charming hustler having adventures around the country that was essentially light but sweet and moving and funny.

And how do you think it turned out?

Well, hell . . . It turned into this, like, hurricane. It turned into this whirlpool of confusion and despair and compulsion and fear. But, you know, it's still funny, though.

What kind of questions are you getting asked by the press?

In Britain, they were really respectful questions; they were taking the book seriously. But then the ones here . . . one guy would not let up on asking if I thought Scribner's published this book because punk is so hot. Which is not only insulting, because it implies the book is not worthy of publication, but it doesn't make sense. It's not like all the publishers conspire over what's hot—they bought the book a year and a half ago, and how would they know the Sex Pistols were going to re-form, that Patti would come out of hiding, that *Please Kill Me* was going to be published?



RICHARD HELL IN 1980, LEFT, AND NOW.

Not that you're not happy to ride the wave as long as it's happening.

Sure. And then there's also people harping on the autobiographical thing, which is like . . . why? Do you think it's just because heroin is such a sensitive subject?

Partly, maybe. But you are, after all, a former punk musician and heroin addict, and the book is in the first person and about a punk musician and heroin addict. And all that sex, and you were a rock star—everyone wants to know the sex lives of rock stars.

But take *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. That was as autobiographical as mine is: Do you think [Truman Capote] got hassled with that question all the time?

Yes.

I don't think so. But the more I think about it, I would be curious myself. But it's upsetting if they use that to trivialize the book. Because you know what the book is really about? It's about the writing of the sentences.

Yeah, well, Nabokov said a similar thing about Lolita, *but those sentences have a suspicious way of seeming to concern the same themes as the other sentences in the book.*

I guess it's a little whiny to complain about it. It just isn't what interests me, and it's the first thing everybody wants to discuss.

What did they ask in England?

They came from really admiring the book as a piece of work. They would be like: "You did this so well. How?"

Oh. I can see why you'd prefer those questions. But I take the point that being an American artist isn't probably much of a joy. You have to be either arrogant or embarrassed, and the nice thing about you is you're both. Were you this cranky when you had to talk about your music?

I was more obnoxious when I talked about my music. But it is very déjà vu, this with that. I had forgotten really what it was like to be on this daily grind that follows from having released some piece of work.

How is what you want now different?

The stuff I was doing on the *Blank Generation* album was in a more obscure language than this is. But I wanted, and still want, to move people with the work that I had done, and the more, the better.

Where did you want to move them to?

Not *to,* just move, you know? You know what happens when you take in a work that reaches you: It just wakes you up and inspires you and makes you feel more alive.

What else are you up to?

I'm basically retired from recording, but I love it, and something or other comes up every year or so. One is [the Talking Heads'] Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth and Jerry Harrison's Talking Heads–minus–one record, where they invited lead singers to come in and write the lyrics and sing the songs. I also have this song coming out in this youthsploitation movie by the guy who wrote the film *Airheads.*

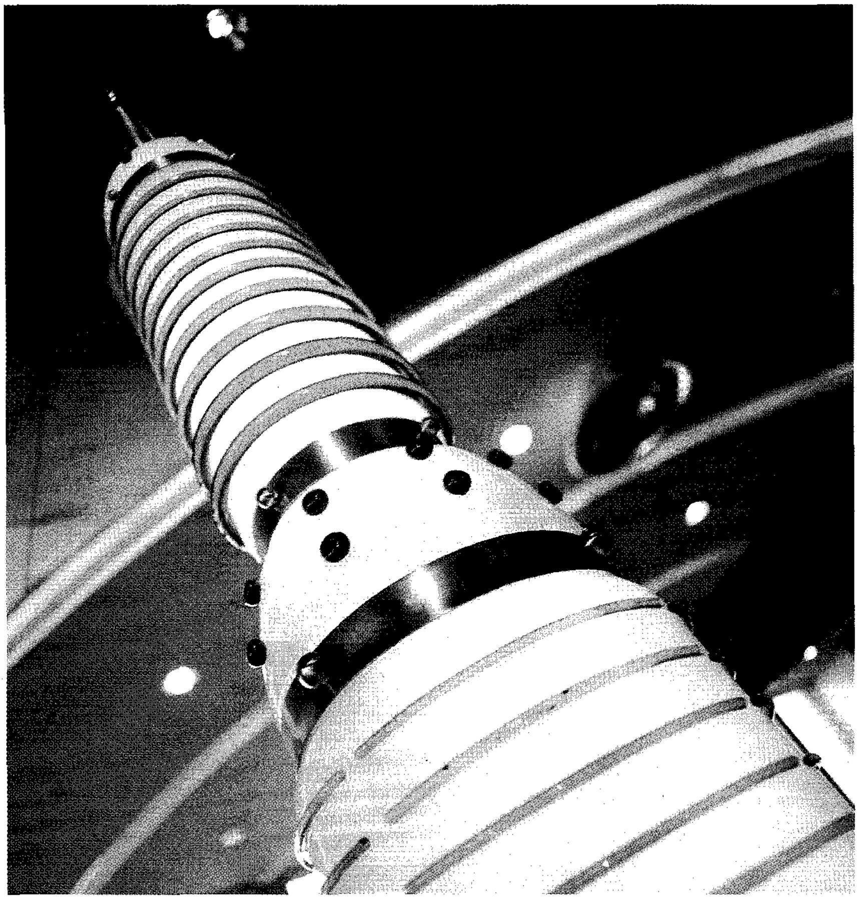
Really? I loved that movie!

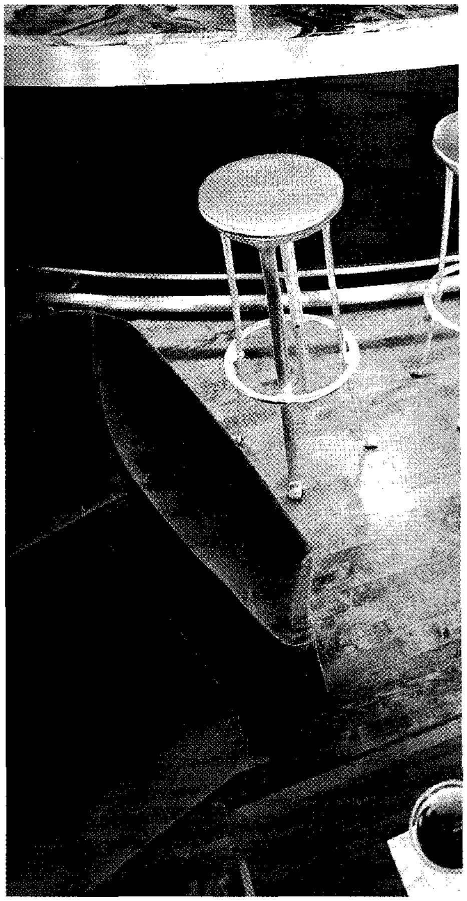
Did you? I won't argue with you. But I was mortified when I saw it. This one's about these kind of slacker college seniors, these maniacs. And he asked me to write a song to be the song these guys play when they have their graduation party. He didn't give me any stipulations, *except*—if I could find my way to it, he would appreciate it without demanding it—if I could use this one phrase in the song. And the phrase was *dudes of steel.* So I thought, Oh, hell, I've gotta use that, and if I'm gonna use it, I've gotta go the whole way and make it the chorus. So that's what the song is called, "Dudes of Steel." I can't wait to see it in the movie. It's a new anthem.

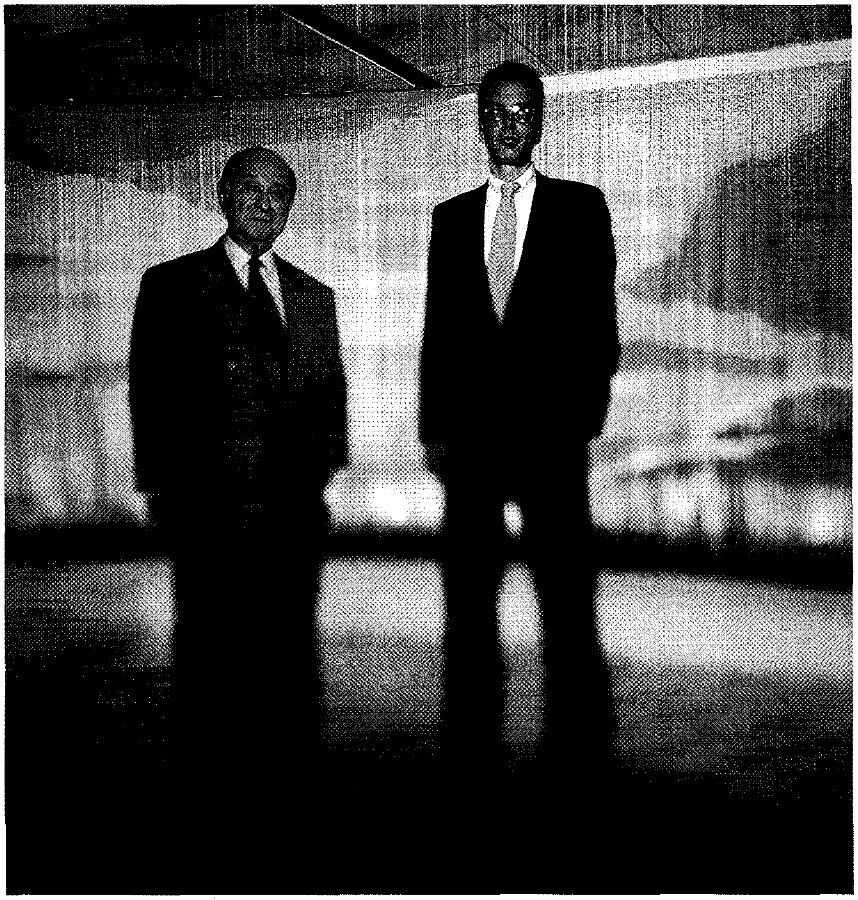
Okay, I think I'm through. Are you having any fun?

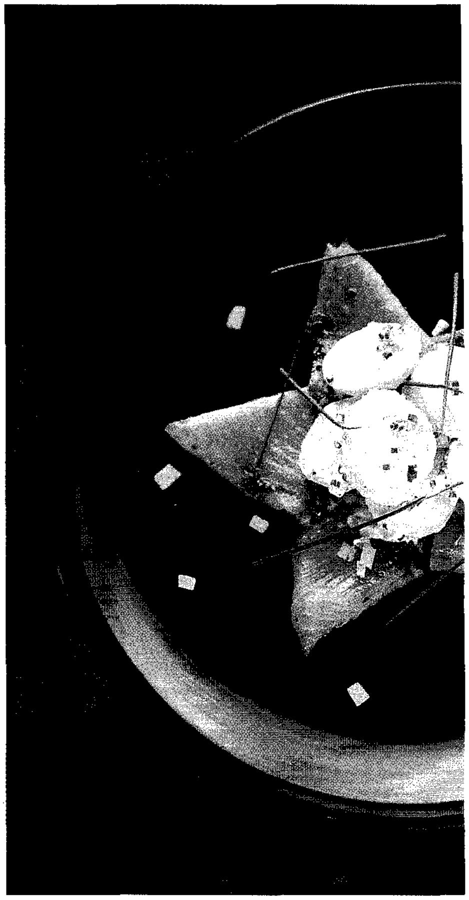
I never know until later. ■

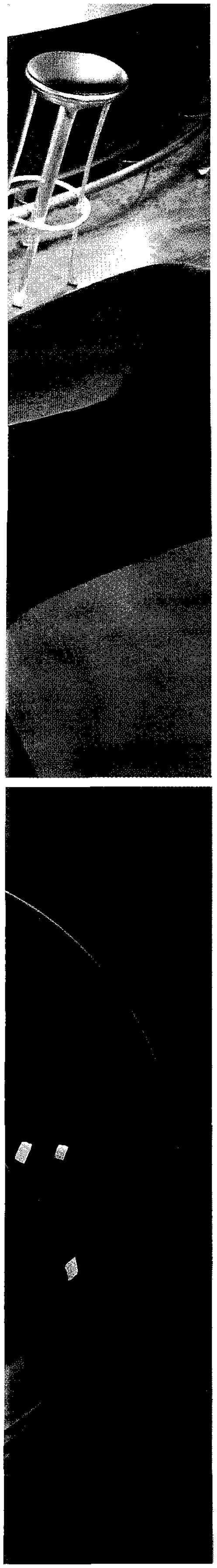
Photographs: top, André Lambertson; bottom, LGI.











AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER, JOSEPH BAUM IS TRYING TO PUSH THE FABLED RESTAURANT HE OPENED IN THE SEVENTIES BACK ONTO ITS 107-STORY PEDESTAL.

BY CORBY KUMMER

Windows'96

WHEN WINDOWS ON THE WORLD OPENED twenty years ago, rooftop dining still meant Stouffer's food at Top of the Sixes in Fifth Avenue's Tishman Building. Downtown—at least that far downtown—was strictly for business. In the nocturnal wasteland below Chambers Street, you couldn't even get a sandwich after ten.

The Port Authority decided that the way to get New Yorkers to venture into a part of town less traveled after dusk—and, not incidentally, salvage the reputation of its endlessly reviled World Trade Center—was to find someone who could make fine rooftop dining not only plausible but unlike, and better than, anything uptown.

Joseph Baum was already a legend for overseeing the creation of The Four Seasons with an almost maniacal attention to detail. Baum, the progenitor of a new impresario breed—of which restaurateur Drew Nieporent (Nobu, Lay-

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A SKYSCRAPER SCULPTURE (SEPARATED AT BIRTH FROM ROBBY THE ROBOT?); THE GREATEST BAR ON EARTH; A STAR SALMON APPETIZER IS BORN; JOE BAUM WITH PARTNER DAVID EMIL.

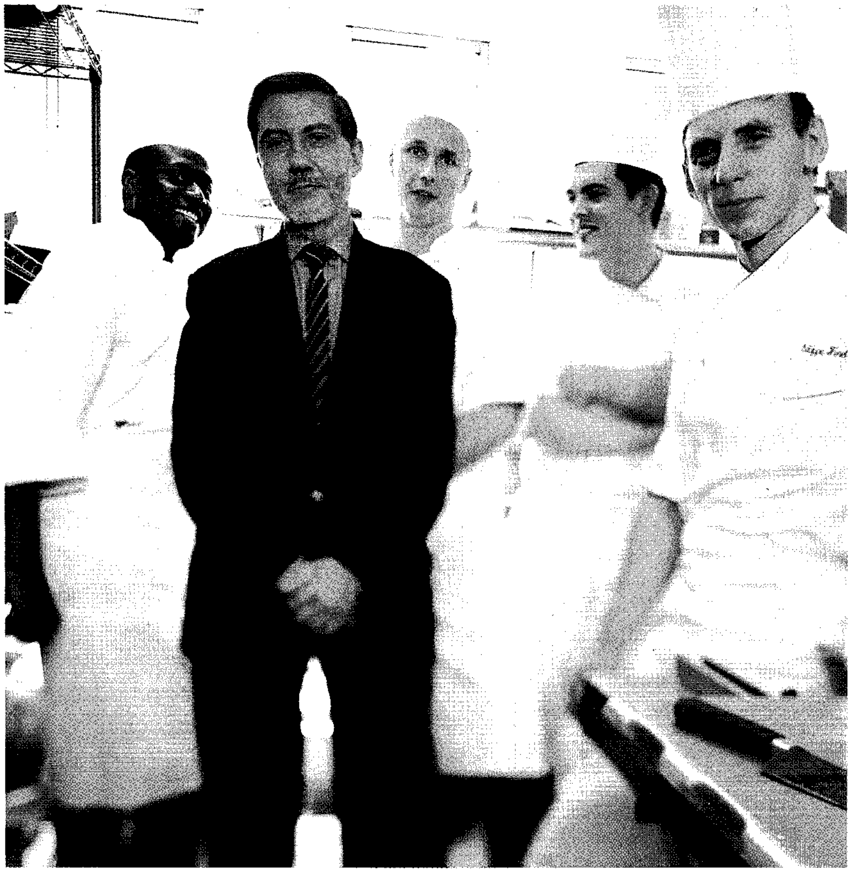
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK VERONSKY
FOR NEW YORK

la, Montrachet) and his architect, David Rockwell, are the third generation—defined urban theme dining with a series of splashy restaurants in the sixties and seventies. Before opening the epitome-of-class Four Seasons, Baum installed Hawaiian dancing girls at one midtown restaurant; his first success was a restaurant at Newark airport, the Newarker, another place people never thought of going to find good food. Working with a brain trust of protofoodies like George Lang and Barbara Kafka and guided by the gossipy, encyclopedic counsel of his longtime consultant James Beard, Baum created a series of showy restaurants—Forum of the Twelve Caesars, Zum Zum, La Fonda del Sol—serving foods New Yorkers just hadn't seen before.

Around the time the Port Authority was shopping for a consultant, Baum badly needed a comeback. In 1970, The Four Seasons was old news, and Restaurant Associates, the firm with which he had worked to create his biggest triumphs, was losing money. The company fired him as president while he was in the hospital recuperating from peritonitis. He found other consulting jobs. But when the World Trade Center offer came, it had been years since he had worked on such a high-profile project.

Even before Windows opened on April 12, 1976, this magazine touted it as THE MOST SPECTACULAR RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD on the cover. Baum, with his knack for both anticipating and massaging trends, gave nouvelle cuisine, then the rage, a new American accent. He divided the acre of space on the north tower's 107th floor into several bars and two restaurants—Windows and the cozier Cellar in the Sky, where every night a different menu complemented a collection of wine that had few local rivals. And, of course, there were the views. Even if everyone professed to hate its monstrous banality, the World Trade Center was still the tallest building in New York. Windows redefined the restaurant as showplace and hot ticket. Its success doubtless figured in Rockefeller Center's choice of Baum more than ten years later to supervise the $20 million overhaul of the Rainbow Room.

Not long after the Rainbow Room reopened, Windows entered a downward spiral. After peaking at $25 million in 1988, revenues were $18 million in 1992. For most New Yorkers, Windows was a place to take out-of-towners when no one could think of anywhere else to go. Although the restaurant was not damaged in the World Trade Center bombing three years ago, the Port Authority shut Windows down and solicited bids for its renovation.



HEAD COACH—CULINARY DIRECTOR GEORGES MASRAFF (FOREGROUND) WITH HIS TEAM: FROM LEFT, PATRICK WOODSIDE, MARC MURPHY, FREDERIC KIEFFER, AND PHILIPPE FERET.

More than 30 restaurateurs vied to overhaul the space. Finalists included Warner LeRoy, owner of Tavern of the Green and now the Russian Tea Room, chef David Bouley (before LeRoy hired him to help revamp the Russian Tea Room), and Alan Stillman, owner of Smith & Wollensky and the Manhattan Ocean Club, among others. A familiarity with the site surely played a part in the final choice of Baum and Michael Whiteman, his longtime associate and president of the consulting firm named for the pair. (Whiteman's wife, cookbook author Rozanne Gold, is culinary director of the consulting company.) As did the team's terrific success rehabilitating the Rainbow Room.

Downtown, of course, got a life in the twenty years since Windows first opened. And now that the city is encouraging old office buildings to be converted to apartment complexes, well-off people will actually be living in the financial district—the kind of people Windows wants to attract.

Many of them will have no memory of a time when the restaurant was anything but a place where you paid too much to feel like you were in an airplane. Even if the creative team could hardly be called ageist—Baum celebrated his 75th birthday last August with an appropriately snazzy party complete with chorus girls—they knew that a predominantly older clientele wouldn't generate the projected $30 million annual gross ($85,000 a day, compared with the Rainbow Room's $77,000 daily take) needed to quickly recoup the $25 million refurbishing cost.

Baum's restaurants are known for influencing what and how patrons are served all over the country—not for their return on investment. The new Windows is unabashedly aimed at party planners and tourists, and it's likely to succeed with both. This might be getting away from Baum's pathbreaking sophistication, but he has different priorities now. He isn't in it just for the visibility and the offers of lucrative follow-up jobs. As he is fond of saying, this time he and his business partner in Rainbow, David Emil, a former president of the Battery Park City Authority and son of real-estate developer Arthur Emil (a longtime associate of Baum's) are *tenants*—the

PLAYING IT SAFE FOR THE SIOUX CITY FOLKS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, LAMB-AND-MERGUEZ-SAUSAGE KEBABS; GULF SHRIMP; QUAIL ISTANBUL; AND RACK OF LAMB.

actual leaseholders and operators.

Perhaps because of the high stakes, the consultant's motto at this location appears to be "Safety first." The designers have clearly gone for glitz over originality. And the "worldview" that Baum & Co. talked about incessantly as they reworked the menu is a watered-down meld of various influences in a reassuring French base, carefully steering clear of anything that might seem weird to *non-cosmopolites. The new Windows* will not issue a call to adventurous eaters, as the old Windows did.

There are still two main restaurants: Windows on the World, which seats 240, and Cellar in the Sky, which will seat only 60 when it opens, after Labor Day. The wine cellar survived the bombing intact (it was on the top floor), and Kevin Zraly, who built and oversaw it, is back, too. Catering is expected to generate 40 to 50 percent of annual revenues, and parties have been in full swing for over a month.

The team's fabled creativity is so far visible mainly in the bar, which is meant to lure younger locals who never would have considered taking the elevator to the top, even if they passed the building every day. There is no dress code, as there was throughout the old Windows and there is elsewhere in the new (jackets, ties optional). In an expanded, 6,000-square-foot corner space, there are now not one but three separate bars—a raw seafood bar, a sushi bar, and a bar where wooden panels lift to reveal individual cooktops where patrons can simmer their own shabù-shabù, a kind of make-your-own Mongolian hot pot. *Baum and his associates seem to relish* just pronouncing *shabù-shabù.*

With his usual modesty, Baum has named this "The Greatest Bar on Earth" (the old one was merely the Great Bar, but if Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey has its way, the new bar will be no greater: The circus has just filed a trademark-infringement lawsuit). Milton Glaser, who has designed graphics and china for Baum's projects for years, has come up with a bold logo for the menu. Michael Whiteman has a special fascination with bars, and so far the substantial snacks he has helped devise include terrific seared quail wrapped in grape leaves and served on caramelized onions and homey couscous; there are lots of things on skewers, and designer pizzas.

The bar is supposed to rock. In one corner, a rhythm-and-blues band gets going every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at ten, at high volume. Beside the shabù-shabù bar is a baby grand piano. There's space for singers or instrumentalists to pop up, sing or play a set, and disappear. And the Skybox is a separately ventilated and fully enclosed room next to the bar that's devoted to cigar-smoking.

The idea of the new complex is to remind you insistently that you're in the middle of a city; the uniting theme in Hardy's design is cities as seen from above. The bar floor is tiled in the gray-and-white pattern of the pavement in Venice's Piazza San Marco. Carpet squares on both floors show details of grids from a dozen city maps; it can take a while to figure out the gimmick. The grays, rusts, and chartreuses Hardy has chosen have struck some early visitors as reminiscent of the seventies, a decade in full-bore revival in fashion and music. ("You mean, I got it right?" Hardy responds. "We were trying to match the colors of twilight.") But the *polished-aluminum details and the mirrored* ceilings, to compensate for low height of the rooms, seem Marriott-like.

Another theme is clouds and stars, which seem to preoccupy both Baum and Glaser. (Aurora and Rainbow & Stars, on which the two also collaborated, both featured these same celestial elements.) The first thing people see when they get off the elevator is a glass-beaded curtain depicting a bright-blue-and-yellow raft of clouds—the colors of the new Windows, which Glaser says he borrowed from Monet's Giverny color palette. What remains of Glaser's ambitious art installation (in the end, the Port Authority in the nineties couldn't spend as freely on art as John D. Rockefeller's descendants could at the Rainbow *Room in the mid-eighties) is four ten-*foot-high sculpted skyscrapers; they glow merrily in the bar, looking something like pylons by way of Red Grooms.

The bar is aggressively cheery, with colored bands on the bartender's jackets that spell out WOW, the hopeful new abbreviation of WOTW. Even gaudier are the sunrise-striped uniforms for the ground-floor car valets; if they look like psychedelic versions of the Rainbow Room's bellhop outfits, it's because Baum used the same designer, Carrie Robbins. But they, at least, mitigate the bombastic sterility of the World Trade Center entrance.

The bar is likely to be the most carefully studied and copied part of the new Windows. If there is something of the mall about it in addition to something of the piazza, is that a mistake? Tourists *like* food courts. Except for weekend brunch, the bar and the main restaurant will function during the day as part of the WOTW club, open only to dues-paying members; an adjacent small restaurant area will be open to anyone who walks in. There are some who have questioned restricting public access to the restaurant at lunch, since a public agency contributed $17 million toward the renovation. But the Port Authority approved the club arrangement, which sensibly helps ensure steady lunch business, in the restaurant's lease.

A place the size of Windows or the Rainbow Room doesn't really depend on the excellence of its food for its success. It's safe to assume that most people who use the Rainbow Room as a lunch club, or head there to celebrate a wedding anniversary beside the revolving dance floor, or book a room for a party, don't give much thought to what comes out of the kitchen. Still, despite the views, Windows doesn't have the natural Art Deco cachet of the Rainbow Room or its convenient location. So Baum and Whiteman worked tirelessly on the menus in the weeks leading up to the opening.

During any of the marathon tastings the team held in June, Baum would never say anything blunt, like "This is perfect," or "Cut down the salt." He makes his wishes known by allusion and indirection, a form of communication his collaborators say can be exasperating. The very gap between what he says and implies is the key to why he is inspirational: His chefs and designers can push themselves to be more inventive and fanciful than they thought possible. Even people who have suffered the lashings of Baum's famous temper rarely hesitate to work for him again.

Baum and Whiteman make an odd pair, but the partnership has lasted for more than 25 years. (It may not last much longer: However astounding his longevity, Baum *will* retire, and the arrival of Emil has created tension, with Whiteman fretting that his contribution to the new Windows will be "written out of history.") Whiteman is tall, slim, nervous, and soft-spoken. Baum is short, barrel-chested, infallibly dapper, and restless, with the air of a mandarin for whom life holds few surprises. When a waitress at one of the first catered parties offers him a newly devised hors d'oeuvre, he picks it up without looking and says, with a boulevardier's practiced insouciance, "I'll eat anything." Whiteman begins any report of a new addition to the menu he's tasted with a remark about how much weight he's gaining.

A CIGAR ROOM THAT'S JUST A CIGAR ROOM: THE SKYBOX NEXT TO THE BAR IS A SEPARATELY VENTILATED SPACE WELL SUITED TO SUCKING ON COHIBAS AND MONTECRISTOS.

Rather than hire one executive chef, Baum and Whiteman decided that the complex of restaurants on two acre-size floors would be better served by a "culinary director" and a team of four chefs, each of whom receives more or less equal billing. So far, there are 52 cooks, aside from the preparation and cleanup crews. The culinary director is Georges Masraff, a surpassingly elegant man born in Egypt, who is the son of a CBS News producer. Masraff finished medical school before deciding to change careers, and apprenticed in about every famous French restaurant you can think of. He can run huge kitchens; he worked for a record five years as executive corporate chef at Tavern on the Green.

The lines of authority are unconventional, and Masraff functions as something of a head coach. The catering department is under the direction of Frederic Kieffer, recently the executive chef at the Museum of Natural History. Philippe Feret, the chief cook for Windows on the World restaurant, worked with Masraff at Tavern on the Green and attracted a following at midtown's Cafe Centro (a latter-day Restaurant Associates production). Marc Murphy, sous-chef at both Layla and Le Cirque, will be chef of Cellar in the Sky—a big job, since his food, in theory, will be the most identifiable: The restaurant is small and has only one seating a night. Patrick Woodside, the pastry chef, has worked in New York at Sette Moma but trained mainly in England, at Le Manoir aux Quat Saisons, and with Marco Pierre White at his eponymous London restaurant.

Baum demands spectacle. The food at Windows has to compete with the view, he says—or give diners something to look at when it's foggy. The terraced L-shaped restaurant in soothing, subtle grays is still configured to give diners what they came to see; Hardy's design varies the surfaces, with faceted triangular "origami" ceiling panels and lighted alcoves recessed behind banquettes.

The centerpiece of the old restaurant was a huge buffet table. It remains a buffet at lunch, but at night, it becomes a gueridon where white-suited chefs finish and carve main courses. (Baum and the team seem to relish saying the word

IT'S THE END OF WINDOWS ON THE WORLD AS WE KNEW IT. BUT THE NEW DINING ROOM STILL HAS SHADES OF SEVENTIES SWANK AND WILL FUNCTION AS A PRIVATE CLUB AT LUNCH.

gueridon, which translates merely to "round table," almost as much as *shabù-shabù.*) The design team thinks that "extending the kitchen to the dining room" is novel and certainly preferable to "some dead buffet with flowers," as Whiteman says. But the concept is not new in Europe, and not really here, either. California brought us the exhibition kitchen more than a decade ago, and Baum himself revived tableside cart service at The Four Seasons.

What characterizes the dishes at the new Windows so far is size (and price: The average entrée costs $27). An appetizer of whole roasted foie gras is presented in a big copper sauté pan at the table before being brought to be sliced at the gueridon (you can try saying it, too). A big wild-caught bass is stuffed with herbs, roasted, and presented whole. Rack of lamb is roasted as a tied crown, so the top looks like the Statue of Liberty; the chef carves off the crown and wraps it so you can take it home as a souvenir. A caveman-size veal shank is smeared with Mexican spices, roasted en papillote, and presented vertically so you think an Oldenburg is coming to your table. Before the shank disappears to the gueridon, the paper is snipped so you can smell all the spices escaping. A roast chicken is stuffed under the skin with so many fresh herbs that "they cost more than the chicken," Whiteman says. It is served whole, on a big star-shaped piece of fried bread.

Aside from the stupendous size of the dishes—an anti-nouvelle policy sure to please red-blooded out-of-towners, even if the menu contains almost no beef—little on the new menu is likely to titillate copycats. What *is* new is the large-scale use of local ingredients. Part of the novelty at the old Windows was that any herb or mushroom a chef wanted was flown in. Now chefs can commission farmers in the region to grow for them, and Windows has already put in a year's worth of orders. (The recent hiring of Waldy Malouf, who has long supported local farmers at the Hudson River Club, as chef-director of the Rainbow Room shows the team's commitment to the idea.) Baum's daughter, Hilary, has been active in bringing Greenmarkets to poor neighborhoods, and she helped convince Baum that the new Windows should spend money to encourage "sustainable cuisine," as Baum says. (He is either mistaking the phrase *sustainable agriculture* or coining a very nineties term. It's always hard to tell with him.)

A few days after the formal opening, the big ideas weren't coming across as well in the dining room as they did in the kitchen during the preliminary tastings. The foie gras was overcooked to firm liverdom—and in a sweet reduced-red-wine sauce with red grapes, which is hardly summery. And Honey, who shrunk the chicken? A small bird now appears in place of the original big roaster, resulting in rubbery flesh where the big bird was tender and moist. All the seasoning is timid, as if the restaurant were already cooking for the folks thrilled to be visiting this mighty metropolis instead of the natives, who routinely sample four different cuisines a week. Menu language can be stilted and outdated ("Found by our French chef on a sojourn in the Orient"), with some seemingly unintentional howlers (good shrimp in a creamy sauce with caviar is a "dish we discovered in a Danish hamlet"). Patrick Woodside's desserts show none of the startling freshness and meticulous handmade care they did at the first catered parties.

The wines—always a strong suit—bear surprisingly reasonable prices, and Andrea Immer, the beverage director, comes up with original and excellent suggestions. The staff at both the bar and the restaurant may not have mastered all the traffic patterns, but it is professional and helpful. And even if the new menu only glancingly betrays the season 107 stories below, there is a new and welcome emphasis on fresh vegetables.

Baum says he's optimistic, and the curious foodies who have already snagged the limited number of reservations the restaurant is accepting in its first weeks will find reason for optimism. And there is Cellar in the Sky to look forward to. "The *public* is not cynical about it," Baum says of the restaurant's reopening. "They hope like hell that the food will be good, the service will be personal and considerate. There's an excitement about the singularity of the place, here on top of two towers, inside a lot of sky."

But just because many people wish him and his collaborators well doesn't mean everyone does. "It's like going to the circus and watching the aerialists do tricks," he says. "You don't really want them to fall, but the excitement of the possibility is enormous." ■

BEST BETS

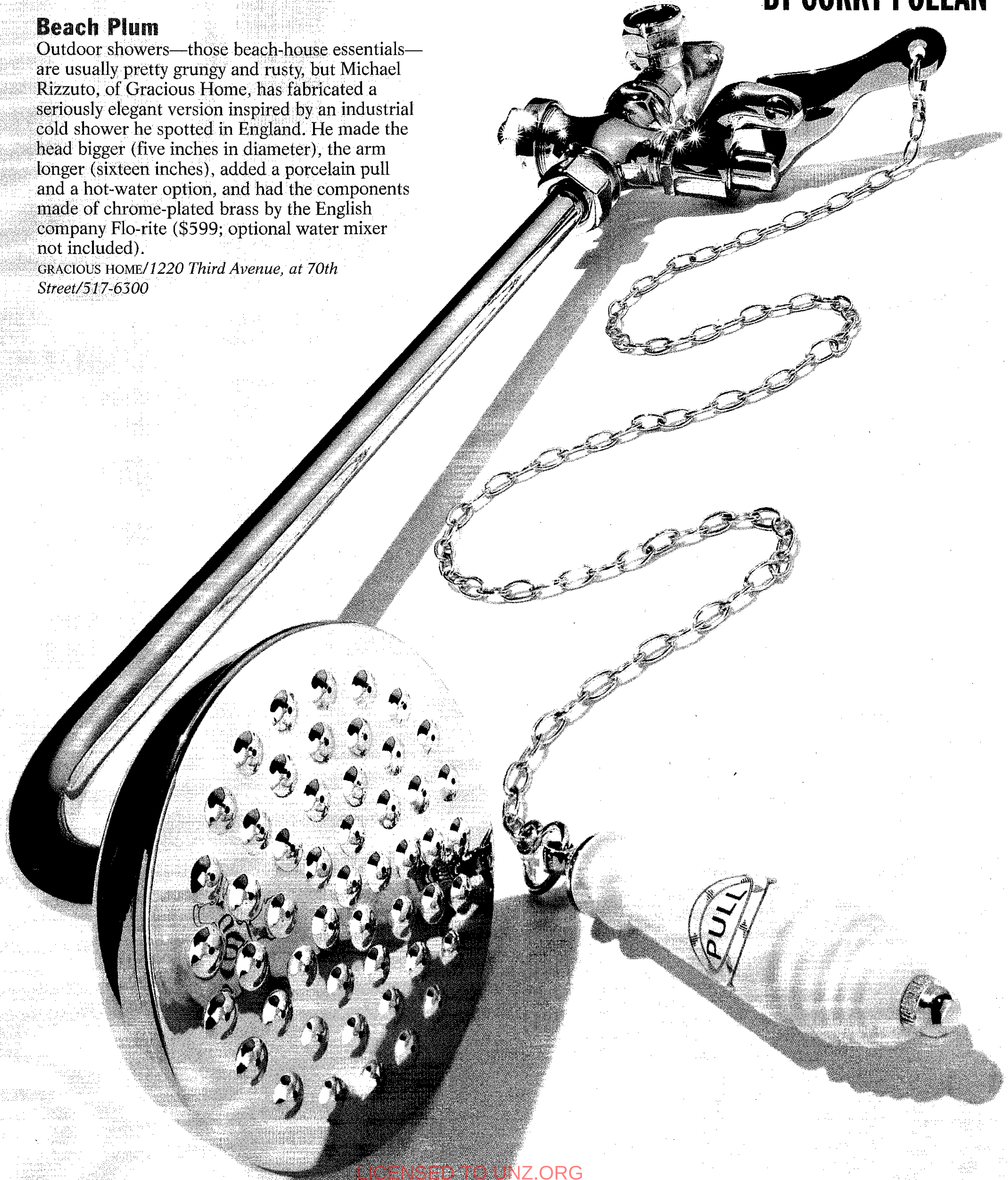
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Beach Plum

Outdoor showers—those beach-house essentials—are usually pretty grungy and rusty, but Michael Rizzuto, of Gracious Home, has fabricated a seriously elegant version inspired by an industrial cold shower he spotted in England. He made the head bigger (five inches in diameter), the arm longer (sixteen inches), added a porcelain pull and a hot-water option, and had the components made of chrome-plated brass by the English company Flo-rite ($599; optional water mixer not included).

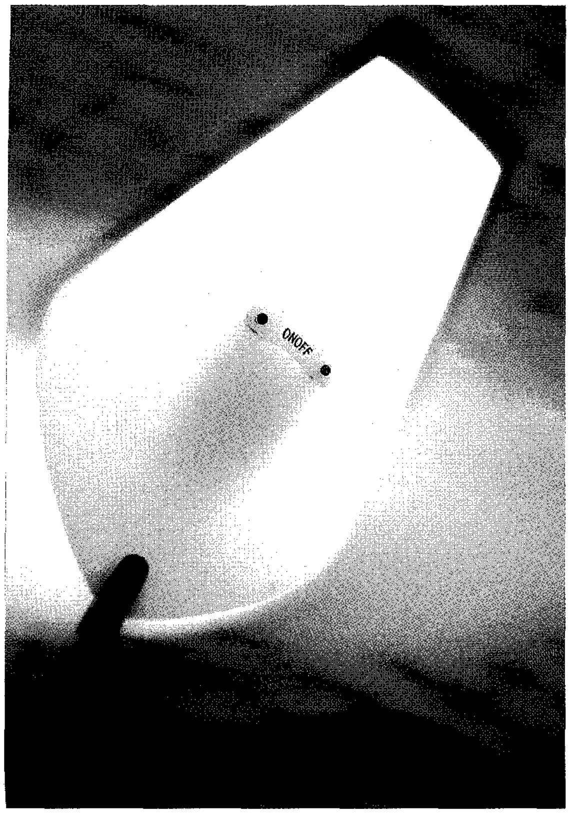
GRACIOUS HOME/*1220 Third Avenue, at 70th Street/517-6300*

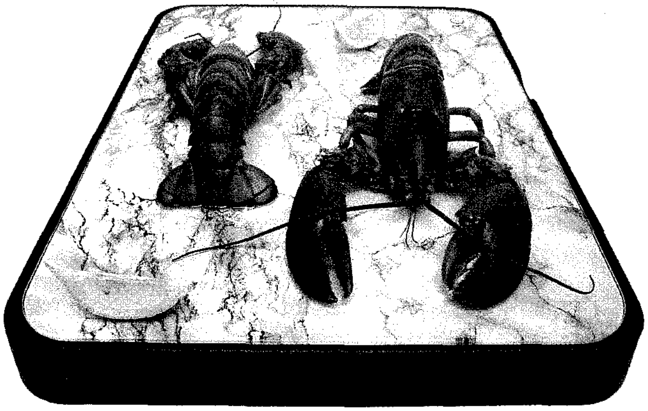


Balance Beam

No need to grope in the dark to switch on this clever little table light: Tilting it to the right or left turns it on or off. It was created by Italian product designers Alberto Meda, Franco Raggi, and Denis Santachiara, and is manufactured by the lighting company Luceplan. The translucent fez-shaped shade is made of polyurethane and accommodates a 40-watt bulb ($98).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*





Cold Storage

The French have come up with a smart solution to the problem of keeping food cold in sultry summer weather: the Matfer Coldplate. Place its two eutectic blocks in the freezer for 24 hours, set them in the ABS-plastic tray, then cover with the scratch-resistant, tempered-glass plate. Salads, fish, fowl, cheeses, pastries, whatever, will stay chilled for up to six hours ($165).

LAMALLE KITCHENWARE/*36 West 25th Street/242-0750*

Your Turn

A sculpture? A puzzle? A toy? Turn is a bit of each. It's a German invention that's manufactured in Canada and consists of twelve nontoxic wooden right angles (and one ball) that can be twisted into scores of shapes or snapped apart and reconnected to create seemingly endless configurations ($31.98).

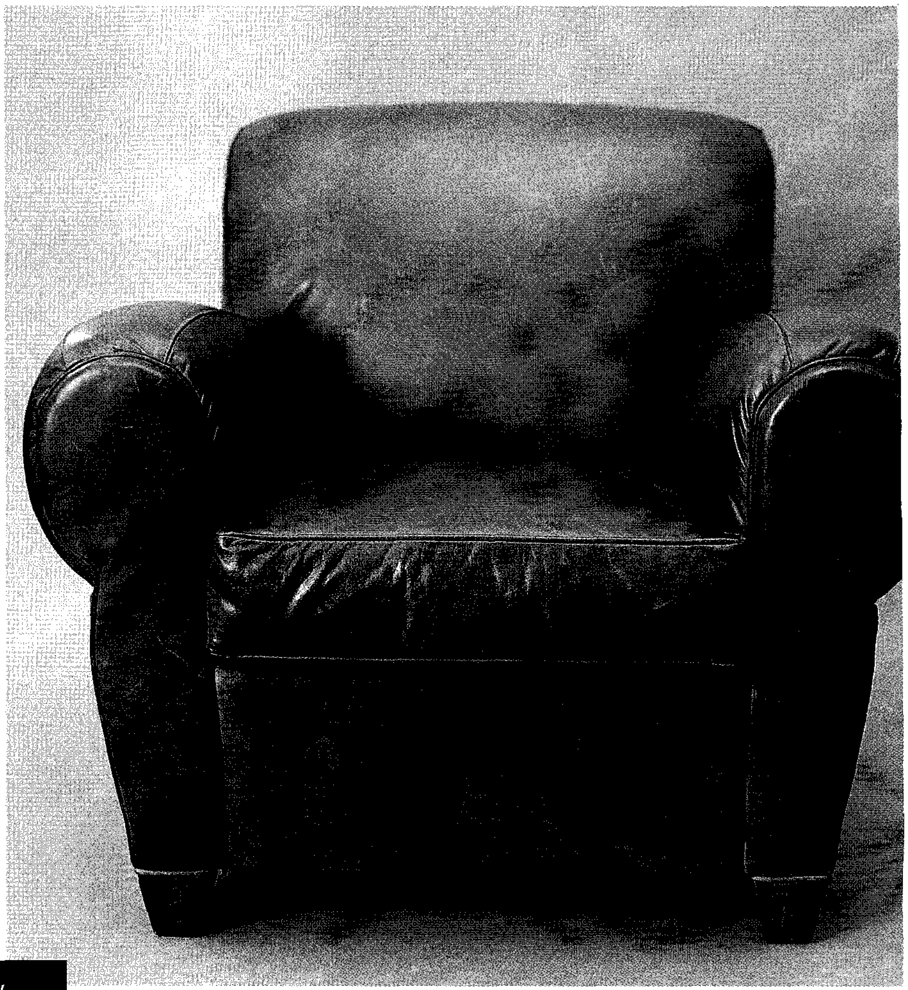
GAME SHOW/*474 Sixth Avenue, near 12th Street/633-6328; and 1240 Lexington Avenue, near 84th Street/472-8011*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

THE GOODS **RENE CHUN**

Exclusive Club

The **vintage club** *chair is cropping up in some pretty fabulous places. Is this* **the next Biedermeier** *or just a* **Frenchified Barcalounger***?*



Pottery Barn's latest reprise.

THE FIRST THING GUESTS NOTICED when they entered the lobby of the newly renovated Morgans Hotel last October wasn't Andrée Putman's taupe-colored glass walls or custom-made wool rugs. It was the four vintage club chairs draped with luxurious houndstooth throws. Flash forward to April 1996. Keith McNally, the man behind such seminal spots as Nell's, Cafe Luxembourg, and Odeon, opened Pravda, a vodka bar that attracted a crowd so preternaturally hip it instantly became known as "Prada." McNally's major design statement? Sixteen vintage club chairs, sprouting up like leather spores.

Yes, club chairs are back. More specifically, French Art Deco leather club chairs imported from Parisian flea markets are back. In a city where furniture styles are embraced and discarded with increasing frequency, this is news. "It's really quite amazing," said the interior designer Dana Nicholson, commenting on the club chair's renewed popularity. "I have no idea why there is such a passion for this particular chair. Deco fever peaked a long time ago."

It certainly did. By the end of the eighties, French Deco was played out. Not only was there far too much hype, but inexpensive reproductions began flooding the market. And, of course, there was Mr. Lauren. After several years of seeing vintage leather club chairs (French as well as the wing-backed English versions) styled with Navajo and Pendleton blankets in Ralph's ads and boutiques, designers and editors knew it was time to move on. And just last year, Pottery Barn knocked off its own version, the "Paris Chair," which has since been replaced by the "Paramount Club Chair," essentially the same but upholstered with more-distressed leather.

But the combined clout of a superstar designer and a flash Brit restaurateur can even overcome the stigma of mass production. If they were so inclined, Putman and McNally could probably resurrect the beanbag chair. At a recent Pravda opening party, people fell over themselves to put in bids on the eight surplus chairs McNally had stashed in a warehouse across town. Nadine Johnson, a public-relations maven who counts the new Morgans Bar among her clients, was the first to cut a check. The appeal? "They smell *sooo* good," says Johnson in her extravagant Belgian accent. "Like an old Lamborghini."

This fetish is all the more surprising when one considers that these chairs are generic artifacts. Inspect an original club chair closely. No designer name. Not even a label. The chair's basic form can be traced back to the work of several Deco masters, particularly Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann's legendary "elephant chair," showcased at the 1926 "Salon des Artistes Décorateurs" in Paris. But it was anonymous French craftsmen, toiling in cramped workshops, who were ultimately responsible for the thousands of club chairs on display in antique shops today.

Nancy McClelland, the international head of Christie's twentieth-century-decorative-arts department, explains the allure of these unpedigreed chairs: "They are attractive and incredibly comfortable. Beyond that, these chairs are unobtrusive and more in tune with today's aesthetic. Let's face it, the gilded late eighties are over.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCESCO MOSTO

FOR NEW YORK

Jean-Michel Frank is slightly too severe, and Ruhlmann is slightly too precious."

And way too expensive. At Sotheby's Andy Warhol–estate auction in 1988, a pair (nobody buys just one) of Jean-Michel Frank club chairs sold for $46,750. The no-name version like those at Pravda can be had for anywhere from $2,000 to $8,000 a pair, depending on the condition. But a matched set can be purchased in Paris for as little as $1,600 (plus $500 shipping). Demand is so great at "les Puces"—the huge flea market at St. Ouen, just outside of Paris—that there are two dealers at the market who deal almost exclusively in club chairs.

Vintage shabby chic at Pravda.

Carl Morton, the president of Matsuda U.S.A., made the trip to les Puces to secure the two cognac-colored chairs that now occupy his lower–Fifth Avenue apartment. "It was inconvenient, and it took three months to get them delivered, but it was worth it," says Morton. "When you sink into all that leather, it's such a sensual feeling, like putting on an incredibly well-cut suit."

For a French bourgeois family living in the twenties, a pair of Deco club chairs was practically mandatory, and countless cabinetmakers across the country were producing them at a frenetic rate. But by the mid-thirties, department stores like Samaritaine and Printemps entered the market, and the chairs went mainstream. Inevitably, quality went down and corners were cut—cheaper upholstery methods, less detailing, seat cushions covered in fabric rather than leather. Overnight, *le club chair* became déclassé. The leather thrones, once so chic, became the quintessential institutional chair, surfacing in the lobbies of modest hotels, the waiting rooms of doctors and dentists.

It took half a century and a celebrated French interior designer like Jacques Grange (clients include Catherine Deneuve and Yves Saint Laurent) to revive the club chair's status. When he began using them extensively in the eighties, American designers followed suit. Today the vintage chairs are appearing in the editorial pages of women's fashion magazines and on movie sets. "They're the biggest-selling leather item we sell," says Stephen Bonanno at ABC Carpet & Home. "I go to France and bring back about 50 a month."

Which raises the question of authenticity. Unlike those by Ruhlmann and Frank, there seems to be an inexhaustible supply of these things. A woman recently went into ABC and ordered fifteen club chairs, as if she were shopping at IKEA. "There are 50 million people in France, and many of them have grandparents that owned a pair of these chairs," says Charles Fuller, co-owner of L'Art de Vivre, a shop that sells early-twentieth-century French furniture. Not so, counters Thomas O'Brien, the owner of Aero Studio: "I've personally ripped apart some 'original' club chairs and found them stuffed with foam rubber instead of wool and horsehair." With no exposed wood, and convincingly aged leather readily available, is it any wonder that enterprising Frenchmen are now moonlighting as cabinetmakers? "A lot of people are being taken," says O'Brien flatly. "There are definitely club chairs at les Puces that were slapped together last week." ABC's Bonanno dismisses the idea of rampant forgeries: "I've never been offered any fake vintage club chairs. Ours are original from the thirties and forties. We stand behind them." Authenticity, if not provenance and cracked leather, is also guaranteed from a company in Normandy that never stopped making club chairs. For $7,500, Howard Kaplan Antiques will order a pair for you.

> "*...For a* **French bourgeois family** *in the twenties, club chairs were practically* **mandatory**...*"*

But bottom line, is a chair like this actually worth owning? Stephen Sills and James Huniford, the decorator darlings of the moment, say not. Sills: "This is not great design. It's the French equivalent of the Barcalounger." Huniford: "Please! This is strictly for the masses. People should be more obsessed with furniture with a name behind it, like André Arbus or Samuel Marx." Furniture designer Klaus Nienkamper shrugs off such dismissals. He admires the chairs so much that he flew to Paris, found the perfect specimen, dissected it and used it as the prototype for his personal homage—the "Paris Archive Lounge Chair." "When I cut into the seat, I found opera tickets and Métro tokens from the thirties," says Nienkamper of his flea-market find. "The craftsmanship was superior—hardwood frame, large coil springs that were hand-tied, piping on the arms—no shortcuts. And the lines are beyond reproach. People would do well to remember that there was no Mr. Biedermeier. Biedermeier was built by unknown men in Germany and Austria. It is the same with the club chair." ■

DANY LEVY

Super Fly

This week, it's attitude at a discount. From Black Fly's modish shades to strappy sandals by Manolo Blahnik.

A PAIR OF MANOLO BLAHNIK SHOES can run as much as a month's rent on an East Village apartment. And the company's sample sale is absolutely *privé* (sorry, we tried). But take heart: The retail sale offers a third off, and with prices like these, that's some hefty savings. Strappy sandals, mules, pumps, and more. *Manolo Blahnik, 15 W. 55th St. (582-3007); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 8/10.*

A Mute Point

CITISILENCE IS A COMPANY THAT INSTALLS interior noise-reduction windows. Its very-high-tech system consists of an interior window that goes where a screen would and does not require building approval because existing windows remain untouched. The company is now offering 25 percent off. Here are examples of prices: treatment for master-bedroom window, was $965, now $724; for office window, was $440, now $335. Free estimates. *CitiSilence, 247 E. 83rd St. (874-5362); A.E., M.C., V.; through 9/1.*

The Tortoise and the Hair

ZITOMER IS A COSMETICS FIEND'S ELYSIAN Fields (and it's got 4,000 house charge accounts to prove it). The Madison Avenue drugstore–department store's July sale has all hairbrushes at 10 percent off, tortoiseshell hair accessories at 15 percent off, and magnifying mirrors at 20 percent off. Large Mason Pearson hairbrush, was $135, now $121.50; tortoise-claw clip, was $28, now $23.50. *Zitomer, 969 Madison Ave., near 76th St. (737-5560); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 7/31.*

Old Soles

DARROW, A VINTAGE-CLOTHING-AND-ANtiques shop, has one of the most extensive collections of vintage shoes in town (fashion magazines often borrow them for photo shoots). It's just installed a new Deco shoe department, and for the inaugural gig, the store is selling never-worn shoes (regularly $59–$89) that date from the thirties to the seventies at two pairs for $100. *Darrow, 7 W. 19th St. (255-1550); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 8/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Skirting the Issue

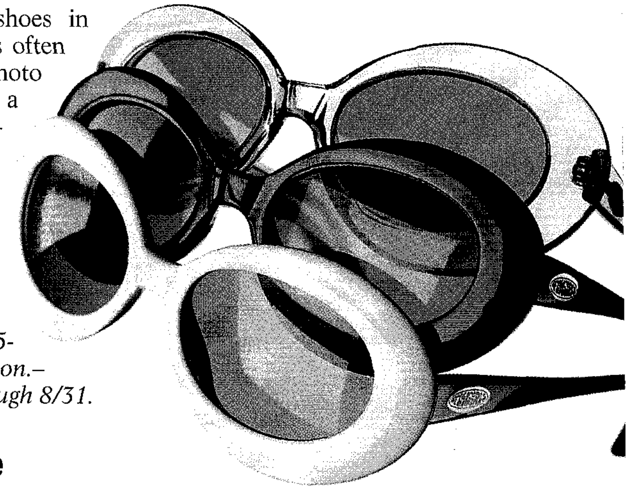
SUBITO SPECIALIZES IN PRICEY (THINK FOUR figures) designer women's wear from Italy. Once again, we have to be terribly elliptical about names, but most could be classified as "haute." (Several begin with the letter *F,* if that helps.) Through July, it's open to the public, with prices 50 percent off wholesale: Genny blouses, retail up to $400, here $75; suits, retail $1,100–$2,200, here $275–$500. *Subito, 390 Fifth Ave., entrance on 36th St., Suite 611 (290-2646); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 7/31.*

Fleaing the City

MANHATTANITES, OFTEN DEPRIVED OF THE joys of yard sales, may start to feel a little gypped. But the biannual clean-out sale at the resale shop A Second Chance has tag-sale prices that can take out a bit of the sting. Used clothing from Donna Karan, Calvin Klein, Vittadini, and Tahari has been reduced to $10–$35. Blouses, sweaters, slacks, and skirts are $10; blazers, $20; suits, $35; dresses, $30. *A Second Chance, 1133 Lexington Ave., near 79th St. (744-6041); M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 8/31.*

House of Style

SUSAN STILLMAN'S CUSTOMIZED PAINTINGS of people's homes (mostly exteriors, mostly exurban) have been featured in the New York *Times* and *Country Home.* Book her services before the end of July, and receive $300 off the $2,100 cost for dimensions ranging from 26" to 48". Other sizes available. *For appointments, call Susan Stillman Home Portraits (914-682-3771).*



Black Fly sunglasses, like these Jackie O.–inspired ones, are 25 percent off at Shades of the Village, 33D Greenwich Avenue (255-7767); through July 15.

Plaster Man

PROPS, DISPLAYS AND INTERIORS INC. HELPS build the window displays for stores like Saks. Which explains the wood shop in back. But they also sell tchotchkes like terra-cotta angels, mirrors, and "Heart Art," a collection of handmade wall hangings—all now on sale. Resin picture frames were $10–$16, now $8–$13; gold resin column mirrors were $25, now $20. *Props, Displays and Interiors, 132 W. 18th St. (620-3840); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 8/15.*

Le Déjeuner sur L'Herbe

THE ZAGAT MARKETPLACE SURVEY GIVES A firm stamp of approval (a 24 rating out of 30) to the caterers the Movable Feast. Through August, a 15 percent discount is available to new customers. Discounts apply to the following rates: Food for cocktail parties normally begins at $20 per person; dinners normally begin at $35 per person. *The Movable Feast; for menus, details, and a free brochure, contact Ellen Berson at 227-7755.* ■

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Curious George

In 'Phenomenon,' we meet George, a sweet dullard who wakes up brainy but not—God forbid—intellectual; 'Striptease' is the (unintentional) comedy event of the season.

THE SOFT, ARCADIAN STYLE OF JON TURTELTAUB'S **Phenomenon** is very pleasing—for a while. The movie is set in small-town Northern California, whose golden hills and dark-green trees possess a unique style of unspectacular, blended harmony; the light is strong yet not glaring, and the days seem to go on forever. In the big summer-season hits, the world gets blown up again and again, and it's a relief to see someone put it back together. Turtletaub, the director of *While You Were Sleeping,* likes to let a scene breathe. In his fictional town of Harmon, the people all seem rooted to their little bit of earth—Forest Whitaker playing a lonely farmer, Kyra Sedgwick as a divorced mother afraid of men, and John Travolta easily inhabiting the body of the town mechanic, a pleasant mediocrity named George Malley. On his 37th birthday, George wanders drunkenly into the street and gets bopped on the noggin and knocked sprawling by a small circle of light that descends from the sky. When he wakes up, he feels an insatiable curiosity and desire—to read any book he can get hold of, to poke into things and figure them out, to experiment with plantings and soil, to crack a complicated military code. He is not interested in money or power. He's a Faust without a tempting Mephistopheles—his soul belongs to no one but himself. So what *did* happen to him? Was he visited by the Big Guy in the sky? Has he been replaced by an alien with a taste for the Romance languages (George learns Portuguese in twenty minutes)?

John Travolta has become very deft. He manages to suggest that he's still down-home George as he becomes a great brain. His George is chagrined by how easily he outclasses his friends, but he can't help doing it—and Travolta gives him a little smile of pleasure when he struts his stuff. The smile suggests not vanity, exactly, but simple joy, the way a kid who gets up on a bicycle for the first time might grin to himself as he passes the neighbors' houses. George becomes a genius but not an intellectual; he doesn't have ideas in the formal sense or develop cultural interests. He turns into a sort of rube Thomas Edison, a backyard tinkerer who just happens to possess the secrets of the universe. One can see the commercial calculation here—the fear of turning the audience off with fancy talk or intimidating manners. But the decision to keep George an informal country fellow makes sense. The slow tempo, the open spaces, and the leisurely social life have produced a woolgatherer suddenly gathering gold; the beauty and quiet of the landscape add to the movie's sense of wonder, the Capraesque tone of gentle magic. We know we're watching a tall tale, and we're willing to be charmed. That George is so smart is funny—the gag never wears out—and an immense relief from the recent sanctification of simplicity.

And then *Phenomenon* changes its tone and starts to fall apart—it's a sanctification of simplicity after all. I had intimations of trouble as George announced some of his mystical perceptions; and when he saved a little Portuguese immigrant boy, and people gathered around him as if he were Jesus walking on water, I knew the trouble was serious. All along, I had been puzzled by Kyra Sedgwick's divorcée. Obviously attracted, she refuses to go to bed with George, even though he has proved his decency again and again. Sedgwick can't provide any illumination in her performance because the answer is inadmissible. George needed to attain spirituality, the ultimate spirituality of a dying saint. What starts as a comedy about a big brain turns ethereal and soft and insufferably noble.

Phenomenon becomes an inspirational lesson about making the most of our latent capacities. (Is any-

Kyra Sedgwick and John Travolta in *Phenomenon.*

Photograph by Zade Rosenthal/Touchstone Pictures.

c u e

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How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
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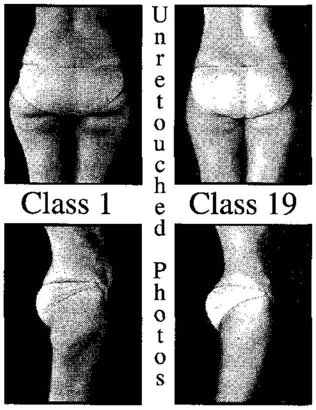

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one actually opposed? The movie announces it as if it were a daring truth.) Having found himself, George talks about the need to help others find themselves, and Travolta begins to glow fatuously. In the end, his George is no more inspiring than one of the hucksters on late-night cable who have passed on to others the very great power to sell real estate.

HOW IS THE AUDIENCE SUPPOSED TO ENJOY **Striptease**? When Demi Moore loses her child in a custody battle, she takes a job as a topless dancer at the Eager Beaver club in Fort Lauderdale, but she hates stripping, just hates it—she does it only so she can earn enough money to get her daughter back. As men drool and come on to her, she goes to work with black fire in her eyes and disgust in her heart, and she's fascinating in a machinelike, vigorously hostile way—thrusting, jerking, and turning herself upside down for the slobs. The movie audience, of course, is put in the same position as the droolers. We want her to take off her clothes (how could we not? The whole movie sets us up for it), but we're asked to identify with her anger. This poor woman is sacrificing herself to male lust! How disgusting! But wait—we're looking at her, too. We're turned into voyeurs by a famous woman undressing, and then punished for our curiosity.

Demi Moore is a huffy exhibitionist—the worst kind. She's so determined to demonstrate her virtue in *Striptease* that she never loosens up and gives a performance. She doesn't even suggest, for instance, that the stripper might enjoy her power over men. When some poor sap makes a pass, she bites his head off. Moore is hard and monochromatic, and she barely knows how to talk to Ving Rhames, who plays her pal, the club bouncer, and who gives his lines the benefit of a dry, slow-talking understatement that could only be called irony. Rhames, of course, never makes a pass—he's her faithful black protector. Only corrupt men like Burt Reynolds's bought-and-paid-for congressman would be so low as to demonstrate any sexual interest in a topless dancer.

The movie is based on a funny book by Carl Hiaasen and could only be played (in a sane world) for comedy, but Andrew Bergman, the director, has a star on his hands with the wit of a John Deere combine, and Bergman seems to have lost his bearings himself. There's some funny stuff backstage at the topless club, but *Striptease* is so punitive and hypocritical in form that the audience sits there in a funk, afraid to enjoy itself. This may be the first feminist, family-values striptease movie; it makes sex so repulsive that I'm sure no one in America will ever have a dirty thought again. ■

ART MARK STEVENS

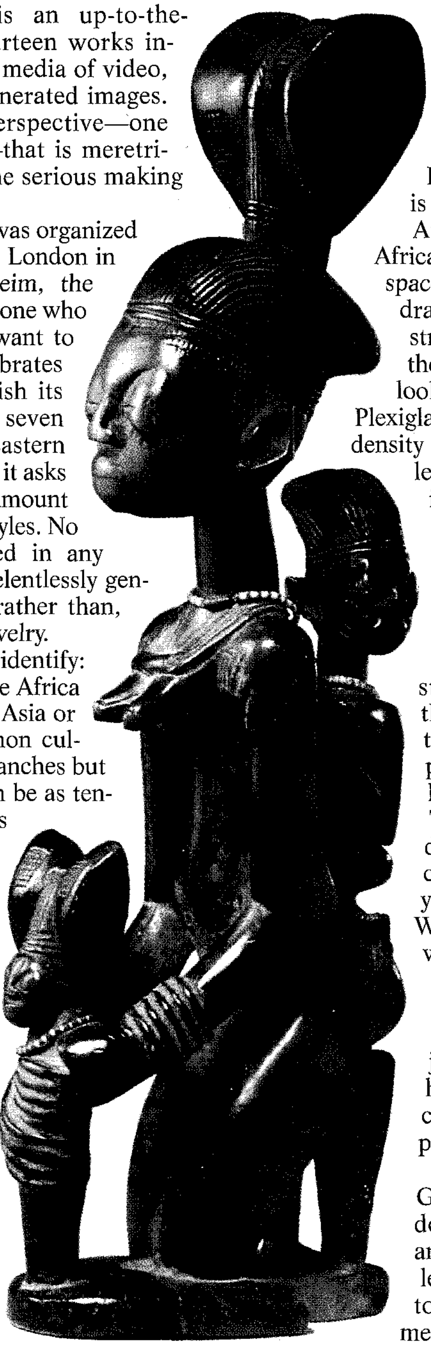
Global Village

Uptown, the Guggenheim conducts a shallow tour of the African continent, though individual works are worth the trip; in SoHo, technology tests the crowd's attention span.

AT FIRST GLANCE, THE TWO MAIN SUMMER exhibitions at the Guggenheim have nothing in common. Whereas **Africa: The Art of a Continent** is a historical survey of more than 500 works made over thousands of years, **Mediascape** is an up-to-the-minute show of fourteen works incorporating the new media of video, virtual reality, and computer-generated images. Yet the two shows share a perspective—one characteristic of our moment—that is meretricious and finally damaging to the serious making of, and appreciation for, art.

In the case of "Africa," which was organized by the Royal Academy of Arts in London in association with the Guggenheim, the quality of the art is very high. No one who loves African art, as I do, will want to miss it. But the show also celebrates African art in ways that diminish its true vitality. Organized around seven geographical areas, as in "Eastern Africa" or "Sahel and Savannah," it asks us to zip across centuries, a vast amount of territory, and dozens of local styles. No individual tradition is displayed in any depth. As a result, the show is relentlessly general, its stress always "Africa" rather than, say, Yoruba carving or Berber jewelry.

The reason for this is easy to identify: The organizers want to emphasize Africa the way others have emphasized Asia or Europe, laying claim to a common culture that, like a tree, has many branches but a single trunk. This approach can be as tendentious when the subject is Africa as it can be with any other continent. (An elegant Benin bronze and a bristling figure from the Kongo ethnic group of Zaire may both be African, but it is their irreconcilable differences that are more interesting.) In any case, if "Africa" is to be the guiding theme, the catalogue should contain deeply knowledgeable essays on the relations between the many cultures represented in the show. Instead, the organizers mostly provide a light gloss on the subject.



Beauty behind the glass: Yoruba Shango shrine figure with child, in wood, Yoruba, Nigeria, late 19th century.

This quick pass across the highlights of the continent—without time taken to savor a particular tradition—excites the eye in a contemporary fashion. Each work becomes an isolated celebrity. Concentration is difficult. Suppose you watched a television program called *Asian Art* that moved rapidly among Hindu temples, Chinese landscape painting, and Japanese rock gardens. You would have the illusion of mastering much important territory, but the art itself would inevitably blur in your mind's eye, losing the clarity of the particular. Here, the same is true: This exhibition is simply worthy television.

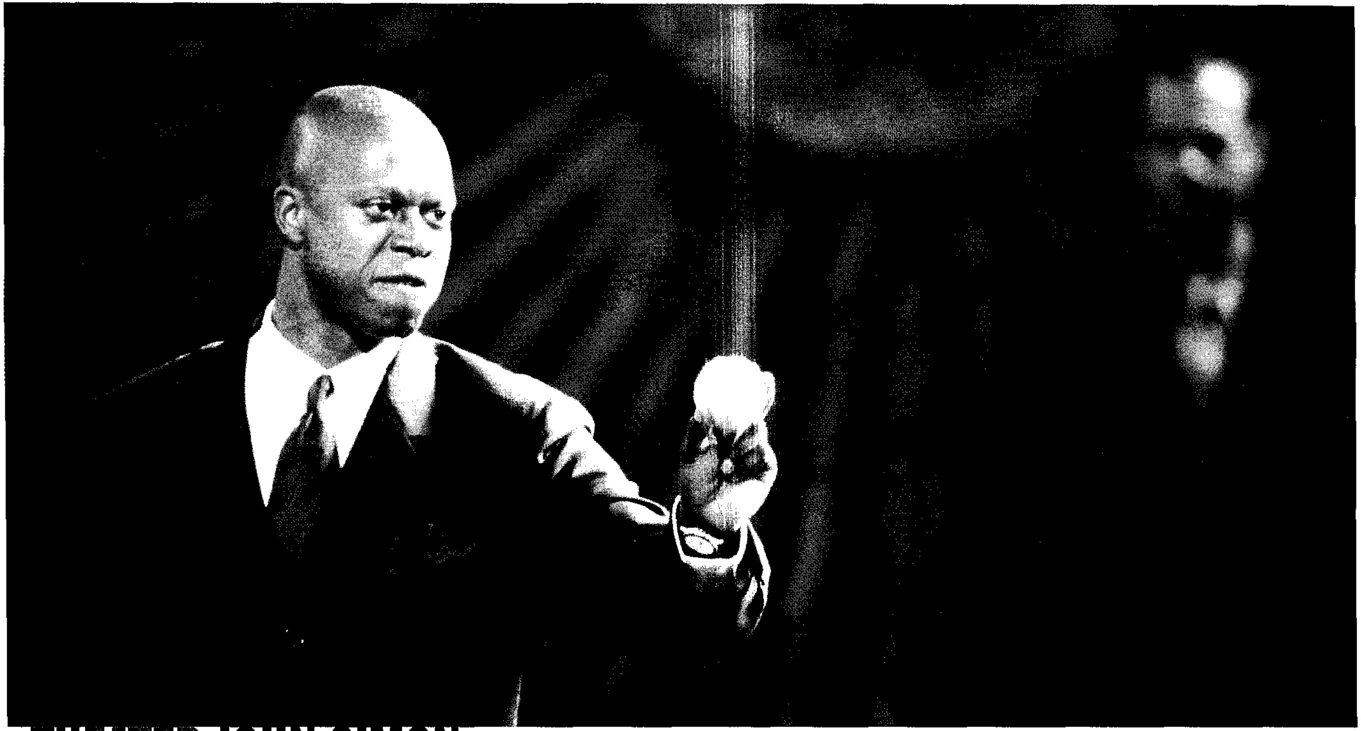
At the same time, I have never seen African art look so naked. In the cavernous space of the Guggenheim, the pieces are dramatically placed—and prettily stripped. Many were made to be held in the hands and moved about; now they look frozen and still, posed in boutique Plexiglas. The absence of any depth or village density in the display of particular traditions leaves the individual pieces painfully isolated. While this is always a problem when museums display art not created for museums, it is particularly acute in this exhibition. But the art, here, is not really the point.

Earlier this year, the Guggenheim mounted a show of a century of abstract art, an overarching modern theme that plays to the museum's history and strengths. It was widely panned for being superficial in its selection and presumptuous in its scale. This summer the same museum addresses the art of a vast and varied continent, made over thousands of years, and almost everyone applauds. Why? Because today we are fearful when the subject is African art. The horror of slavery and exploitation, together with the condescension once directed toward African objects, conditions our response. That history dominates our eye, and becomes, paradoxically, another way we push around the art.

In "Mediascape," at the downtown Guggenheim, a fear of history also dominates our response to the work, and the feeling of generalization is no less relentless. Here, we are implicitly told to take an interest in works of art merely because

(continued on page 58)

Photograph courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum.



Courting trouble: André Braugher and William Robert Doyle volley in Shakespeare in the Park's *Henry V.*

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Oh, Henry!

With the exception of David Van Tieghem's arresting music, the New York Shakespeare Festival's 'Henry V' is a disaster—a production more hysterical than historical.

IF A DIRECTOR ELIMINATES ONE OF THE FINEST CHARACTERS in **Henry V,** the Chorus, and distributes his lines among the lined-up cast (shades of *Rent!*), we smell trouble. If a costume designer (Paul Tazewell) switches from modern mafioso costumes to medieval ones and back again, we know we're in for it. And if none of the actors in the New York Shakespeare Festival's current Central Park production can quite do justice to the speeches, someone—they or we—should quit.

I favor historicity in a history play, and find a black Henry unconducive to the suspension of disbelief, no matter how often the text recalls his descent from Edward, the Black Prince. Still, it would profit André Braugher, a solid actor, not to make Henry inexplicably wrathful and nasty half the time, and either plangently stentorian or maniacally elocutionist the rest. Exaggerated enunciation is as tiresome as sloppy diction. In any case, this is not the ideal monarch, as both Shakespeare and English history perceived him.

As his opposite number, the Dauphin of France, another black actor, Teagle F. Bougere, recycles his last season's Caliban, whose unrelenting whiny surliness seems less in order here. As Charles VI of France, George Morfogen is all declamatory dullness; Daniel Oreskes, as the Constable, and the other French nobles (their numbers, like those of their English counterparts, severely reduced), have only the faintest glimmer of how to handle cynical banter. As Princess Katharine of France, Elizabeth Marvel, whose French may be the worst of any here, sports a pained look, like someone hiding a contraband canary in her mouth. Henry Stram, as the dapper French herald Montjoy, sounds and behaves like a particularly lugubrious undertaker. Jerry Mayer is down to his usual cheap tricks as he greasily overacts Corporal Nym; John Woodson, as Exeter, is wooden and snarly enough to be both the tree and the dog that wrongly barks up it.

There are those who get the chance to tackle (and topple) two parts. Thus Kathleen Chalfant, who should not venture beyond Tony Kushner plays, is totally humorless as Mistress Quickly and a bit of a pompous joke as Queen Isabel of France. Jeff Weiss's schematically orotund Archbishop of Canterbury and overripe Ensign Pistol must share the same mother. Actors who double should not be recognizable in their second parts; here all doubles are one.

Though almost nobody in this most English of plays sounds authentically autochthonous, Torquil Campbell as the Boy, Jarlath Conroy as Bardolph, and Kristine Nielsen as Alice fare best. Neil Patel's set is the cheapest—in both senses—ever seen in Central Park. Two cobalt panels, with a golden sun and arc (rainbow?) childishly painted on them, slide open and shut. A couple of doors and a window spout entering actors or a patch of clouds. In the end, we even get a cliché star-studded night sky. Douglas Hughes's staging is amateurish. Only the music and sound effects, devised and executed by David Van Tieghem, are a total success. To all the others, I suggest attending a screening of Laurence Olivier's—or even Kenneth Branagh's—movie version, and hanging their heads in shame. As I did, watching them. ▬

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

French Lessons

That exemplary corps the Paris Opéra Ballet returns, triumphant, after eight years; Pilobolus celebrates its silver anniversary with a mixed bag of old hits.

THE **Paris Opéra Ballet**, COLLECTIVELY THE FINEST example we have today of pure classical technique, just played New York with two productions—one traditional, the other newfangled. Marius Petipa's 1877 *La Bayadère* suffered from Rudolf Nureyev's Disney World–ish staging. Granted, the hokey exoticism of the original encouraged him. Set in a Victorian armchair traveler's India, it's full of rajas, elephants, Brahmans, fakirs, and dancing girls both sacred and profane—to which ostentatious scenery and gaudy costumes are only a natural response. The story's pretty garish, too: Brave, handsome warrior swears love for temple dancer of flawless body and soul but is forced to marry raja's daughter, who dispatches rival with poisonous snake; chief Brahman, throughout, up to no good. The piece is viable today largely for the ineffable Kingdom of the Shades act, in which our hero and heroine meet in a celestial vision of the afterlife created by impeccable, abstract unison dancing from the female ensemble.

The most sensible version we have of this piece is Natalia Makarova's, for American Ballet Theatre. The best dancing, however—despite ABT's fine rendition—is the POB's. Three centuries of tradition, commencing with the Sun King himself, have gone into the making of the French School, and its current practitioners, who illuminate even this ersatz *Bayadère,* are exemplary. Sleek, long-limbed bodies are chosen for a scrupulous training that emphasizes harmonious line, fluidity, precision, and delicacy. The style is decorative rather than robustly sculptural—a characteristic that surfaces again and again in French culture, beyond the confined realm of dance; it looks to me like part of the national ethos. Spontaneity and forthright vigor are essentially ruled out; as a result, many American viewers, bred to value these qualities, will find the French effete. I find them "foreign," but ravishing. Manuel Legris is a model of noble dignity—he could give lessons to kings—as well as so textbook-correct in the form of individual steps, he makes them look like moral precepts. The understatement of his dancing offers a telling contrast (and something of a reproof) to the let-out-all-stops virtuosity favored by the men at ABT, to say nothing of their Russian counterparts. The extraordinary female roster—Isabelle Guérin foremost—adheres to the principles Legris illustrates. Monique Loudières makes them a little more human, and we love her for it.

Angelin Preljocaj's *Le Parc* (set to Great Moments from Mozart interspersed with *musique concrète*) represented POB's ongoing tryst with so-called experimental dance. The ballet is an ambitious affair—an hour and a half *sans* intermission, with an imposing set that evokes France's formal gardens in heavy latticework and a plethora of costumes referring to diverse periods. Its theme derives mainly from two terrific and famous French novels, the seventeenth-century *Princesse de Clèves* and the eighteenth-century *Liaisons Dangereuses.* From them it takes the idea of a woman's refusing a persistent lover in a society where sexual intrigue and sexual license are the norm. The novels tell you, very explicit-

The Paris Opéra Ballet performs Petipa's *La Bayadère.*

Photograph by Johan Elbers.

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Tobi Tobias *continued from page 57*

ly, why the lady in question resists—essentially at the cost of her life. Choreography can't achieve their combination of the erotic with the intricately cerebral. Preljocaj courts further trouble by attempting to relate the issue to the present day, with its fear of AIDS and its prevalent social mistrust thwarting true love and true lust. The choreography is far from experimental in its vocabulary. It mixes limited, skewed elements of classical ballet and weird arbitrary gestures delivered with an air of utmost significance. Then, to make its meanings clear, it capitulates to the literal, including the kind of kiss that once climaxed Hollywood's Technicolor romances.

DANCE

CELEBRATING ITS 25TH ANNIVERSARY, THE chamber-size dance group **Pilobolus** opened its annual month at the Joyce with several hits of the past. The earliest of them, *Pilobolus*—the moniker of a light-avid fungus that thrives on horse manure—was choreographed collaboratively by the male trio that performed it in 1971. Another generation has taken it over, and though the present guys are swell movers with personalities nearly as distinctive as their predecessors', the dance looks tired. It answers the question, What kind of shapes can a bunch of bodies make if they're treated as parts of a single organism? When *Pilobolus* was brand-new, Alwin Nikolais had already been exploring these principles for a good quarter-century, and with far greater complexity and sophistication.

Untitled, from 1975, has more individuality and more texture. It borrows from both the perverse eroticism of Max Ernst and Lewis Carroll's disturbing play with unexpected changes in size and proportion. Two women sweetly dressed for a long-ago summer attempt to maintain garden-party manners despite their repeated six-foot shift in height (which bares the incongruously burly legs of the two fellows supporting them under their voluminous skirts), despite their being courted by a pair of absurd dandies, despite their subsequent pregnancies and birthings of their nude *porteurs.* In its current performance, the piece remains kinkily comic, but it has lost the aura of forbidden-games mystery that once made it resonant.

Happily, the 1980 *Day Two* is still danced with vitality and conviction. The alternative-culture ritual segments are mercifully un-arty, while the mood of the passages celebrating the childish glee of young folks in a summer share is contagious. The finale of the dance serves as its curtain call, with the six participants, wearing nothing but flesh-tinted bikini bottoms and their glorious musculature, trying to outdo one another's rakish positions as they skid across the flooded stage like kids cutting up after a downpour. ▬

Mark Stevens *continued from page 55*

they employ novel technical means. If we don't, the museum seems to suggest, we risk missing history's boat. The Guggenheim now intends to focus its galleries downtown mainly on what it calls "technology and the arts." This reflects our society's frantic enthusiasm—actually a kind of cultural hysteria—for the computer, which is expected to utterly transform the world.

Although the computer has certainly altered the ways of the world, it will surely not change the great issues of art or human existence. While the Guggenheim's decision to develop a specialty in technology is a good idea—New York has few spaces to show such work, and the new media have already opened new ways to explore the eternal obsessions of mankind—the great challenge to curators in this area will be exactly *not* to celebrate the newest razzle-dazzle. They must instead look for the genie in the bottle. That is, they must weigh, consider, remember—insist upon—the art within the media. You don't admire an oil painting because of the oil, even though it permits different effects from those of fresco.

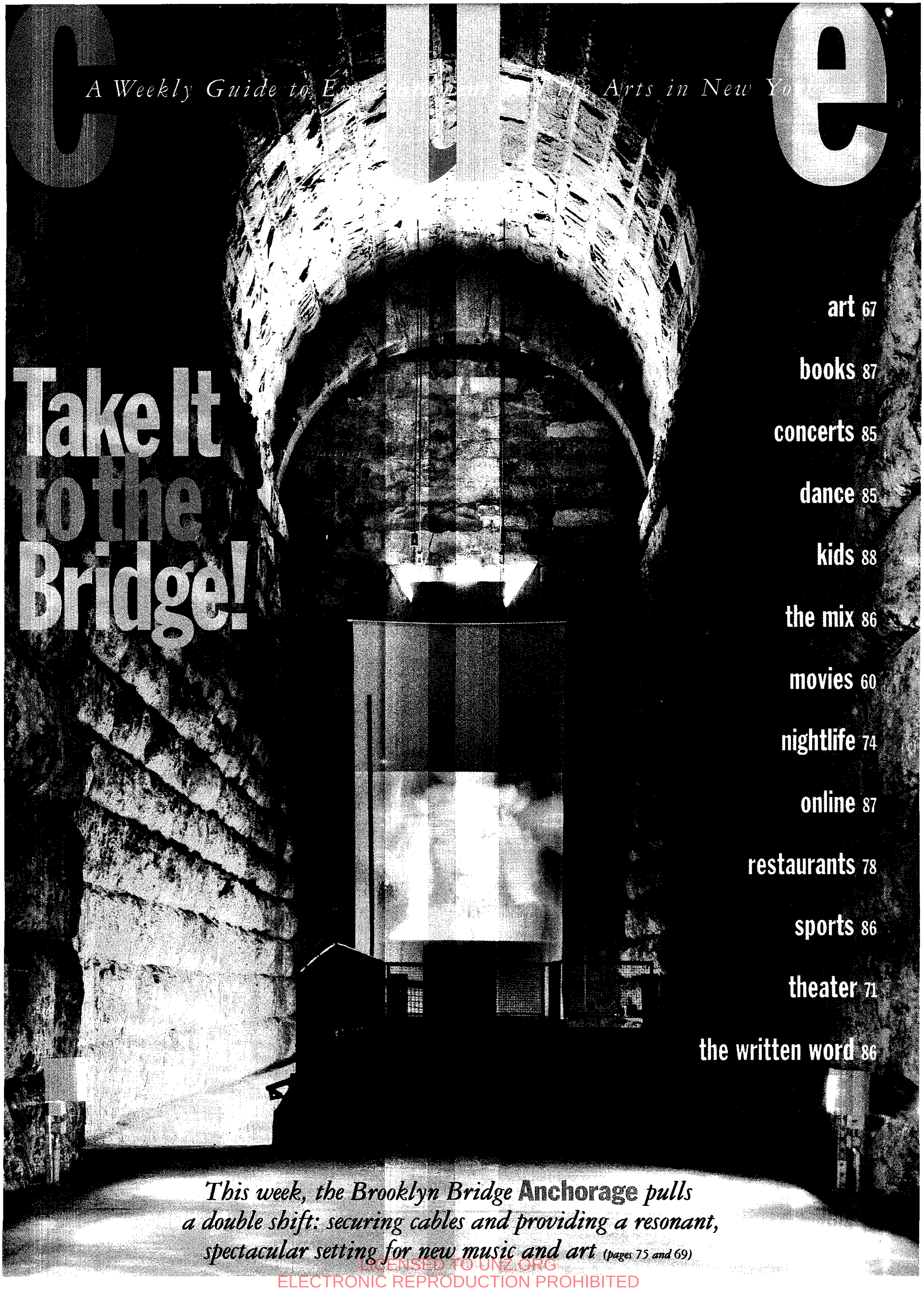
ART

This means shows that are sharply angled. The current exhibit is nothing more than a brief survey of art and technology from the past twenty years. The usual big names in the field are included, among them Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, Bill Viola, and Jenny Holzer. Some of the works are evocative. Holzer, in particular, has a room filled with her trademark electronic LED signs or strips, across which banal messages wink and flash.The red and green lights are hypnotic, in a way that reflects the vacuous charm of a channel-surfing culture. But the show as a whole has no angle except the technology. I observed visitors to this show closely. Almost no one watched a particular piece from beginning to end. Few seemed even interested in focusing on a given work. They were just wandering about vaguely in the modern flicker.

Of course, it may be naïve to expect a museum to be anything other than a reflection of the society around it. But I like to think that a great museum like the Guggenheim will remember important values often overlooked by the wider culture. One such value is concentration. At a museum you can take your own time in front of a work; you can cultivate the long, slow view. Another related value is respecting what I think of as the density of a work of art, which includes both its inner richness and its relation to its original environment. In art, the universal must be approached through the particular, and an idea matters little unless it honors the details. ▬

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment & the Arts in New York



Take It to the Bridge!

art 67

books 87

concerts 85

dance 85

kids 88

the mix 86

movies 60

nightlife 74

online 87

restaurants 78

sports 86

theater 71

the written word 86

This week, the Brooklyn Bridge **Anchorage** *pulls a double shift: securing cables and providing a resonant, spectacular setting for new music and art* (pages 75 and 69)

movies

Sing Along With Quasi . . . *Courage Under Fire*

New Films

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris, who is best known for her 1982 film *A Question of Silence*, about three women who kill a man who has accused them of shoplifting. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Cinema 3.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. Armand and Albert host a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Manhattan Twin; Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Cable Guy—As directed by actor and comic Ben Stiller, this is obviously an attempt to bring Jim Carrey out of the realm of goose-brained comedy and give him something more sustained and complex to do. As such, it is a disaster. At first, Stiller and Lou Holtz Jr. set up a satirical context: We're in TV land, watching an indiscriminate jumble of court trials, old TV shows, movies—and then the screen fades out. The camera pulls back. Steven (Matthew Broderick), a mild-mannered architect thrown out by his girlfriend, is setting up house in a new apartment, and the screen has turned to snow. The cable guy arrives, and, sensing that Steven is at a low ebb, he insinuates himself into the architect's life, demanding friendship. The movie becomes nightmarish, with a strong, unacknowledged homoerotic streak. How is one supposed to respond to *The Cable Guy*—as serious drama, or farce? Once we see what Carrey is up to, he's not very funny—or rather, he's more threatening and sinister than funny. He punches up and parodies all his emotions, putting quotation marks around everything. Not just poor Steven but his girlfriend (Leslie Mann) and his family, taken in by the cable guy, sit there passively and stupidly, and we realize that Carrey has had the same effect on Ben Stiller and the cast that the cable guy has had on the characters, intimidating them, sucking up all the oxygen, and leaving them half-dead. Doesn't anyone have the courage to tell the star when to quit? (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's funny but smug little 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. *Cold Comfort Farm* presents, without irony, a triumph of tidiness: its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Courage Under Fire—Denzel Washington plays an army official investigating the circumstances surrounding the death of a female Medivac captain, and whether she posthumously merits the Medal of Honor. With Meg Ryan. Directed by Ed Zwick. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Dragonheart—Dennis Quaid plays a medieval knight who teams up with the last existing dragon (the voice of Sean Connery) to overthrow a vicious despot. With Pete Postlethwaite and David Thewlis. Directed by Rob Cohen. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Eddie—A limousine driver called Eddie (Whoopi Goldberg) is hired as the head coach of the New York Knicks by the team's owner (Frank Langella) as a publicity stunt. Directed by Steve Rash. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a man on the right side of the law—he guarantees the safety of the people in the witness-protection program—yet whether Arnold is "good" or "bad," whether he's the Terminator, the Eraser, or the Fluoridator, he kills people by the dozen. That's his job: He produces corpses and explosions. The movie is not as unpleasant, redundant, and ugly-looking as *The Rock;* some of it is entertaining in a preposterous, over-the-top style. Yet there isn't much to say about it. In these summer thrillers, and in Stallone's movies, and Wesley Snipes's, explosions and punches, like rum in fruit punch, produce a mild kind of high. In order to keep the high going, audiences and moviemakers have made a kind of silent agreement about movie violence: It shall be as meaningless as possible. None of the characters in these movies has anything more than one dimension, so the audience never feels the dread it used to when someone it identified with was placed in jeopardy. Despite the unending violence, there is no danger. One comes away from *Eraser* sorely wondering if Hollywood

Opening

Flight of Fancy

Matthew Barney—who at 29 is the most controversial conceptual artist/sculptor/performer on the scene—adds filmmaker to his résumé with the premiere of 'Cremaster 1' and 'Cremaster 4.' Named after testicular muscles, the films serve as an introduction to Barney's idiosyncratic aesthetic (see the fictional Goodyear Blimp gal, from 'Cremaster 1'). At Film Forum, July 17–23.

"CUE" COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BERND AUERS

has not caught itself in an endgame with no possible conclusion but declining interest, declining response, declining love. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. As the Coens see it, people in northern Minnesota are so devoted to surface pleasantness that they don't notice the dark abyss opening at their feet. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. (Denby; 3/18/96) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

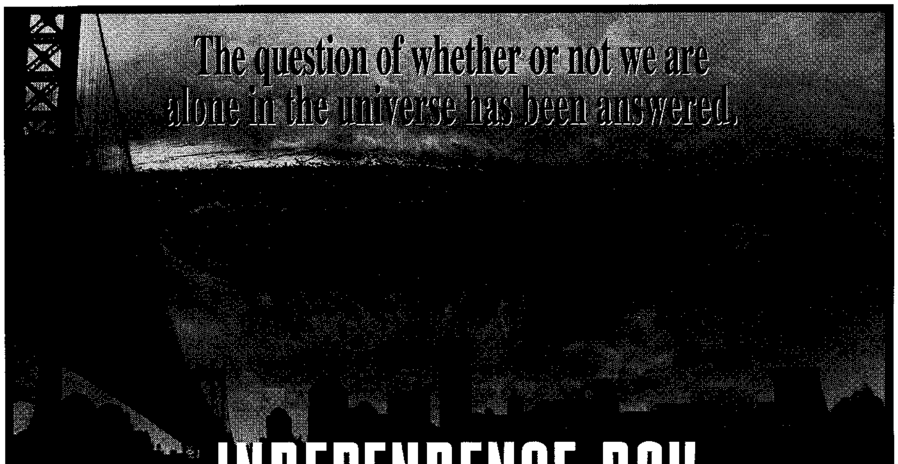
★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy not only flirts with disaster; it waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with it, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell clings to his idea, and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Waverly; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Harriet the Spy—An adaptation of Louise Fitzhugh's beloved children's novel about an insatiably curious young girl who spies on everyone. Starring Michelle Trachtenberg and Rosie O'Donnell. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Embassy 2–4.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulce, Demi Moore, Jason Alexander, and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

★**I Shot Andy Warhol**—Valerie Solanas, who wanted to make a revolution, or at least to write, became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she'd written, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest.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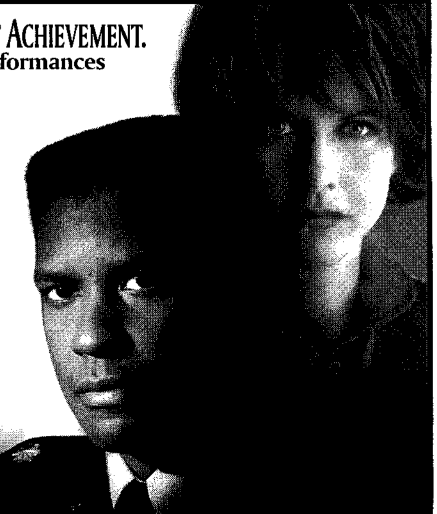

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"He had too much control over my life," she told a policeman as she gave herself up. Yet Solanas did not destroy Warhol; she destroyed herself. Written and directed by Mary Harron, the movie is a pungent but surprisingly buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. Played by the fast-talking and lively Lili Taylor, Valerie is smart and funny, but also a ferocious pain in the ass. The movie addresses Solanas's disintegration without "psychology" or analytic depth; Harron stages the events in Factory pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad. She makes it clear that Valerie goes too far, that she's paranoid and delusional, but she also suggests that the gender antagonisms are real. Fighting all the time, Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve, and she gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth isn't what's needed—Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. (Denby; 5/6/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Independence Day—To love this movie completely, you have to go beyond irony; you have to enjoy being had. The world gets smushed by alien invaders—cities flattened, people annihilated—and the spectacle is turned into merry pop entertainment. A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black Marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. The battle is joined, and the movie begins to resemble the last few scenes of *Star Wars,* with passages of *Alien* and other recent hits thrown in. The clichés achieve critical mass: Pop culture saves the world. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters—selfish, screwed up, just plain busy—as the go about their little daily tasks. And then they are faced with The Appearance. Shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and director Roland Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. "If you feel impelled to leave the cities," the president says, "please do so in an orderly fashion"—a line that, in context, is hilarious. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale), seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible. Just as in a World War II platoon movie, the ethnic representatives—blacks, Jews, Hispanics—compose their differences and pull together. Emmerich and Devlin combine mass destruction and liberal sanctimony. An elderly Jew finds his lost faith, the black pilot marries his woman and takes responsibility for her child, and so on, and the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza .*

Lone Star—John Sayles's latest film beautifully cobbles together both the fractured family histories of several small clans and the fragmented culture of a small town on the Texas-Mexico border. With Matthew McConaughey, Chris Cooper, Kris Kristofferson, Frances McDormand, and Elizabeth Peña. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Low Life—A recent Yale graduate moves to Los Angeles to pursue a writing career and winds up toiling for a slumlord by day and drinking by night. With Rory Cochrane, Kyra Sedgwick, Sean Astin, Christian Meoli, and James LeGros. Directed by George Hickenlooper. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Axel (Til Schweiger) has just been dumped by his girlfriend, so he goes to stay at the apartment of a gay acquaintance, and the usual sexual zaniness ensues. Directed by Sonke Wortmann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Mission: Impossible—In the most impressive sequence, Tom Cruise, as a rogue intelligence agent, hangs from the air, his body suspended from a harness. Our boy has penetrated the inner sanctum of the CIA—a white-on-white chamber so sensitized to intrusion that instruments register the slightest change in temperature or weight. Tom can't even sweat; one droplet, falling to the floor, will give him away. As directed by Brian De Palma, *Mission: Impossible* is a no-sweat movie, a high-tech marvel suspended in the air. There is no stupid or unnecessary violence, but there is also nothing that engages your emotions. The plot is so casually and vaguely developed that you can't be sure why Cruise's superagent is removing American secrets. Jon Voight, as the head of the team, summons the troops, and the movie slips into its nominal plot. Ah, yes, this business of a minor diplomat at the American Embassy who is selling a computer disk with the names of American agents. Of course. Without a word of explanation about who the diplomat is or to whom he's selling secrets or why any of this matters, we get an elaborate plan to entrap the diplomat at the embassy. Now, even in this early—and beautifully done—scene, one realizes that nothing really is at stake. The movie has lost itself in sheer process. The spies wear glasses equipped with tiny hidden cameras; as they move around with their specs, we watch multiple images on a computer screen. Ingenious, but so what? Relationships between the characters are barely sketched in; new people enter, and we don't know who they are, or why they matter, but everyone talks very allusively, in knowing techno-gibberish, and the poor actors are left trying to make something intense out of virtually nothing. *Mission: Impossible* is an example of technological decadence. Emotion and logic have gone dead, and sensation is all. (Denby; 6/3/96) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Tower East; 84th Street Six.*

Moll Flanders—Robin Wright stars in this epic period piece, loosely adapted from Daniel Defoe's novel, about a high-minded young woman forced into a life of prostitution. With Morgan Freeman. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Angelika 57; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Nutty Professor**—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy and one of the great turnarounds in the history of movies. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is a huge fatty, 400 pounds or more, with a chin that starts under his mouth and ends near the middle of his chest. The way Murphy plays the role, and Tom Shadyac (the first *Ace Ventura*) directs it, the physical details are cruelly precise and often grotesque, but the spirit is not cruel. Sherman is a genuine character and a figure of some depth. When he falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he can't bear being fat any longer; he swallows the DNA liquid he has been using in experiments and becomes, as in the old Lewis movie, Buddy Love, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. In brief, he becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. But Murphy does something interesting: He shows us that Eddie Murphy going over the top is destructive and horrifying. By movie's end, we realize that he is telling us what was wrong with his old screen character: He wasn't quite human. The hero of *The Nutty Professor* isn't the fast-talking stud; it's the two-ton intellectual with soul. Eddie Murphy has always had a genius for mimicry and impersonation, but this is the first time he's gone beyond caricature. When Sherman is feeling cranky, he retreats to his family—his hearty big mama and her cranky husband, his voluble grandmother, and his crude brother. They attack one another, yet they are recognizably

Opening

What's Yours Is Mine

Though its plot sounds strangely familiar, the Japanese erotic thriller 'In the Realm of the Senses'—about a woman who chops off her lover's genitalia, parades through the streets with her stash in a haze of sexual delirium, and later becomes a feminist hero—is based on an actual 1936 incident. The 20-year-old film will have its rerelease this Friday at Cinema Village.

a family, and the joke deepens when you realize Murphy is playing all of them. They are the aspects of a single personality—they are him, the comic who can do anything. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza* .

★**A Perfect Candidate**—The producer-director team of R. J. Cutler and David Van Taylor gives us this heartbreaking documentary about the Chuck Robb–Oliver North senatorial campaign of 1994. The portraits of the candidates are firm—the hapless Robb, miserably compromised, inarticulate, a man just barely holding on to the promise that once made people believe in him; and the pious North, fraudulent, vaguely fascist, "charming," a self-serving demagogue who seduces people into credence that Robb can no longer inspire. The movie is a parable of cynicism and belief, and its soul is devoted not so much to the candidates as to two nearly biblical characters—Washington *Post* reporter Don Baker, a defeated idealist engaged in a hopeless quest for a man of honor, and North's dirty-trickster strategist Mark Goodin, a kind of tormented Mephistopheles who knows that what he's doing is sleazy and yet is drawn by the nature of politics to ever-lower calculations and strategies. Goodin's self-disgust is the most powerful sight in American movies so far this year. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Phantom—Billy Zane stars as the comic-book hero who serves as protector of a remote, mythical jungle. Directed by Simon Wincer. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Waverly; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East.*

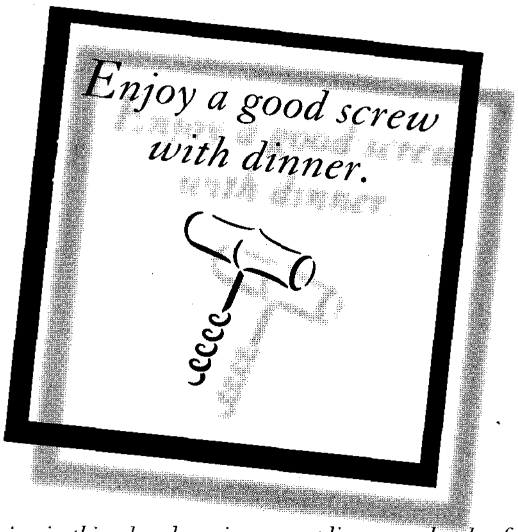
Phenomenon—See Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

★**Purple Noon**—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his personality. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types, led by Ed Harris, take some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles at San Francisco armed with people-melting chemicals. The FBI matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. The action sequences are pure fakery, a lot of whirling and thrashing about in semi-darkness. The director, Michael Bay, comes from TV commercials, where spatial logic is no longer important. A commercial conveys an idea or a mood, and the fastest way to do that is to jump from shot to shot. But in action movies, if you merely skip from one violent shot to the next, cutting always on movement, you may keep the audience jazzed but you are robbing it of the basic satisfaction of knowing, say, where two men are in relation to each other as they go at it with guns. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere, in which people are chained, melted, crushed, and dropped onto spikes. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some hand-



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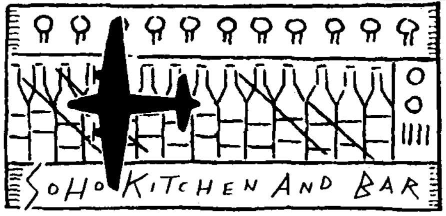

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some bodies in it, and the shimmering golden heat of Tuscany. At an artist's villa in the hills near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother or two—gather in various states of semi-nudity and conversational indiscretion and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also, it seems, to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy, but the movie is physically pleasing and occasionally very sexy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Striptease—See Denby, p. 55. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Truth About Cats & Dogs**—When Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo), a young veterinarian, is hosting her popular L.A. radio call-in show, she's crisp and authoritative. But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish with men. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her voice and asks for a date, and Abby panics, asking her neighbor, a blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and both women are too involved in the deception to end it. The charm of *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* depends precisely on its slightness and improbability—the sense that the entire concoction might blow away if the photographer actually noticed the most obvious contradictions or asked a single question. The filmmakers drag out the suspense for as long as possible: Will Brian accept the actual Abby as the woman he loves? Director Michael Lehmann moves along lightly and quickly, but there are no tricks or shortcuts; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Twister**—Jo (Helen Hunt) and Bill (Bill Paxton), dauntless scientists of Tornado Alley, drive a truck right into the path of an oncoming tornado, smashing through a field of cornstalks or down a narrow ditch. Behind them follows a ragtag army of university scientists with computers and recording equipment. The supporting crew is waiting for Jo and Bill to send sensor devices up into the tunnel. The sensors, we're told, will transmit information, the computers will sort out the data, and someday meteorologists will understand tornadoes so well they will be able to warn those little towns in Oklahoma more than five minutes ahead of time. The movie, of course, is preposterous (the psychological explanation for Jo's fixation—that she watched her father get blown away by a tornado as a child—is particularly movieish and unconvincing), but it is also irresistible. Directed by kinetic whiz Jan De Bont (*Speed*), it is the essence of all the flying-daredevil, test-pilot movies ever made. De Bont creates a sense of the uncanny without relying on monsters or the supernatural. There's a bit of melodrama thrown in that weakens it (Bill and Jo lead a bunch of gonzo-hippie graduate students; another stormchaser works for a corporation and is in it for money), and all this disastrously cheapens the man-against nature theme—but silly as it is, you may come out of it smiling. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

The Visitors—A French knight cursed by a witch must travel back in time to reverse his mistakes. Directed by Jean-Marie Poiré. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Vive L'Amour—The story of three lovelorn urban professionals who separately share an empty apartment in Taipei. Directed by Tsai Ming-Liang. (1 hr. 59 mins.;) *Quad Cinema.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Data
Quasi-Original

Though critics expressed doubt that Disney could turn Victor Hugo's sociopolitical novel about a horribly deformed, tormented, lovelorn recluse into sing-along kiddie fare, the Mouse has pulled it off. Yet a few years ago, the geniuses behind the animated TV series *The Critic* (now in reruns on Comedy Central), aware of Disney's plans for the Hugo classic, sent their menschy N.Y.C. movie reviewer Jay Sherman (the voice of Jon Lovitz) to a Broadway musical called *Hunch!*, which ran with the tag line "Get bent today!" *Hunch!* featured roller-skating, singing townspeople and a final production number in which our hero sang and swung triumphantly from a rope while little kids beat his lump as though he were a piñata. If you think the Mouse would never stoop so low, see if you can guess which lyrics are Disney's.

1. "We all have gaped at some Adonis / but then we crave a meal more nourishing to chew / and since you're shaped like a croissant is / no question of she's gotta love a guy like you!"

2. "It's true my back's got a slight crimp / like a boiled jumbo shrimp / but by the smile in my spine / I'll make you mine!"

3. "Those other guys that she could dangle / look the same from every angle"

4. "The city of lovers is glowing / Of course, it's on fire"

5. "The one called Quasimodo / sure makes a great scapegoat-o! / On his lump he sure does shoulder lots of blame / Yes blame all your cares and woes-es / on the one with scoliosis / the Hunchback of Notre Dame!"

6. "Remember what I've taught you, Quasimodo / You are deformed / and you are ugly / and these are crimes for which the world shows little pity"

7. "Just one day and then I swear / I'll be content with my share / won't resent, won't despair / Old and bent / I won't care / I'll have spent one day out there!"

8. "Can you hear the silence / the silence of my stone-deaf world?"

9. "So if you see a hunchback / why not take him out to lunch, Jack? / to say, 'Hey, thanks a bunch, mack! / Thank you for being a hunch!' "

Nos. 2, 5, 8, and 9 were sung in *The Critic's Hunch!*; the rest are Disney's.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *I Shot Andy Warhol; Lone Star; Maybe . . . Maybe Not; Stealing Beauty; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/10: *Harriet the Spy.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Two-Lane Blacktop.* Opening 7/12: *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg; Heavy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) . (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Perfect Candidate; Angels & Insects; Cold Comfort Farm; The Low Life; Vive L'Amour.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Independence Day; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Rock.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; Twister.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Flirting With Disaster; Moll Flanders; The Phantom.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Fargo; Mission: Impossible; The Horseman on the Roof.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Independence Day.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Cable Guy.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Eraser; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Mighty Aphrodite.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Moll Flanders.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Mission: Impossible.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Nutty Professor.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th

One-Shot

After the Fall

Wildly embraced when it first played at the 1994 New York Film Festival, Hungarian director Béla Tarr's *Satantango*—a seven-hour, mordantly humorous epic about the fall of Communism in Eastern Europe—will have a special showing July 13 at the Walter Reade Theater. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for info.)

and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Maybe . . . Maybe Not; The Postman.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Dragonheart; Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Independence Day.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Eddie; The Rock.* Opening 7/10: *Harriet the Spy.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Phenomenon.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *James and the Giant Peach; The Birdcage.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Nutty Professor.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Eraser.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *City Hall; Executive Decision; Fear; Flipper; Mystery Science Theater 3000; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Independence Day.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Independence Day.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Rock.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Stealing Beauty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Cold Comfort Farm; Dragonheart; Fargo; Moll Flanders; The Horseman on the Roof; The Phantom; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Eraser.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Eraser; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mission: Impossible.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Flirting With Disaster; The Phantom.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Fargo.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Flirting With Disaster; Lone Star; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Rock.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Eraser; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Eraser; Independence Day.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Cold Comfort Farm.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Independence Day; Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

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Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/10: *Harriet the Spy.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Independence Day.* Opening 7/12: *Courage Under Fire.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Eraser; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Rock.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Eraser; Independence Day; The Cable Guy.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Eraser; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy.* Opening 7/10: *Harriet the Spy.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Eraser; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Phenomenon; The Cable Guy.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Eraser; Independence Day; The Cable Guy.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Striptease; The Nutty Professor.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock; Twister.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Eraser; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/10: *Harriet the Spy.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Rock.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Independence Day; Lone Star; Striptease.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Rock.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Stealing Beauty; The Cable Guy.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Eraser; Independence Day; Striptease.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Dragonheart; Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; Twister.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Nutty Professor; Eraser.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Phenomenon; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Someone Else's America; Twister.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Nutty Professor; Independence Day.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Opening
Death Before Dishonor

In *Courage Under Fire* (opening July 12), Denzel Washington (right) reteams with Edward Zwick, who directed him to an Oscar for 1989's Civil War drama *Glory.* This time, Denzel's investigating the conduct of a female captain (Meg Ryan) who was killed in the Gulf War.

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Eraser; Independence Day.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Phenomenon.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Cable Guy; The Rock.* Opening 7/10: *Harriet the Spy.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock; Twister.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—7/13 and 7/14: "Thrills and Chills with Jack Hill." 7/13: *Foxy Brown* (1974) and *Pit Stop* (1969). 7/14: *Spider Baby* (1968) and *Switchblade Sisters* (1975). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Italian Summer Fim Festival V." 7/11: *Zavattini* and *Alessandro Biasetti*. 7/11 and 7/14: *For Me, to Make a Film Is to Live* (1995). 7/12: *Padre Padrone* (1977). 7/13: N.U. (1948), *La Notte* (1961), and *Voyage to Italy* (1953). 7/14: *Chung Kuo* (1972) and *I Tre Volti* (1965). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival— 7/8: *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938). 7/15: *The Seven Year Itch* (1955). Raindates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

A Different Light—7/7: *Blonde Venus* (1932). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Out of the Seventies: Hollywood's New Wave, 1969–1975." 7/8: *Kid Blue* (1972) and *Dirty Little Billy* (1972). 7/9: *Glen and Randa* (1971) and *Putney Swope* (1969). 7/10 and 7/11: *Dusty and Sweets McGee* (1971) and *Cisco Pike* (1971). 7/12–7/14: *Husbands* (1970). 7/15: *Diary of a Mad Housewife* (1970) and *Wanda* (1971). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film in Void—7/10: *Lolita.* Drinking and smoking permitted. 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Le Livre, Le Film: French Screen Adaptations." 7/8: *Forbidden Games* (1952) and *Diary of a Country Priest* (1954). 7/9 and 7/10: *Madame Bovary* (1991) and *Le Plaisir* (1952). 7/11 and 7/12: *La Princesse de Cleves* (1961) and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (1959). 7/14: *Les Parents Terribles* (1948) and *Death in the Garden* (1956). "Independents Night." 7/11: *Garbage* (1995). 7/13: Special New York Film Festival Encore: *Sátántangó* (1994). 7/13 and 7/14: "Movies for Kids." *Wonder Man* (1945). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/9: *Betty Blue* (1986). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—"Film al Fresco," a series of outdoor screenings, with live music and menu keyed to the film. This summer's theme: cowboys. 7/14: *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1959). 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 admission; no minimum on food or drink required.

Lighthouse Cinema—7/8: *Dada from Z to A* (1964). 7/9: "Scalpel Fetish Night." 7/10: *Battleship Potemkin* (1925). 7/11: *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975). 7/12: "I Know Why You're Afraid: Educational Films That Warped a Generation." 7/13 and 7/14: *Wild in the Streets* (1968). 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.) (979-7571). $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Scorsese at the Movies: Selections from the Martin Scorsese Collection." 7/8: *Blue Skies* (1946) and *Words and Music* (1948). 7/9: *Lady in the Dark* (1944) and *Isle of the Dead* (1948). 7/11 and 7/13: *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942). 7/11 and 7/14: *Macbeth* (1948) and *The Third Man* (1949). 7/12 and 7/13: *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *The Small Back Room* (1949). 7/12 and 7/14: *The Strange Woman* (1946). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

Photograph by Merie W. Wallace/20th Century Fox.

art

Art in the Anchorage...Simon Leung

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ching Ho Cheng—Torn-rag-paper arrangements; through 7/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Antonio Frasconi—Recent prints and illustrated books; through 7/31. Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Pia Stadtbäumer/Eran Schaerf—Figurative sculptures in wax, plaster, felt, and bronze/Site-specific installations. Through 7/23. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700).

57th Street Area

Douglas Argue—Watercolors and mixed-media works on paper that suggest early scientific illustrations; through 7/19. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Laurent de Brunhoff—Recent abstract watercolors by the author and illustrator of the *Babar* books; through 8/2. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Paul Cadmus/George Platt Lynes—Drawings of the male nude from a series the artist began in 1965/A selection of photographs, including nudes, portraits, and fashion work. Through 7/26. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Jacqueline Donachie—An installation that uses sound as a form of storytelling to evoke memories of past feelings and events; through 7/12. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Diane Kepford—Large-scale paintings of women's faces; through 7/17. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Philip Pearlstein—Portraits executed between 1946 and 1996, including those of the artists Scott Burton, Alex Katz, and Raphael Soyer; through 7/31. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Pablo Picasso—Unique ceramic works from the Jacqueline Picasso collection; through 7/14. Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Roderick Buchanan/Jacqueline Donachie—Recent works by these two Glasgow-based artists; through 7/26. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Dale Chihuly—New glass sculptures from the artist's "Chandeliers" series; through 7/26. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Nora Fisch—Computer-generated images of performance art and the counterculture movement of the sixties output onto canvas and paper; through 7/13. Petronko, 568 Broadway (334-4020).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photography

Wild Side

The heady days of punk's pantheon are evoked in images of Deborah Harry and Iggy Pop (by Bob Gruen), Sid Vicious, Mink DeVille, and other rebels by 43 photographers. At Earl McGrath Gallery, 20 West 57th Street; through August 2 (reopens September 3).

Shigeko Kubota—Kinetic sculptures, a video "rock garden," and overhead projections; through 8/2. Fung, 140 Sullivan St. (505-3369).

Finn Reinbothe—Installations, photographs, and paintings by a Danish artist; through 7/12. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Thomas Rose—An installation that incorporates the traditional elements of a garden, among them a gate, a stone, a fountain, a bridge, and a bench; through 7/13. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Edward Ruscha—A survey of the artist's books and book works; through 7/27. Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Nobi Shioya—Sculptures of religious figures submerged in water; through 7/20. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Larry Spaid—Drawings completed in Japan that are the artist's response to the traditional Eastern ornamental, architectural, and utilitarian objects with which he became fascinated; through 7/13. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Lee Stoezel/Mark Stone—Recent paintings by both; through 7/27. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Simon Ungers—A site-specific installation; through 7/20. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Peter Waite—Paintings of various kinds of institutions, among them casinos, prisons, corporate boardrooms, and educational facilities; through 7/26. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Eric Karpeles—The *Sanctuary Project*—an installation of abstract paintings that forms a thirty-by-fifty-foot enclosure intended as a place of contemplation and renewal; through 9/8. Grand Central Terminal, Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Vanderbilt Ave. and Lexington Ave. (340-3284), daily 10–7.

Simon Leung—A project titled "Call to Glory...or Afternoon Tea With Marcel Duchamp" that proposes the Duchampian legacy as a discourse of ethics and consists of individual works in silkscreen, photography, text, sculpture, and video; through 7/26. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366), Wed.– Sun. 11-6.

Mercedes Matter—Still-life drawings from the past ten years; through 7/13. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by Blosser, Borocz, Gandolf, Green, Steinberg, Woodman, others; through 7/25.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Works by Carol Diehl, Charles Garabedian, Grace Knowlton, John Lees, Joan Snyder, Robert Rahway Zakanitch, others; 7/10–8/16.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre*, among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Works on paper, cast-gesso reliefs, plasticine reliefs, and wooden constructions by Lynda Benglis, Louis Lieberman, and Astrid Fitzgerald; through 7/27.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). The gallery's annual summer talent show, with works by more than 25 emerging artists; through 7/26.

57th Street Area

Del Re—41 E. 57th St. (688-1843). Works by Adami, Arman, Indiana, Pousette-Dart, Stella, others; through 8/31.

Photograph by Bob Gruen/Star File.

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French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and still life by Anderson, Briggs, Berg, Fields, Kelly, Linehan, Monafo, J. Patterson, W. Patterson, Zigmond, others; through 9/3.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings and collages from the fifties by Agnes Martin, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Anne Ryan; through 7/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

American Fine Arts, Co.—22 Wooster St. (941-0401). Works by Roy Arden, Tom Burr, Chivas Clem, John Kelsey, Lisa Ruyter, Jayce Salloum, and John Waters; through 7/13.

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Intermission," with works by Matthew Barney, Vanessa Beecroft, David Deutsch, Charles LeDray, Tony Oursler, Wolfgang Tillmans, others; through 7/20.

Bronwyn Keenan—494 Broadway (431-5083). Recent paintings by Sharon Horvath, Thomas Laduke, and Jeanne Tremel; through 7/26.

Donahue—560 Broadway (226-1111). Works by Laurie Fendrich, Vanessa Haney, Ruth Pastine, Li Lin Lee, Nachume Miller, Lenore Tawney, and Robin Utterback; through 7/31.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Sweat," with works on the theme of summer by 31 artists, among them David Byrne, Elliott Green, Kim Jones, and Allison Smith; through 7/13.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Paintings and sculpture by Augustus Goertz, Sarah Leahy, Jim Toia, and Gerald Wolfe; through 7/25.

Hoffman—429 West Broadway (966-6676). Small-scale works by Brady, Buchwald, Eddy, Ferrer, Khalil, MacKenzie, Okulick, Plagens, others; through 7/12.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Sculpture by Donald Baechler, Kostantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; through 9/21.

Klagsbrun—80 Mercer St. (925-5157). Recent works by Dianna Frid, Amy Steiner, and Patricia Thornley; through 7/26.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "The Facts of Life," with works by Peter Krashes, Glen Rubsamen, and James Stivender; through 7/19.

Luhring Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). "Exposure," with photo-based works by Janine Antoni, Sophie Calle, Larry Clark, Gregory Crewdson, Paul McCarthy, Steve Wolfe, and others; through 8/2.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). Works by Devon Dikeou, Robert Heckes, and Christian Schumann/A mixed-media installation by Claude Wampler; through 7/13.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Fourteen Days—A Salon," with works by 32 emerging and established American and European artists, among them Katherine Bradford, Jeanette Christensen, Sally Elesby, Tom Martinelli, Stephen Westfall, and Kit White; 7/10–27.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Carved wood sculptures by Azara, Ghiz, Grossman, King, Von Rydingsvard, Whitten, others; through 7/26.

Senior—375 W. Broadway (941-0960). Works by Hermine Ford, Georgia Marsh, and Elyn Zimmerman; through 8/2.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Recent works by Eric Drooker, Paul Garrin, and David Rokeby; through 8/2.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with works by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Fulton St., Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Creative Time's "Art in the Anchorage '96," with works by Doug Aitken & U-Ziq, Rebecca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, Penelope Umbrico, others; through 8/25.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). Works by Thomas Baldwin, Julie Becker, Rachel Harrison, Josephine Meckseper, and Luke Murphy; through 8/2.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St. at Motorgate Parking Garage, Roosevelt Island (832-4540, ext. 359). Recent sculpture by Mary Carlson, Nina Levy, Heidi Schlatter, others; through 11/15.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), daily until dusk. "Tenth Anniversary Show, Part I" with outdoor sculptures by Colin Chase, Kurt Delbanco, Julie Dermansky, Darrell Petit, Kazumi Tanaka and George Mansfields, and others; through 8/15.

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (945-0505), Tues.–Sat. 12–6. "Sacred, Popular, and Contemporary Art From the Northeast of Brazil" features ex-votos from the collection of Janete Costa of Rio de Janeiro and Recife, and contemporary works by Màrcia Abreu, Caetano Dias, Betânia Luna, Eudes Mota, Marçal Thayde, and others; through 7/13.

Photography

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8143). Vintage and contemporary photographs from the New York City Parks Photography Archive; through 9/13.

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Third annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Steven Brock—Black-and-white portraits of the people of Pomabamba, a remote Andean village in North-Central Peru; through 8/16. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Ellen Brooks—"1975/1995," sculptural and two-dimensional reinventions of adolescents photographed in 1975; through 7/13. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-5480).

Lynn Butler—Photographs of landscapes shot on horseback or from various kinds of moving vehicles; through 7/31. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Carl Chiarenza—Black-and-white abstract photographs taken between 1957 and 1995; through 7/12. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Albert Chong—Photographs by a Jamaican artist whose altarlike still-life compositions and self-portraits of himself engaged in ceremonial acts draw on Obeah, Rastafarianism, Santeria, and other spiritual practices; through 7/20. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Thomas Joshua Cooper—Photographs from the past two decades, including images of the landscape, quarries, and rivers of Great Britain, and more recent images of native American territories and the rivers of Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico; through 7/19. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Imogen Cunningham—Vintage and early photographs of plants and flowers; through 8/2. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Dorothea Lange, Carleton Watkins, others; "Selections From *Life*," with works by Loomis Dean, Elliott Erwitt, John Loengard, Mark Shaw, others; through 7/26.

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Photographs of dancers by Lois Greenfield, Gjon Mili, and Barbara Morgan; through 8/2.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society"; 7/12–11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Gustav Klutsis—Photographs and photomontages of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster sketches, and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). An exhibition of photogravures dating from 1903 to the present, ranging from examples from *Camera Work*, the illustrated periodical published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz to contemporary projects by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy DeCarava; through 8/2.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). "The Cool & the Crazy: Images of Punk," with works by Dan Asher, Victor Bockris, Bob Gruen, Christopher Makos, Marcia Resnick, and others; through 8/2 (reopens 9/3).

Pedro Meyer—Computer-enhanced photographs whose imagery comments on the similarities and contrasts between Mexico and the United States; through 8/17. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Frederic Ohringer—Photographs of flowers, nudes, and landscapes; through 7/12. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Sebastiano Piras—Portraits of artists from his new book, *Artists Exposed*; through 7/14. Space Untitled, 133 Greene St. (245-2888).

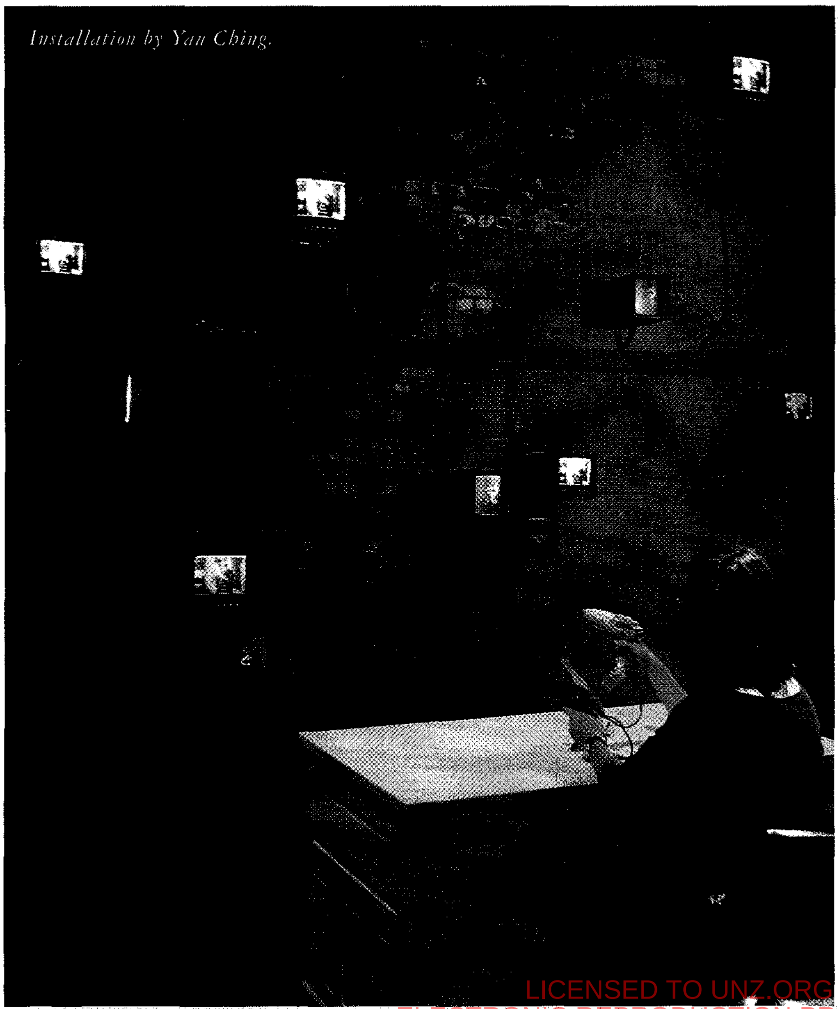
Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and other photographers and scientists chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the last two centuries; through 8/15.

Seagram—375 Park Ave. (572-7379). California photography from the seventies; through 8/16.

World Financial Center—200 Liberty St. (945-2600). "Sacred Lands of the Southwest," an installation of Harvey Lloyd's aerial photographs of national parks, monuments, pueblos, and Anasazi ruins on the Colorado plateau; through 9/6.

Installation
Art Down Under

It's rare that a structure with a design perfectly suited to one purpose lends itself well to another. But that's exactly the case with one of the gargantuan stone-and-steel structures that John Roebling devised a century ago to secure the main cables of the Brooklyn Bridge to terra firma. The Brooklyn Anchorage, piled near the River Cafe at Old Fulton Street, is just as brilliant at showcasing art, having been pressed into service as a summer exhibition and performance space in 1983 by one of the city's chief presenters of public art, Creative Time. (The Manhattan Anchorage is closed to the public and used for storage.) Inside is a vision straight out of Piranesi, all soaring vaults and arches of masonry and brick—cool, damp, and resonant. Until August 25, the space houses a show of digital and media-based art inspired by more-contemporary wonder devices. Installations include work by Doug Aitken, Rebeca Bollinger and Jim Campbell, Yau Ching, Pierrick Sorin, and Penelope Umbrico. And this week, on July 12, to exploit every last cubic foot of the historic space, Creative Time is opening a music series with a program by Soundlab (see "Nightlife," page 75). All of which gives new life to Montgomery Schuyler's words heralding the bridge's opening in 1883: "The work which is likely to be our most durable monument, and to convey some knowledge of us to the most remote posterity, is a work of bare utility; not a shrine, not a fortress, not a palace, but a bridge." **STEPHEN GRECO**


Installation by Yau Ching.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The New York Times"; through 9/29. . . . "Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Josef Frank, Architect and Designer: An Alternative Vision of the Modern Home." Architectural drawings, models, drawings for applied arts, furniture, textiles, and other works by the Viennese designer and architect; through 7/21. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30).

Bronx Museum of the Arts—1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

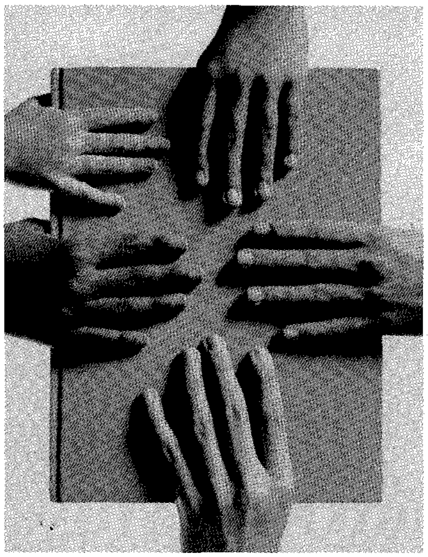
Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 8/11. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"On the Prowl: Hunters and the Hunted" with hunting images in paintings and sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye, Jean-Lèon Gèrôme, Constant Troyon, and others; through 10/5. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-visions of El Barrio." A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . "Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto"; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first



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1996 EMERGENCY BOOK FUND

major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/29. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500), Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 a.m. and making hourly trips on the half hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Winslow Homer." The first comprehensive of the American painter's work in more than 20 years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . "American Printmaking 1880–1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries"; through 9/22. . . . "Toulouse Lautrec." Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 9/15. . . . "Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection"; through 9/1. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid *trompe-l'oeil* panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. . . . "American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8. . . . "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*"; through10/8. . . . "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3. . . . "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980–95"; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults), $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, One Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily; free.

New York Public Library—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996"; through 10/19. . . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters"; through 7/31. . . . "The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. . . . "Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*";through 9/15. . . . "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1. . . . "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Heroic Painting." Works by Bo Bartlett, Vincent Desiderio, Walton Ford, Lawrence Gipe, Julie Heffernan, Komar and Melamid, and Mark Tansey; 7/19–9/8. . . . "Visions of Ireland: Jack B. Yeats." Paintings by Ireland's most noted modern painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871–1957); 7/19–9/8. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Shigeko Kubota." An installation of the artist's video sculptures; through 8/25. . . . "NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . "Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West"; through 9/22. . . . "Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/10 at 10: "Victorian Furniture & Decorative Arts." On view from 7/6.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 7/18 at 2:30: "Shelf Sale." On view from 7/15.

theater

Brian Murray...The Boys in the Cake

Broadway

Previews and Openings

A Thousand Clowns—Well before sixties counterculture developed its full head of steam, playwright Herb Gardner was already providing Broadway with characters who marched to a different drummer. Judd Hirsch stars in this revival of his 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Opening 7/14; through 8/10. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$ 70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVE-MAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—The writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35-$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/21. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Henry V—Once more unto the breach, dear friends! This play, starring André Braugher (of TV's *Homicide*) as Shakespeare's noblest monarch—a role that's made stars of actors ranging from Laurence Olivier to Kenneth Branagh—is currently kicking off the forty-first season of Shakespeare in the Park at the Delacorte. Through 7/14. Free, with a limit of two tickets per applicant. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Tickets may be picked up on the day of performance, starting at 1 P.M. at the *Delacorte Theater in Central Park,* and between 1 and 3 P.M. at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.;* the closest entrances and footpaths leading directly to the Delacorte are at *81st St. and Central Park West* and at *79th St. and Fifth Ave.* Through 7/14. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. With Matthew Broderick in the starring role in which he opened the production last spring, now opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/14. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and impris-on-

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Previews

Dragnet

The plot of Charlie! has something to do with a renegade mastermind's fiendish plot to kidnap a big wheel in the cosmetics industry, but unless you're the sort who, say, submits Angie Dickinson movies to really rigorous critical analysis, that is likely to be of less immediate appeal than the opportunity the show offers an impressive quartet of downtown drag divas—Sherry Vine, Misstress Formika, Candis Cayne, and Justin Bond—to strut their not inconsiderable stuff. At HERE, 145 Sixth Avenue (647-0202).

Photograph by Micheal Wakefield.

ment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the current Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

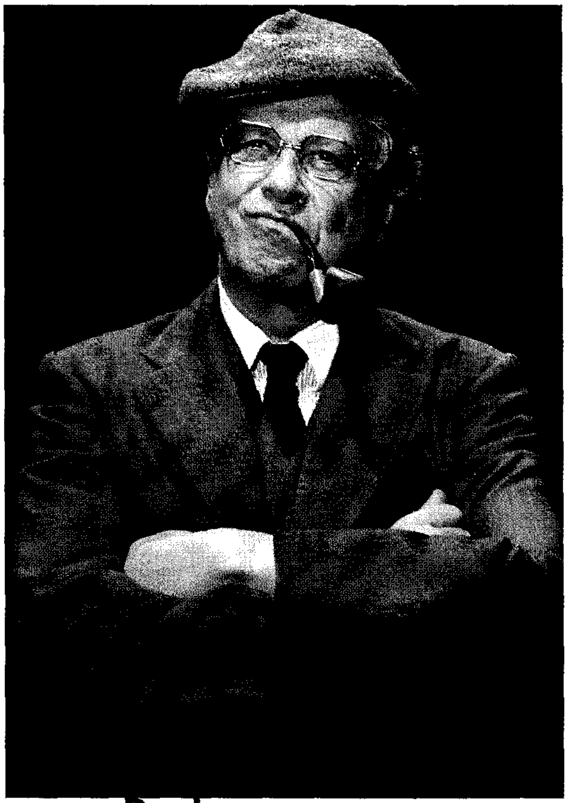
Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*



Previews

Ghost Story

"So we beat on," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, "boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." That point is brought home to Brian Murray (above) in a particularly vivid manner in the Irish Repertory Theater's revival of 'Da,' Hugh Leonard's 1978 play about a returning expatriate coming to terms with the ghost of his dead father.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aliens in America—You think *your* parents didn't understand you? Check out Los Angeles writer and performer Sandra Tsing Loh's chronicle of growing up in Southern California in the context of a family background composed of equal parts of Chinese and German cultural influences. Chopsticks with that sauerbraten, anyone? $32.50–$37.50. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/18 opening. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

Da—$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/18 opening at 7. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

I Love You, You're Perfect . . . Now Change!—A musical revue about what seems an amusingly quaint subject these days, heterosexual bonding. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Beginning previews 7/17 for an 8/1 opening. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature,* but you get the idea.) $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Beginning performances 7/9 for a 7/28 opening at 7. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the past 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 7/28. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Curtains—The New Group, which has emerged within the past year as one of the city's most promising Off Broadway companies, continues its program of bringing smaller, quality British plays to New York with this production of Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway,* has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, will-

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

ing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Heavenly Days—The Greek myth of Amphitryon has been retold so many times that André Gide gave up on the renaming process and simply appended a number in the high thirties to *his* version. John Glines's updated restyling of this classic text looks at it from a modern gay perspective—not so far from the original as you might at first think, actually. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sun. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St., south of Christopher (924-1198).*

Jasper in Gramercy Park—An elderly couple find themselves mysteriously sustained through the trials of "various and multiple lifetimes" by the presence of a large bossy dog (and hey, we're here to tell you it *does* happen) in Mary Mitchell's new play. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (598-2385).*

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Rex Chandler; directed by Mr. Larsen. $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pick Up Ax—A comedy about the growing pains of the personal-computer industry. $20; Thursdays, pay what you can. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/13. *29th Street Rep., 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

The Trojan Women: A Love Story—This update of Euripides' bitterest war play is performed in the ruins of the East River Park Amphitheatre, near FDR Drive and Grand Street—a neat New York twist on Peter Brook's European gambit of staging the masterpieces of Western drama at sites offering a postmodern whiff of decayed classicism. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/14. *East River Park Amphitheatre, FDR Drive at Grand St. (279-6400).*

Off-Off Broadway

Anything Goes: An Evening of Dorothy Parker—$12. 7/10–12, 16–19 at 8. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. (966-9371).*

Beyond Therapy—$12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles (330-7607).*

Bipolar Expeditions—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/20. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (343-1181).*

Bride Stripped Bare—Love, sex, art, money: Add an unhappy marriage. $10. 7/10–12. *Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway, bet. Broome and Grand (334-9594).*

Charlie!—$12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., bet. Spring and Broome Sts. (647-0202).*

Duet! A Romantic Fable—$10. 7/11–13 at 7. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St., bet. Spring and Broome Sts. (560-7387).*

Godspell—$15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

In My Father's House—$10–$17. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 4. Through 7/28. *Billie Holiday Theatre, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-0918-9).*

Macbeth—$10. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 7/15. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church (966-9371).*

Once Upon a Time in the Bronx—$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Fool's Space, 311 W. 43rd St., Eighth Floor (260-0483).*

Piece of Cake—$10, plus two-drink minimum. Thurs. at 10, Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. *Rose's Turn, 55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Premium Bob—$10. Thurs. at 8. Through 8/15. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (431-9220).*

Summerfest '96—$10; $8 for groups of ten or more. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/21. *42nd Street Collective, 432 W. 42nd St. (967-1481).*

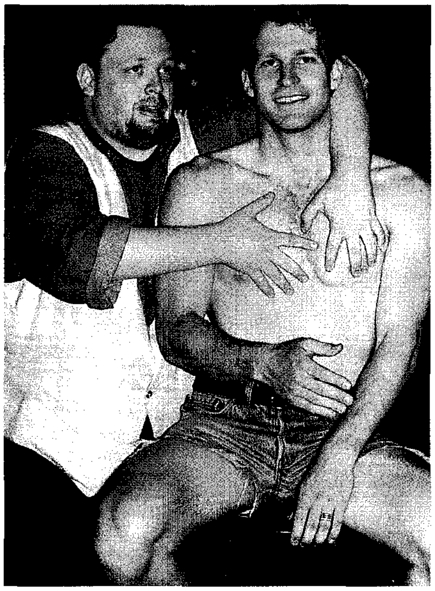
Sweet Sadie—$7/TDF. 7/10, 7/17 at 7:30, 7/12–13, 7/19–20 at 10:30. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (219-3088).*

Tell Me What You Want—$15/TDF. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 7/23. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (206-1764).*

Wedding Pictures—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/21. *42nd Street Workshop, 432 W. 42nd St., third floor (695-4173).*

Onstage
Sur-*priiiiise!*

***Imagine the consternation—that's one word, but* perhaps you can think of others—when a man's last night of bachelorhood preceding his marriage to a shrewish virago is taken up with a party whose principal feature is a large cake containing his former gay lover. Kevin Hammonds's comedy *Piece of Cake* features a stripper, many humorous double entendres, and inflatable dolls. At Rose's Turn, 55 Grove Street (366-5438).**



Photograph by Ron Reeves.

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nightlife

James Moody...Music Under the Bridge

Concerts

MacIntosh New Music Festival—The city-wide industry trade show formerly known as the New Music Seminar takes over New York, offering an impressive array of talent and a requisite army of laminate-bearing rock enthusiasts wondering whether their pass will comp them. Performances are hereafter denoted by an asterisk (*).

Audio Ballerinas and Electronic Guys—Wearing "audio tutus" and "audio evening jackets" equipped with digital memory, looping devices, and speakers, the German performance-art troupe Audio Gruppe creates what promises to be a thoroughly bizarre cyber-ballet. 7/10–7/13 at 8 P.M. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793). $15.*

The Chieftains—Ireland's most charming, eloquent ambassadors continue to bring traditional Celtic music—and phenomenal virtuosity—to the world. 7/11 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—A summerlong series of concerts showcasing talent from around the globe. Dancing is encouraged. 7/10: The all-female Kit McClure Big Band. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Free.*

Johnny Clegg and Jaluka—Having defied prosecution while exploring traditional Zulu music during the apartheid era, South Africa's premier crossover pop artist invades Central Park with Mahlathini and the Mahotella Queens on 7/14 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

The Music of Ella Fitzgerald—The recently departed queen of scat gets her due from well-wishers and old friends, including Karrin Allyson, Ernestine Anderson, Ray Brown, Ruth Brown, Ann Hampton Calloway, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Lionel Hampton, Shirley Horn, and Clark Terry. 7/9–7/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. between Sixth and Seventh Aves. (247-7800). $18–$70.*

Kraft Country Tour—With Lorrie Morgan, Pam Tillis, and Carlene Carter. 7/11 at 6 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. (307-7171). $15.*

Bill Laswell—*Über*-producer of such eclectic clientele as Mick Jagger and Afrika Bambaata, and exceptionally groovy bass player behind some of the weirder post-punk and early hip-hop outings of the eighties, Laswell brings his avant-funk to town, fronting a horde of former protégés and colleagues, including proto-rap outfit Last Poets and ex–Public Image Ltd. collaborator Jah Wobble. 7/13 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Midsummer Night Swing—A monthlong event offering instructional ballroom dancing under the stars in the Lincoln Center courtyard. Swing, salsa, merengue, cajun, and polka with many of the masters that were there the first time around. 7/10: Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. 7/11: Johnny Gimble with Bill Kirchen and Too Much Fun. 7/12: Ray Sepulveda; Oro Solido. 7/13: Loren Schoenberg Big Band featuring Barbara Lea. Fountain plaza at *Lincoln Center, Broadway and 63rd St. (875-5102). $8.*

Ryoko Moriyama—Famed crooner from Japan. 7/12 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. between Sixth and Seventh Aves. (247-7800). $10–$50.*

Charli Persip Trio—Part of the eight-week-long Harlem Meer Performance Festival. 7/13 at 2 P.M. *Dana Discovery Center Plaza, Central Park at 110th St. Free.*

Red Clay Ramblers—Part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival at the Prospect Park Bandshell. 7/12 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

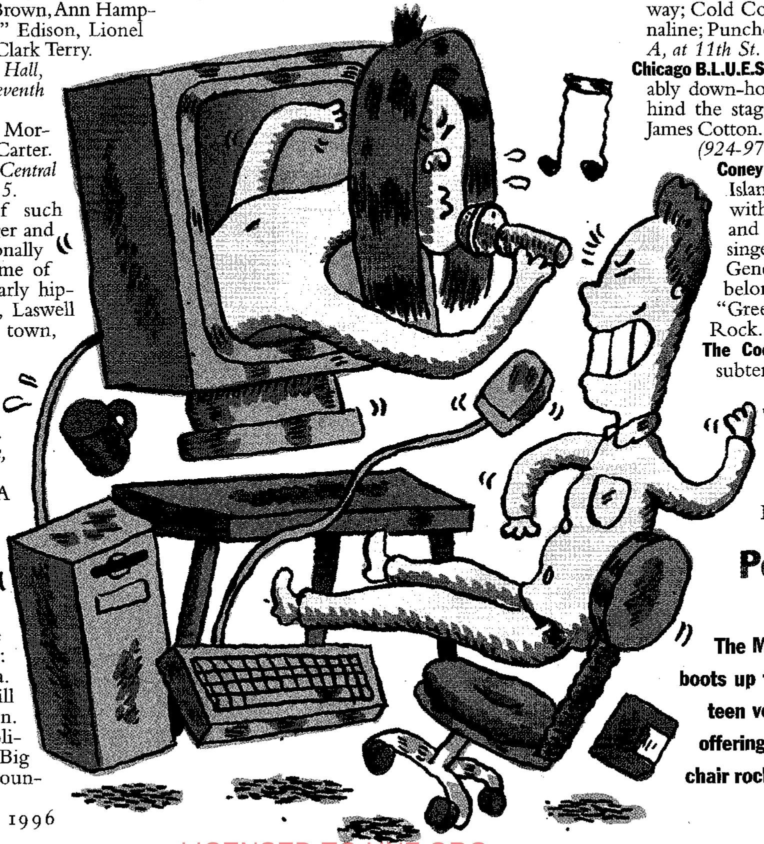
REO Speedwagon; Foreigner—7/13 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

Smashing Pumpkins; Garbage—Having redeemed their street credibility with a string of pseudonymous gigs in small clubs around the country, the good eggs of alternative rock are back in the arena, playing songs from their sprawling, double-album opus, *Melon Collie and the Infinite Sadness.* Interestingly, they're joined by Garbage, whose drummer-producer, Butch Vig, helped craft the sonic signatures of both Pumpkins head Billy Corgan and Kurt Cobain. Thanks to the sloe-eyed presence and obliquely provocative lyrics of singer Shirley Manson, Garbage has already outshone Vig's rep and made good as a distinctive voice in the post-grunge generation. 7/14 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (307-7171). $27.50.*

Styx; Kansas—7/14 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

The Subdudes—Part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival at the Prospect Park Bandshell. 7/13 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

Donna Summer—7/12 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*



Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Charlie Watts—On the heels of his recent effort *Long Ago and Far Away*, the Rolling Stones' perennial straight man (and perhaps the only drummer in the history of rock and roll to categorically refuse to hit the high hat and snare drum at the same time), Charlie Watts is back on the solo stage, with a quintet in tow. Judging by the album, and Watts's 1991 solo outing, the ballad-heavy *Warm and Tender*, it should be a sentimental evening. 7/11 at 7:30 P.M., *The Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (307-7171). $50.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/12: Holy Modal Rounders, featuring Peter Stampfel and Steve Weber; Austin Lounge Lizards. 7/16: Jann Arden; Billy Mann; Patty Griffin. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/9: Gigolo Aunts; Juicy; Barstool Prophets. 7/10: Felonius Punk; Spitball. 7/11: Curt Smith, half of Tears for Fears, and his new outfit, Mayfield. 7/14: *The Wives; Shiva Speedway; Cold Cold Hearts. 7/15: *The Wrens; Varnaline; Punchdrunk. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. 7/12: Roomful of Blues. 7/13: James Cotton. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

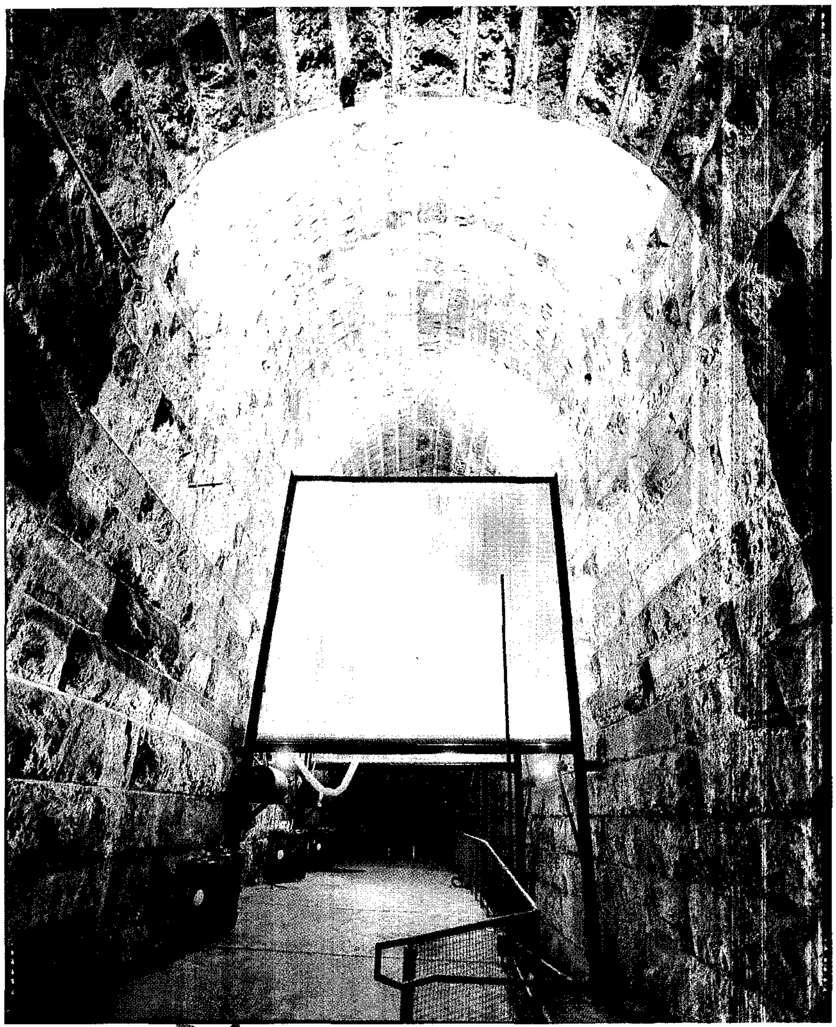
Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." 7/13: Dash Rip Rock. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 7/11: Primordial Source. 7/12: Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers; Primordial Source. 7/14: *Ear; Sonic Boom; Bardo Pond; Reservoir; Shallow.

Performance Rock Online

The Macintosh New York Music Festival boots up this week, commandeering seventeen venues, presenting 450 bands, and offering live Internet access for the armchair rocker (www.thegig.com), July 14–20.

Illustration by Paul Corio.



Performance

Under the Bridge

Pink Floyd had the pyramids; Yanni had the acropolis; here in New York, we've got . . . the Brooklyn Bridge. Though a thoroughly familiar sight to commuters, this underappreciated bit of municipal history actually presents one of the most breathtaking concert spaces in the tristate region: vaulted 50-foot ceilings, eight cavernous chambers—a chilly, baroque marvel of masonry and steel whose booming acoustics rival those of that other magnificent public concert hall, Grand Central station. This week, Music in the Anchorage seizes these theatrical possibilities by showcasing artists for whom ambience is, if not everything, at least a major aesthetic value. The nine-night series begins with the stars of weekly D.J. salon Soundlab, including D.J.'s Spooky, Olive, and Soulslinger, who will use all eight chambers of this space for their aural canvas. On July 17, Trans Am and Ui—cultish instrumental bands often designated "post-rock" and hence confined to cozy, hipsters-only basements—will enjoy the tremendous sonic vacuum. And on July 18, industrial-rock stars Foetus will be preceded by the wonderful downtown trio Spanish Fly, whose spare, gestural improvisations should turn the Anchorage into a secular mosque to jazz, folk, and blues. Though every *night offers all manner of audio and visual extravaganzas, one remaining highlight is particularly apt:* the U.S. debut of the British artist Scanner, who uses a police-style radio scanner to mix live cellular-phone conversations and other bits of audio jetsam into a soundscape *truly* reflective of its environment. We just hope the girders don't hurt reception.

Chris Norris

7/15: *Lazy Boy; Dave Tronzo; Douce Gimlet. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

ez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 7/15: *Rasputina; Candy Butchers. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

rving Plaza—Recently relieved of his Lollapalooza obligations, the always enterprising Perry Farrell hauls out his Porno for Pyros in support of the recently released *Good God's Urge.* Those nostalgic for the good old days may be placated with possible guest appearances by Minutemen/fire-hose alumnus Mike Watt and ex–Janes Addiction guitar wizard–cum–Chili Pepper Dave Navarro, both of whom appear on the album. They play 7/10–7/11 with this year's most pleasant surprise, Japanese hip-hop wunderkinder Cibo Matto. 7/13–7/14: *Bogmen; Rake's Progress. 7/15: *Post-punk mesomorph Henry Rollins showcases the various spoken-word and musical works of his 2.13.61 label.

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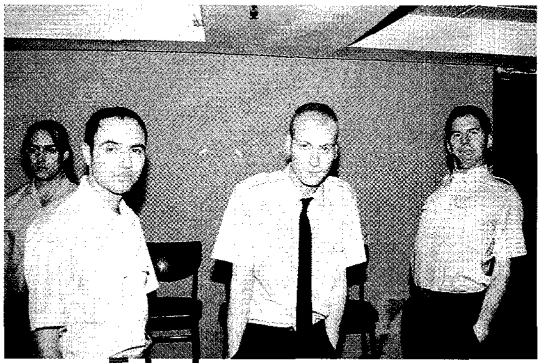
7/16: *Soul Coughing; Trans Am; Grassy Knoll. 7/17: *Superdrag; Ash. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Along with his countryman Derek Bailey, Fred Frith stands as one of the most engagingly quirky champions of guitar improvisation, from his work in the early seventies rock/jazz/new-music/medieval-chamber-music band Henry Cow to his more recent exploits with the likes of Bill Laswell, John Zorn, and the Golden Palominos. He performs solo on 7/11 and with his guitar quartet 7/14: *Arto Lindsay; Ui. 7/15: *Danny Gottlieb. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/13: The West Coast songwriter sensation Peter Droge, he of the delightful tune "If You Don't Love Me (I'll Kill Myself)," brings out his new band the Sinners, playing songs from their record *Find a Door.* With Phil Cody. 7/14: Sparklehorse. 7/16: Indie-rock troubadour and—as gossip pages have it—a would-be Courtney Love assassinatee, Mary Lou Lord dispels scenester dirt and nuggets of wisdom with Elliot Smith and Danielle Howle. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*



Talent

Funk Verité

Downtown brainiacs Soul Coughing (July 16, Irving Plaza) proffer loose-limbed grooves, passing-car-radio noise, and neurotic post-Beat prosody—the perfect soundtrack to a New York summer.

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/11: Go to Blazes; Disappear Fear. 7/14: *Elysian Fields; Coyotes; Fuzzbubble. 7/15: *Steve Wynn; Come. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. 7/9: The Carpetbaggers. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 7/9: Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 7/10: The Itals. 7/12: Calypso star David Rudder and Charlie Roots. 7/14: *King Chango; Bohemia Suburbiana. 7/15: *Cubalibre; Cuban percussionist Wicly. Every Saturday is "African Night in New York." Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. 7/11: Charlie Watts. 7/12–7/13: Lionel Hampton and his seventeen-piece orchestra. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. 7/9: Squirrel Nut Zippers. 7/10: Average White Band. 7/11: Subdudes. 7/12–7/13: Old-school funk from somewhat diminished seventies giants Kool and the Gang and the Gap Band. 7/14: *Toni Childs. 7/15: *Gov't Mule; Scud Mountain Boys; Hot Water Music; Hookers. 7/18: *The Pharcyde. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 7/14: *Napalm Death. 7/15: *The theatrical and supersonically facile avant-guitar phenom Buckethead. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking lights. 7/12: Cecil Payne Quintet. 7/13: Sugar Hill Jazz Quartet featuring Ghanniyya Green. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—7/9–7/14: Chuck Mangione. 7/16–7/21: Of all the distinguished seniors in Lionel Hampton's current big band, none seems so full of youthful vigor as tenor saxophonist James Moody, a jubilantly swinging, rhapsodically singing rascal. Of course, Moody's 71 years do make him the junior in that crew, but even on his own, the multi-hornist seems to have weathered the years since cutting the classic "Moody's Mood for Love" with his sanguine outlook remarkably untouched. Such is the vigor of Moody's new *Young at Heart,* on which he plays songs of that hard-bitten romantic Frank Sinatra. Its big-band and orchestral settings recall both Gil Evans and Nelson Riddle and the witty phrasing and exuberant melodicism of its central figure are vintage Moody, circa now. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 7/8–7/13: Joanne Brackeen and Cecil McBee. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The globe-trotting pianist Rodney Kendrick, playing with a rugged, rootsy style reminiscent of the late Don Pullen, continues to blend West African rhythms, jazz improvisation, and a stellar collection of sideman—including, on his most recent record, *Last Chance for Common Sense,* avant-saxophone giant Dewey Redman. Kendrick leads a Sextet here 7/9–7/14, sharing the bill with the wonderful singer Kevin Mahogany, who played Big Joe Turner in Robert Altman's new period piece *Kansas City.* 7/16–7/21: Tommy Flanagan Trio. The great guitar innovator Les Paul has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 7/10–7/13: Pianist Steve Kuhn, bassist David Finck, and drummer Joey Baron. Every Sunday in July, it's vocalist Phoebe Legere. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2

Photograph by Marcelo Krasilcic.

A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 7/9–7/14: Bruce Barth Quartet. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. 7/9–7/14: Catskills comedian Dick Capri. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/9–7/14: New-jack jazz diva Jeanie Bryson with Red Holloway. 7/16–7/21: Wessell Anderson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 7/10: Lynne Arriale Trio. 7/12–7/13: Sam Newsome and Motric Development. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Through 6/30: Dom Irrera. 7/9: New York Comedy Nights. 7/12–7/14: Norm McDonald. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 7/14: Greeg Barnes; Dave Attell; Greg Fitzsimmons; Greg Giraldo; William Stephenson. Shows Fri. 9 and 11 P.M., Sat. 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M., Sun. 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/8–7/14: Nancy Redman; Brian McFadden; John Rizzo; Ben Creed; Billy Jaye; Gregory Carey. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 7/12–7/13: Linda Smith; DC Benny; Dave Attell. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/11–7/13: Dave Attell; Linda Smith; Gregg Rogelle; Al Lubell. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—With each return engagement—this is his third—the smooth young romantic crooner Phillip Officer seems more at home in this distinguished and intimate venue. His current offering is a show titled "Going My Way," a tribute to *simpatico* noodler Bing Crosby. Through 7/27. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/20, Sam Harris and Laurie Beechman join forces for an evening of standards from Irving Berlin, Noel Coward, and the contemporary Broadway scene. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the **Rainbow Room's** "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band on alternate evenings, Tues.–Sat. from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. $20 music charge; an à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.–Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. (A CD of recordings from the series was recently issued and is well worth your notice.) This week, Rebecca Holt (*How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*) sings the songs of Richard Rodgers. No cover; no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

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Lower New York

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Opening
Sister Act

The four sisters who opened Tsampa last week all have solid restaurant experience—one even did time at McDonald's, reason enough for opening a Tibetan health-food restaurant. Named for the Tibetan staple of roasted, ground barley, Tsampa is a family business, a bittersweet achievement given the family circumstances. Their father, who left Tibet after the Chinese invasion, is still a refugee in India, and their mother succumbed to cancer, which explains the menu's holistic bent—organic produce, free-range poultry, and a surfeit of tofu in place of red meat. But the gingery udon noodles, broiled fish, curried chicken, and zesty dumplings, called momos, don't suffer at all from killjoy macrobiotic austerity. Perhaps in deference to its neighbors on this strip of the East Village's Little Tokyo, Tsampa also offers teriyaki and a roster of norimaki rolls. (212 East 9th Street.)

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 Macdougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

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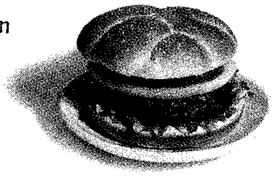

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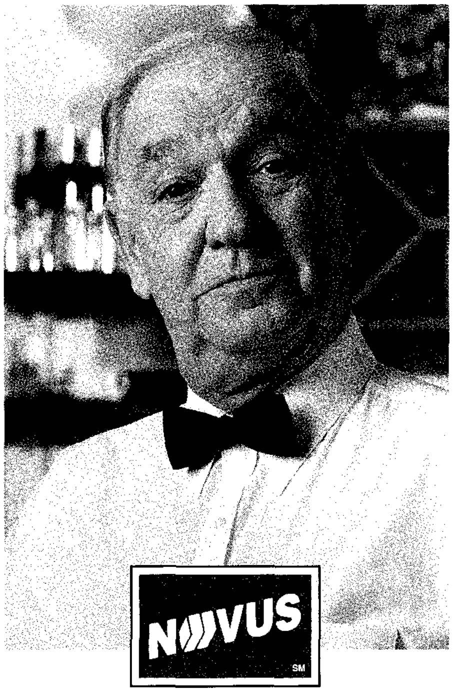

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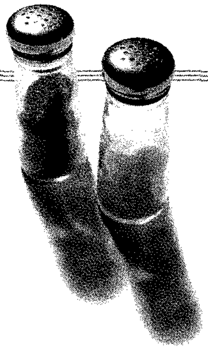

This month's list

Biricchino
260 West 29th Street, New York
(212)695-6690

Da Tomaso
903 Eighth Avenue, New York
(212)265-1890

Depoteataro
125 West 44th Street, New York
(212)869-2849

Fiesta Mexicana
2823 Broadway, New York
(212)662-2535

Janine's
302 Columbus Avenue, New York
(212)501-7500

Judson Grill
152 West 52nd Street, New York
(212)582-5252

La Sorbonne
541 La Guardia Place, New York
(212)475-1237

Mad Fish
2182 Broadway, New York
(212)787-0202

Paulie's Pizza
& Italian Kitchen
460 West 34th Street, New York
(212)643-9797

Sutton Grill
1016 2nd Avenue, New York
(212)755-3663

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execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—The new, fancified reincarnation of Daphne's Hibiscus is a relaxing, tropical backdrop for the ambitious cooking of chef Herb Wilson. Sample his nouvelle Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-calalloo tart with scotch bonnet-and-tomato salsa, or coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 36 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—the pupu-platter appetizer. *35 Union Square West (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this cavernous, casual crab hall is famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. *Chelsea Piers; Pier 61 (312-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Takeout
Traveling Circus

Picnic-perfect sandwiches, like this panino di campagna—marinated eggplant, fresh mozzarella, red and yellow tomatoes, and arugula pesto on ciabatta—are a reason to frequent Osteria del Circo's well-stocked, and happily affordable ($5 to $8.50 for soups, salads, and panini), takeout counter. (120 West 55th Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ask Gael

Summer Sleeper

o you keep a few secrets for just yourself and friends?

m Valenti's brilliant and savory cooking at Cascabel is no secret. nd mirrors on scarlet-lacquered walls and romantic lighting strike ie as sexy. So why isn't the place packed with gourmands and vers? Beats me. Tasting voluptuous, wild-mushroom-filled raviolo, harred-lamb-and-roasted-pepper salad, tenderest grilled rabbit, and stunning short-rib pot au feu recently, I found the food better than ver. And now there's a new café menu for budgeteers—smallish lates priced from $5 to $8: mussel-white-bean ragoût, fragrant raised tripe, goat-cheese ravioli and soft mushroom-studded polen- under a robiola melt. (218 Lafayette Street.)

Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

owers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

oran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

mply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

orld Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

tos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. *307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

otograph by Bernd Auers.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Fifties-theme diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

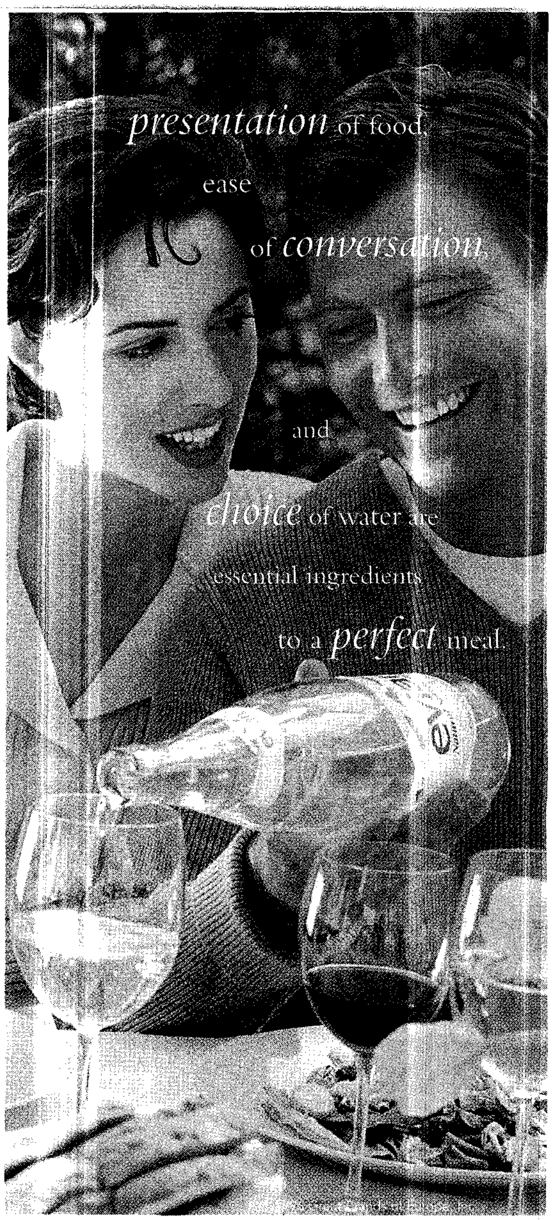
Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

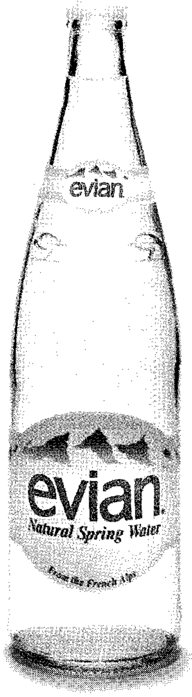
Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cui-





Mad Fish
2182 Broadway (Btwn. 77th & 78th)
212-787-0202

Zeppole
186 Franklin St. (Btwn. Hud. & G'wich)
212-431-6726

Cafe Luxembourg
200 W. 70th St. (Btwn. Amst. & West End)
212-873-7411

Boxers
190 W. Fourth St. (Btwn. 6th & 7th)
212-633-BARK

Sanzin
180 Spring St. (Thompson)
212-965-0710

Shark Bar
307 Amsterdam Ave. (Btwn. 74th & 75th)
212-874-8500

sine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24) (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything cre-

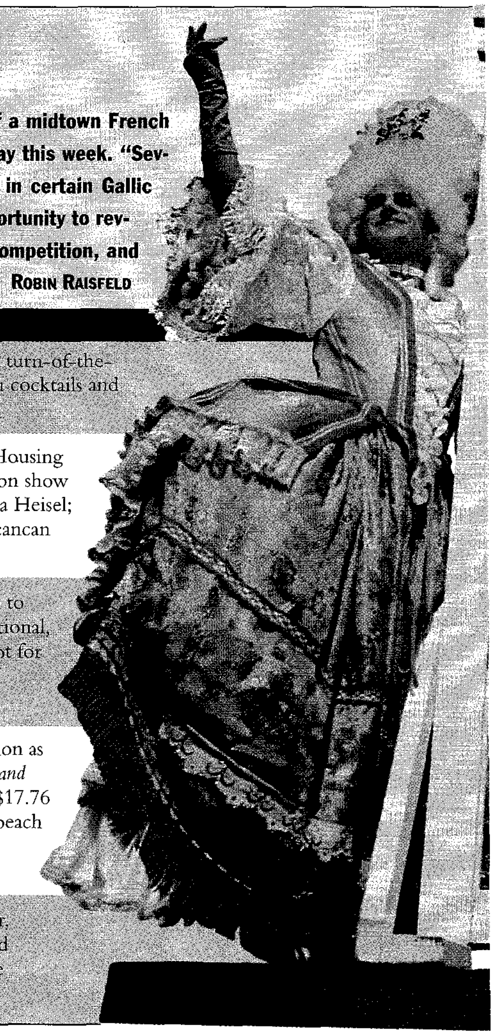
Data

Liberated Thinking

"You know how many people were 'liberated' from the Bastille?" asks the owner of a midtown French restaurant that's conspicuously ignoring the marketing possibilities of Bastille Day this week. "Seven." Perhaps it wasn't exactly history's most prodigious populist uprising, but, in certain Gallic pockets of New York, this Sunday gives émigrés (and their American sympathizers) the opportunity to revel in *la joie de la liberté*. Expect carousing, outdoor (hence legal) smoking, high-spirited competition, and an uncontested assumption of cultural superiority.

ROBIN RAISFELD

WHERE	HOW THEY CELEBRATE
La Luncheonette (675-0342)	Reserve your spot on the incongruously named *Yankee*, a turn-of-the-century steamboat anchored on the Hudson. $65 gets you cocktails and hors d'oeuvre, a three-course dinner, and a swing trio.
Florent, Gansevoort Street between Washington and Hudson (989-5779)	The seventh-annual Francophiliac street fair (benefiting Housing Works) features prix fixe lunch and dinner menus; a fashion show with creations by Susan Lazar, Cynthia Rowley, and Sylvia Heisel; and entertainment both camp and not: performance art, cancan dancers, and revolutionary reenactments (pictured).
Provence, 38 Macdougal Street (475-7500)	Macdougal between King and Prince Streets closes down to accommodate the city's annual restaurant pétanque invitational, with 40 teams and countless chef-groupie spectators. Root for your favorite while munching on pan bagnat, gazpacho, tabbouleh, and steak frites.
Les Halles, 411 Park Avenue South (679-4111)	In the interest of world peace, and to drag out the celebration as long as possible, this steakhouse commemorates American *and* French independence. Starting July 4, patriots can order a $17.76 lunch of Texas short ribs, Louisiana étouffée, and Georgia-peach cobbler. On Sunday, the French flag flies with a costume drama, sidewalk pétanque, and a special Gallic menu.
The City Bakery, 22 East 17th Street (366-1414)	Maury Rubin, New York's preeminent French-style baker, executes "classic French pastry" like napoleons, eclairs, and madeleines. (You'll have to pick them up on Saturday; the bakery's closed Sunday.)



ated by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'atsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

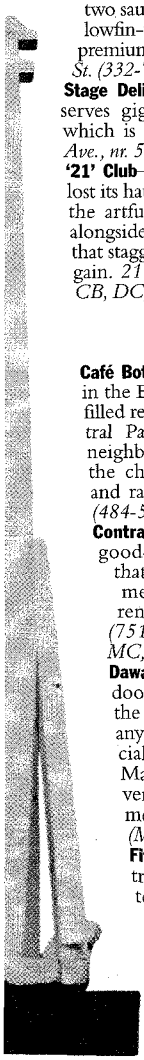
'ierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

'ig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

'uttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

tainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

tuth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



he Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of grilled lobster and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner, or tea, and the contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Colony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a

4th Annual Down East Clambake and Lobsterfest!

Every night
from 5 to 11 pm
through Sept. 7th

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Steamed Clams and Mussels
With Boiled Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Corn Bread and Coleslaw
and for dessert
New York Cheesecake
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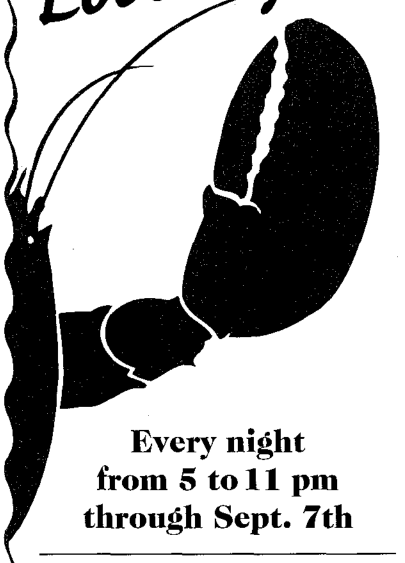


room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) ($).*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions o moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabob and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, D MC, V.*

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York Live music on weekends, and kids eat free o Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at a it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky wit tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foi gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass o port to accompany the amazingly rich and well chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585 (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your countr cousin. This mazelike collection of dining room each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab rid short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables an red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhous less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view o Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and past for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu o fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss th raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossin the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted b the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predate the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly herald as New York's best barbecue, this coz Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51 Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030) Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Opening
In the South of Manhattan

La Cigale is the charming result of a series of right choices by its young and beautiful owner, first-time restaurateur Katie Ward. Her Mott Street location feels like Little Italy in contrast with SoHo's retail Babylon a few blocks west, and the garden, like a downtown Monkey Bar *champêtre.* Her 131-word menu is as spare, and as considered, as a sonnet. Most important, there is her chef, Daniel Inserra, whose culinary precision, intense flavors, and creative flair reflect his years as a cook under David Bouley in New York and Jeremiah Tower in Northern California.

Inserra's grouper with eggplant, roasted tomatoes, braised fennel, and red-pepper coulis is a successful ménage where all the partners retain a strong identity. Grilled mahimahi with herbed couscous, baby tomatoes, and basil, similarly, unites strong solo tastes. Here Inserra streaks the plate with a pistoulike preparation of fresh basil and basil oil. The one meat offering, a roasted filet mignon, is simple and terrific.

My favorite appetizer is the asparagus with field greens dressed in a lemon vinaigrette. Malpeque oysters with shallots and raspberry vinegar are briny and delicious. Desserts featured the best sherbets I have ever had, leaving me hard-pressed to choose between raspberry-mint and mango. The wine list is well chosen, especially a crisp '94 Domaine Boudin that defeated the wilt of a humid city night. (231 Mott Street; 334-4331.)

Peter Kaminsky

Photograph by Steven Freeman

in concert

Mostly Mozart...Ella Tribute...Urban Bush Women

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 9

illiard In Concert—Performance by soprano Karla Simmons, flutist Adi Menczel, and keyboardist Adam Ben-David. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden Lane, at 12:30; free.*

merican Guild of Organists—Nightly performances 7/9–7/11 of works by Samuel Adler, Johann Kittel, and Jan Koetsier by organist Michael Farris and English hornist Thomas Stacy. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5:30; $10.*

elebration II—Cabaret star Steve Ross presents works by Al Jolson, Jimmy Durante, and Cole Porter. *Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (416-5354), at 6:30; free.*

lla Fitzgerald Tribute—"Lady, Be Good" brings together Ann Hampton Calloway, Harry "Sweets" Edison, and Weslia Whitfield, among others, for a celebration of Fitzgerald's hits. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$70.*

lew York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms;* Nina Gilbert, guest conductor. *CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

he National Chorale—"On Broadway," works by Loesser, Sondheim, and Weill. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, at 8; free.*

lostly Mozart Festival—The thirtieth anniversary season kicks off with performances by violist Pinchas Zukerman and violinist Itzhak Perlman; Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$42.*

Wednesday, July 10

lla Fitzgerald Tribute—"Body and Soul" brings together Diane Schuur, Mandy Patinkin, and Helen Merrill, among others, for a celebration of Fitzgerald's hits. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$70.*

merican Guild of Organists—See 7/9.

lostly Mozart Festival—See 7/9.

Thursday, July 11

merican Guild of Organists—See 7/9.

laumburg Orchestra—Performs works by Gould, Prokofiev, and Beethoven; Lukas Foss, conductor. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, at 7; free.*

lew York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Verdi's *Requiem;* Robert De Cormier, guest conductor. *CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

argemusic—Works by Haydn, Mozart, and Fauré performed by pianist Charles Abramovic, violinist Carmit Zori, violist Robert Rinehart, and cellist Jonathan Spitz. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Mostly Mozart Festival—The Tokyo String Quartet, pianist Claude Frank, and clarinetist Richard Stoltzman perform an all-Mozart program. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

American Guild of Organists Finale—Peter Schickele presents works by P.D.Q. Bach, and the Mrs. Bach Show. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Ave. of the Americas (247-4777), at 8:30; $20.*

Friday, July 12

Bargemusic—Brass works by Scheidt, Gabrieli, Bach, Jones, and Purcell. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Mostly Mozart Festival—Claus Peter Flor conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, accompanied by violinist Pamela Frank and pianist Horacio Gutierrez. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Summergarden—Music by Xenakis, Tanguy, and Ravel for chamber ensembles. *Museum of Modern Art, Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491); garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, July 13

Summergarden—See 7/12.

Mostly Mozart Festival—See 7/12.

Sunday, July 14

Bargemusic—See 7/11, at 4.

Music from Aston Magna—"The Humorous Mozart," performed by violinists Daniel Stepner and Nancy Wilson, violist David Miller, contrabassist Anne Trout, and natural hornblowers Lowell Greer and Tamara Kozinski. *Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. and Broadway (800-875-7156), at 5; $17.50.*

Goldman Memorial Band—"The Grand Finale," featuring music by Bernstein, Britten, and Sousa. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (886-9887), at 7; free.*

Monday, July 15

Mostly Mozart Festival—The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and pianist Alicia De Larrocha perform works by Weber and, naturally, Mozart. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Opera

New York Grand Opera—Maestro Vincent La Selva conducts Verdi's *Alzira,* based on Voltaire's play, on 7/10. A concurrent exhibition at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center displays Verdi memorabilia. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (245-8837); free.*

Dance

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. 7/9–7/13 and 7/15 at 8, 7/13 at 2. Through July 20. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

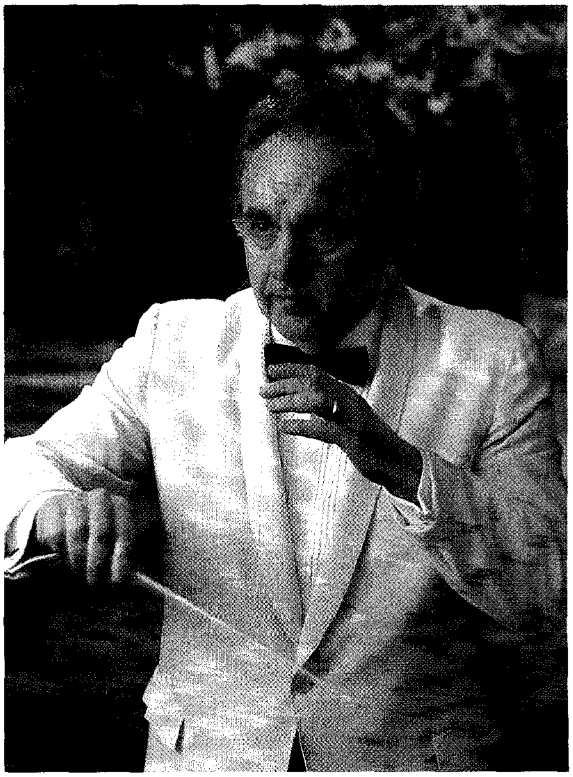
Urban Bush Women—A benefit performance for the High School of Performing Arts dance department. The program includes *Stomp Dance* and *Girlfriends.* 7/11 at 7:30. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. and 65th St. (741-8185); $10.*

Nai-Ni Chen Dance Company—A program of Asian-inspired works, including *Calligraphy II.* 7/12 and 13 at 7:30. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. and 65th St. (741-8185); $10.*

SummerStage—Lula Washington Dance Theatre and Marlies Yearby's Movin' Spirits Dance Theater. 7/12 at 8:30. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.*

Retrospective
Al Fresco Arias

The New York Grand Opera Company, led by legendary maestro Vincent La Selva, kicks off the third season of free opera in Central Park on July 10, with Verdi's *Alzira.* La Selva promises presentations of all 28 Verdi operas before the year 2001: This summer also brings *Attila* on July 17, *Macbeth* on July 31, and *I Masnadieri* on August 7.



the mix

The Vipers' Club...The New American Ghetto

The Written Word

Wayne Koestenbaum—7/9 at 7: Reads from his *Jackie Under My Skin: Interpreting an American Icon.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Susan Isaacs—7/10 at 7: Reads from *Lily White.* Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave., at 68th St. (570-0201); free.

E. Annie Proulx—7/10 at 1 P.M. at Main Squeeze, 19 Essex St., bet. Hester and Canal Sts. (614-3109); and at 7:30 at Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Richard A. Isay—7/11 at 7: Reads from his *Becoming Gay: The Journey to Self-Acceptance.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Valerie Steele—7/17 at 7: The cultural historian reads from *Fetish: Fashion, Sex and Power.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Tours

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival and Berkshire Highlights—7/12 at 9 A.M. till 7/14 at 7 P.M.: For almost 65 years, Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival has been setting summertime in motion. Tour the grounds of Jacob's Pillow, nestled in the Berkshire Hills, and learn about the history of this former farm, whose studios have been home to many of the world's greatest dancers and choreographers. Enjoy a performance of the ground-breaking work of Alwin Nikolais, an originator and wizard of multimedia dance. See *Dance Across Cultures,* an innovative performance by a British and a Cambodian dancer. Attend a Boston Symphony Orchestra rehearsal at Tanglewood and walk its lovely grounds, and visit the area's museums. This weekend also includes visits to the village of Lenox, to Daniel Chester French's historic home and studio in Stockbridge, and to Deerfield, the setting for the film *Little Women.* Call 92nd Street Y at 996-1100 for further information. Price: $399 (includes double-occupancy accommodations, two performances, guided tours and admissions).

Riot and Rebellion—7/13 at 1: A walking tour through lower Manhattan to discover the sites and stories of New York's great uprisings. Sites include the 1712 Slave Revolt, the 1788 Doctor's Riot, the Dead Rabbit's Riot of 1857, and the 1863 Civil War Draft Riots. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—7/13 at 4: A walking tour across the Brooklyn Bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church, Walt Whitman's childhood home, the A. A. Low mansion, and the Brooklyn Historical Society. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Millionaire's Mile—7/14 at 1:30: Namely, Fifth Ave. between 59th and 79th Sts. The area, once a social and geographical wasteland called "Squatters' Sovereignty," was transformed after the city's purchase of land for Central Park in 1856 into an exclusive residential section displaying a formidable concentration of wealth and private mansions. For meeting site and reservations, please call 265-2663. $5.

Previews
World Party

The explosive George Weah, FIFA's 1995 World Player of the Year, and fellow firecrackers Romario, Jürgen Klinsmann, and Michael Laudrup sizzle and pop at Giants Stadium on Sunday, July 14, when the World Stars team takes on Brazil. The doubleheader begins at 12:30 with the Major League Soccer All-Star game.

Sports

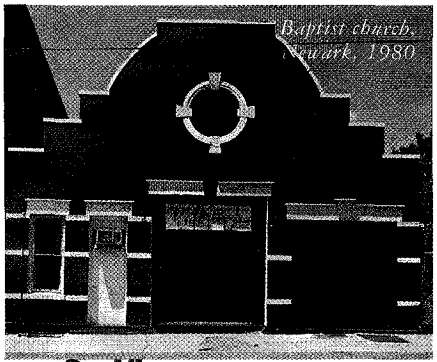
MLB All-Star Game—A week before the All-Star break, at least twenty players had at least twenty homers, with a handful—led by the Orioles' Brady Anderson, a leadoff hitter most of the season—on pace to at least challenge Roger Maris
single-season record. Juiced ball, expansion, what
ever the cause, this season has seen pitching de
viancy defined downward, with ERAs of 4.50 an
under deemed acceptable. At least baseball is bac
on NBC, where it belongs. From Veterans Stadiur
in Philadelphia. Tues., 7/9, at 8.

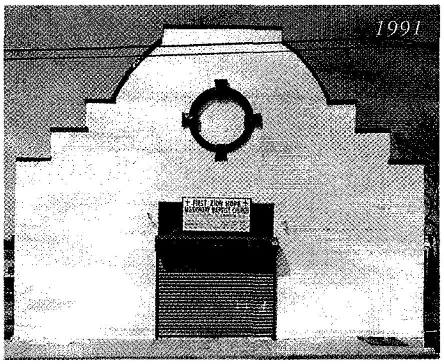
Yankees—At the halfway point, this Yankee team
just as hard to figure out as it was during sprin
training. The best rotation in the AL, with seve
worthy starters, in the spring. Bu
despite the sporadic brilliance c
David Cone, Andy Pettitte, Do
Gooden, Kenny Rogers, and Jimm
Key thus far, not one of the (un
lucky) seven has been untouched b
injury and/or adversity. Offensivel
the Yanks have been typicall
among the league leaders in battin
average and on-base percentage, an
Bernie Williams and Tino Martine
in particular have stood out as ru
producers. But the Yankees hav
been especially vulnerable to an
and all left-handers. So how hav
they prevailed? Two answers: Mari
ano Rivera, who as a middle reliev
er has been the MVP as much a
anyone in the AL. And Joe Torre, th
manager of the (half-)year. Starter
arm tiring and too early to go t
Wetteland? Middle reliever lik
Wickman or (the departed) Stev
Howe pouring fuel on the fire? Ca
Rivera. Easy call, and one tha
Torre's had the sense to make in th
right situations. But recently, River
has displayed an almost-human vul
nerability in a couple of games. So i
Torre is to maintain a potentiall
award-winning managerial perfor
mance, he must realize that he can
go to the well too often, or the we
will run dry. And along with it, th
Yankees' hold on the East. At Balti
more 7/11–7/14. Thurs. (MSG) an
Fri. (Ch. 11) at 7:35. Sat. at 7:0
(MSG). Sun. at 1:35 (Ch. 11).

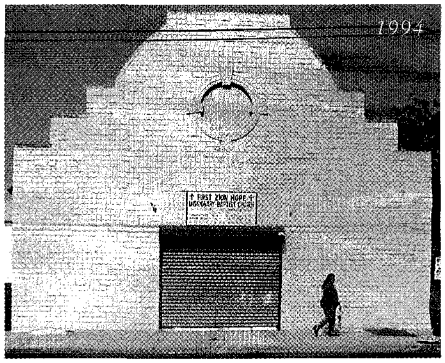
Mets—Is Alex Ochoa *all that?* Hi
presence (and performance) has ha
a positive effect on the Mets on th
field and in the standings. Still, th
image of the Mets as a team that
spinning its wheels remains. On pa
per, the Mets seem(ed) a solid if no
overpowering team with decent t
very good pitching. In realit
they're a surprisingly potent-hittin
team with average starting pitchin
and inadequate middle relief. Th
perception is mediocrity, a cardin
sin in New York, which will tolerat
a charmingly inept sports franchis
before a middle-of-the-road one.
all amounts to a bunch of frustrated Mets, youn
and talented with enormous upside—Ochoa, Or
donez, Hundley, Vizcaino, Isringhausen—but frus
trated nonetheless. Vs. Houston 7/11–7/14. Thur
and Fri. (SC) at 7:40. Sat. at 1:05 (Fox). Sun. a
1:40. Other games on Ch. 9. (Vs. Philadelphi
7/15–7/17.)

MetroStars—The MetroStars' 4–0 rout of th
Columbus Crew last week was initiated by an im
plausible swerving goal by Nicola Caricola, sho

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photo







On View

Unsentimental Journey

The stunning results of photographer Camilo José Vergara's twenty-year odyssey through American inner cities (see "A Cold Eye," April 22) go on view July 12 at the Municipal Art Society's Urban Center. Call 935-3960.

from just over the midfield line. This is the latest stop in Caricola's scramble to redeem himself—he scored two early goals this season against his own team—and to start acting like the former star sweeper for Juventus that he is. The second goal came after a nifty one-touch bending ball from Gus Johnson reached the foot of Giovanni Savarese, who sent it into the net. That the aged Italian Caricola and the fresh-faced recruit from the New Jersey Imperials Johnson are coaxing some skill out of their game bodes well for the Metros, who need veteran players to start playing as they have in the past, and rookies to perform like they never have before. Vs. the Dallas Burn Wed., 7/10, at 7:30 at Giants Stadium. Call 307-7171 for ticket info. On MSG.

The MLS All-Star Game—There will be few rookies on the field at Giants Stadium for the international gathering of the soccer world's best and brightest Sun., 7/14. The doubleheader kicks off at 12:30 with the Major League Soccer All-Star game, which should feature nice play with delightful moments from MLS stars like the MetroStars' Tab Ramos, Carlos Valderrama, Jorge Campos, Marco Etcheverry, Cobi Jones, Alexi Lalas, and many of the other earnest faces of U.S. Soccer. The second match, pitting the FIFA World Stars against Brazil, on the other hand, should be ravishing. One side will have many of the world's best players—including George Weah of Liberia, Lothar Matthaus of Germany, Paul Ince of England, and Gianluca Vialli of Italy—and the other side will be, well, Brazil. On ESPN and Univision (Ch. 41). ADAM LEHNER

Coral Arrowwood New York Summer League—For the most part, this tournament's "NBA" teams consist of wannabe free agents from the CBA, USBL, or Europe signed to ten-day contracts who happen to be wearing the uniforms of the Knicks, Nets, Raptors, Sixers, Magic, and Celtics while the real teams' players are on holiday or with the Dream Team. But with the new rookie salary cap—i.e., no protracted holdouts—you just might see John Wallace in the Knicks' home orange-and-whites. His fellow first-rounders most likely will not be there; Dontae' Jones has a screw loose, no pun intended, in his foot, and Walter McCarty is attending summer classes. (Stay in school, indeed.) At Westchester County Center, White Plains, N.Y., 7/12–7/15. Fri., 7/12, Raptors vs. Nets at 5. Knicks vs. Sixers at 7:30. Sat., 7/13, Magic vs. Celtics at 5. Knicks vs. Nets at 7:30. Sun., 7/14, Nets vs. Magic at 2:30. Sixers vs. Raptors at 5. Knicks vs. Celtics at 7:30. Mon., 7/15, Raptors vs. Celtics at 5. Sixers vs. Magic at 7:30. At Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island, 7/17–7/20. Tickets $11 at the County Center, $10 at the Coliseum. Call 307-7171 for ticket and schedule info.

New York Road Runners Club—Wed., 7/10, at 6:30 A.M., the Tavern on the Green Breakfast Run. A two-mile "fun run" starting and finishing on West Dr. and 68th St. just north of Tavern on the Green. (No race-day entries.) Sun., 7/14, at 8 A.M.: the Bronx Half-Marathon (13.1M). The race starts and finishes on Goulden Ave. and Bedford Park Blvd. near Harris Park and Lehman College in the Bronx. For more info, call NYRRC at 860-4455 (e-mail membership@nyrrc.org).

Park Racewalkers USA Club—The Metropolitan Athletics Congress 3K Racewalk Championship Sun., 7/14, at 9 A.M. Central Park at 90th St. and Fifth Ave. Park Racewalkers, 320 E. 83rd St., Box 18, New York, N.Y. 10028 (628-1317).

New York Triathlon Club—The Staten Island Biathlon, Sat., 7/14, at 9 A.M. Run three miles, bike eighteen miles, run three miles on Richmond Pkwy. NYTC, P.O. Box 467, Mount Marion, N.Y. 12456 (914-247-0271).

Mayor's Cup Track & Field Tournament—Sat., 7/13, and Sun., 7/14, at Downing Stadium on Randall's Island. Call 788-8389 for more info.

Online

Tarot Reading—Do you want to know your future? Having trouble deciding whether you're with the right person or there's someone new on the horizon? Find guidance and answers to your burning questions through the tarot. Melissa Townsend, a psychic who specializes in tarot reading and astrological charting, will read your cards all night. On America Online, keyword "Channel Zero": 7/9 at 11:30 P.M.

Commander Data—Actor Brent Spiner, best known as the pale-faced Spock wannabe on the wildly popular *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, now appears in the new film *Independence Day*. Talk to him on Prodigy: 7/10 at 9 P.M.

Black Directors Forum—SonicNet Music presents a forum with filmmakers John Singleton (*Boyz 'n the Hood, Poetic Justice*), Reggie Hudlin (*House Party, Great White Hype*), and Rusty Cundieff (*Tales From the Hood*). On Prodigy in the SonicNet area: 7/10 at 8:30 P.M.

Fighting Censorship on the Net—Shabbir Safdar of Voters' Telecommunications Watch is well known for his work fighting censorship on the Internet and battling against cryptography legislation. He'll be online to answer questions about VTW's successful opposition to the Communications Decency Act (CDA) and about upcoming legislation that will affect all of us on the Net. One of *Newsweek*'s "50 Internet People to Watch," Shabbir has spoken on Net rights and security around the world. On echo: 7/10 at 9 P.M. Telnet to echonyc.com and log in as "echolive."

Stephen J. Cannell—Chat with this well-respected film-and-television producer about his newest book, *Final Victim*, in the *New York* Magazine Forum. On CompuServe, go NYTALK: 7/11 at 9 P.M.

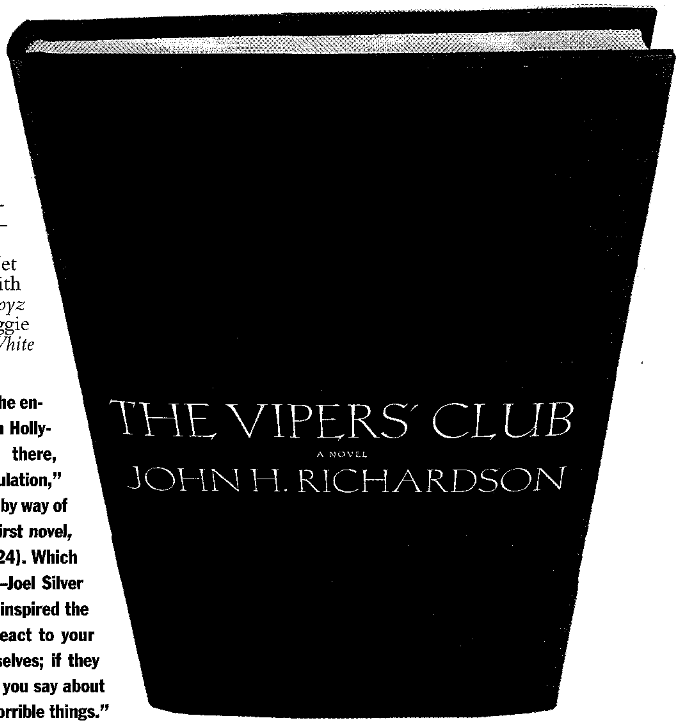
Internet Viruses—We've all heard the horror stories of viruses . . . Can your computer get a virus from the Internet? How could it get infected? Can you get a virus via e-mail? What can you do to prevent getting wiped out by a virus? AnswerMan will answer all of these questions about computer bugs that bite on America Online, keyword *A.M. Chat*: 7/14 at 6 P.M.

Launching This Week

Swoon—An e-zine for twentysomethings on the romantic prowl debuts this week at *www.swoon.com* with interactive personals, coping advice such as a "Penny-Pincher's Guide to Romance in the Big Apple," and ephemera like daily horoscope readings.

In Print

"I definitely admire the energy and drive and purposefulness in Hollywood—people have epic manias there, whereas in Washington it's all calculation," says *New York*'s John H. Richardson, by way of explaining the impulse to write his first novel, *The Vipers' Club* (William Morrow; $24). Which may or may not soothe the people—Joel Silver and Heidi Fleiss, to name two—who inspired the novel's characters: "I find people react to your writing the way they react to themselves; if they like themselves, they'll like whatever you say about them. Even if you have them doing horrible things."



Photographs: top, Camilo José Vergara; bottom, Steven Freeman.

kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Oz . . . Tree Climbing . . . Segregation

Children's Events

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Dance instructors in attendance at "A Family Tea Dance" will include Pierre Dulaine and Yvonne Marceau of the American Ballroom Theatre Outreach program and Maria Torres, the high priestess of hustle, hip-hop, and Latin dance. Over-8s can learn a thing or two about the merengue, tango, fox-trot, and swing dances. 7/13 from 5 to 6:30. **Lincoln Center** fountain plaza, 63rd St. and Columbus Ave. (875-5108). ●●

Creating an Impression—Kids ages 5 to 12 can make their own prints, drawing on the current exhibition *Thinking Print: Books to Billboards 1980–95* for inspiration. Printmaking sessions are repeated 7/18, 7/23, 7/30, and 8/6 from 2 to 4. Workshops are free with museum admission on a first-come, first-served basis. Sign in at 1:45 at the Edward John Noble Education Center on the main floor. For further information, call 708-9795. **Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400). Free with $8.50 admission, $5.50 for seniors and children 16 and under.

Flotsam and Jetsam—A set of eight-foot prehistoric shark jaws are among the ephemera traveling around the country in the largest-ever moving-museum show—part of the Smithsonian's 150th-anniversary celebration. Through 7/24. **New York Coliseum,** 57th St. and Columbus Circle. Free tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis every morning. It's also possible to reserve tickets by calling 1-800-913-8687; telephone orders carry a service fee of $3.50 per ticket. ●●

Gone Fishing—Macy's Fishing Contest, which hasn't changed much—except for its sponsor—in 50 years, is at the north end of Prospect Lake in Brooklyn's **Prospect Park,** near Wollman Rink. Rods, advice, and biscuit-dough bait will be given out to contestants, who should be under 16. (Groups of five or more should register in advance by calling 718-287-3400.) 7/12, 7/13, and 7/16–7/20, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Call 718-965-8954 for further details. ●

"The Color of Justice"—**Theatreworks** premieres a new play about the landmark civil-rights case *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* in which a girl named Linda from Topeka, Kansas, helped change the lives of schoolchildren all over America. Recommended for children 10 and older; children under 6 will not be admitted. Free tickets are available at the box office the day of the performance. 7/11 through 7/13 at 11 A.M.; 7/15 at 2; 7/16 through 7/31, Mon. through Fri. at 11 and 2 and Sat. at 11 A.M. No performances on Sundays. **The New Victory Theater,** 209 W. 42nd St. (642-6754). ●

If You Can't Beat 'Em . . .—Six giant robotic insects greet visitors at "Backyard Monsters: The World of Insects" at the recently expanded **New York Hall of Science.** Check out insect-inspired art-making, buggy snacking, and a "Cinebug Festival." 6/22 through 10/27. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). Admission is $4.50, $3 for children (4–15) and seniors.

Cue

Kate O'Hara
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John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

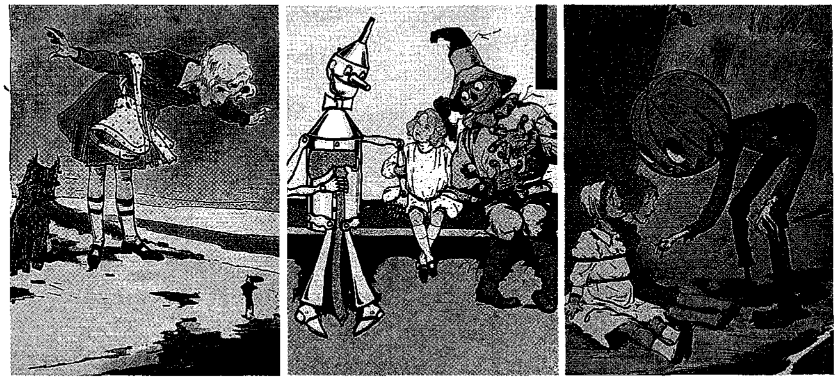
Sky High—Don't try this at home, kids: A dozen of the state's top tree climbers compete in the "1996 Professional Tree Climbers' Jamboree," New York State's first-ever competition of this kind. 7/13 at 10:30 (raindate 7/14). Also at the **New York Botanical Garden** are narrated tram and golf-cart tours, guided bird and butterfly walks (at noon), a 40-acre forest, gardens in peak bloom, an an outdoor sculpture exhibit. 200th St. and Southern Blvd., The Bronx (718-817-8700); $3, $1 fo seniors, students, and children ages 6 to 16. ●

Psychedelic—A trippy 60-foot **"Katskill Kaleidoscope"** has just opened in Woodstock with cosmic ever-changing patterns, and a soundscape b Gary Burke. Hours are 11 to 7 daily. New Yor State Thruway Exit 19, near Woodstock, abou two hours from New York City (914-688-2451) admission is $5.

Outdoor Freebies—Pick up rods and bait—with valid photo I.D.—for catch-and release fishing a the **Harlem Meer,** 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370). For information about free summer tenni programs sponsored by the **New York Junio Tennis League** for children ages 8 to 18 in al five boroughs, call 718-786-7110 ext. 26. A serie of free family workshops that gives kids ages 6 t 12 the opportunity to explore the landscapes o **Central Park** and the artists of **El Museo de Barrio** is Sats. from 11 to 1 beginning 7/13. Cal 831-7272 for details and registration. Check notice boards at Upper East and Upper West Sid playgrounds for times of weekly storytelling. ●

Institution

New Land for Oz



Take a small, idiosyncratic bookstore that's growing instead of folding, indeed moving to be *closer* to several branches of Barnes & Noble. Add to that that the children's bookstore goes so far as to *publish,* not just give shelf space to, out-of-print classics, and we have a veritable *Jack and the Beanstalk* story on our hands. The little guy surviving handily among giants is Books of Wonder, the place to find great children's books, whether E. B. White's *Charlotte's Web,* which is still in print, or copies of the Doctor Doolittle sequels, which no longer are.

The store—which reopens July 15 at 16 West 18th Street, one and a half blocks east of its former location—puts out several newsletters and mail-order catalogues, one of which sells such household accoutrements as mugs, posters, and paperweights that relate to Oz. The store's founder, Peter Glassman, had picked up his first Oz book without much enthusiasm when he was home from school sick at the age of 12. "Like a lot of people, I thought I knew the story already, because I had seen the movie," he recalls. Reading all the Oz books he could get his hands on turned out to be just the beginning of a continuing obsession. Glassman and his partner, James Carey, have so far reissued eighteen of the Oz books—including the first one, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*—and are committed to reissuing a dozen more within the next four years. "The books espouse American ideals that you don't find in European fairy tales. It's not by luck that people achieve things in the Oz books," explains Glassman, who may have learned a few things from the series himself. "What matters is self-reliance, hard work, and ingenuity."

Barbara Ensor

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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 fc NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orde accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response lin is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To plac an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictl Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepte at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an a in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Striking Brunette—Sensual and spirited, professional Jewish female, 29, with class, style and incredible sense of humor. Loves travel, running, hiking, biking and, of course, relaxing on the beach. Seeking male counterpart, 28-38. 8967 ✉

Have I Aged Out Of Meeting—A decent, accomplished, good-looking, sexy man around my age (48)? I am a warm, witty, fit, kind, genuinely attractive, 5'7" child psychiatrist. I look, act and feel much younger than my age. 9005 ✉

Tall, Attractive Redhead—Sophisticated, smart, successful - also warm, affectionate and fun-loving. Enjoy the theater, museums, movies, tennis, skiing, the city and the country. Wasp by background, New Yorker by design. Two terrific kids, mostly grown. Looking for great guy who's attractive, successful, liberal, 49-59, with good sense of humor and a ready smile. 8985 ✉

Be Honest—Have you been told that you're really, really pretty? Can you prove it with a photo? If you answered yes, and you're a really smart, successful and curious Manhattan woman, 46-54, who likes challenging conversation, all kinds of music, books and words, and has a great sense of humor, you may be interested in this mid-50s lawyer who shares all these characteristics (except for the part about being pretty). If you are, send me your pictorial and verbal proof. 9025 ✉

Successful Dentist—34, ex-model, seeks tall, attractive, fit nonsmoker, 22-30. My interests range from theater to boating. Photo required. 8970 ✉

Heart Of Gold!—Inside an accomplished NY surgeon/inventor, genuine, handsome, old-fashioned romantic, good build, 41, funny, 5'11" - loves fitness, travel, the arts. Seeks lovely lady with integrity, under 37, tallish, for life of laughter, love. Note/phone/photo a must, please. 9029 ✉

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, 37, warm, sentimental, affectionate and fit, would love to meet a spirited, intellectual woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Enjoyments include the serious (opera, linguistics, philosophy), the pedestrian (well, I love to walk), and the downright silly (no confessions in print). Prefer a medium build over the "waif look", but a generous spirit is sine qua non. Photo appreciated. 8988 ✉ ☎

Cappuccino For Two—Pretty blond lady exec, 42, size 4, seeks romance with an all-around terrific guy. Hoping he's handsome, cultured, bright, fun-loving and creative. NJ/NYC. She smokes a little; if that's okay, send letter/photo/phone. 8990 ✉

Please Reply—If you are an eligible Jewish male doctor who wants to get married. 8973 ✉ ☎

Affectionate, Successful, Beautiful—Intelligent, uninhibited, slim 48-year-old female. Looks like Botticelli's "Venus" (no shell). Seeks interesting, sexy, sophisticated, outgoing man with liberal politics, easy laugh, tuxedo, and no serious life problems. 8968 ✉

Wanted:—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. 7350 ✉

Handsome/Good Heart—Family-oriented, successful Jewish male, 47, seeking intelligent, pretty, fit female, 35-45, to share all that life has to offer. I enjoy sports, dining out, movies and have a good personality and a great sense of humor. Note/photo/phone. 8992 ✉

Beautiful Entertainment Executive—37, 5'10", Jewish (nonreligious), slender, striking redhead with exquisite taste, who is sophisticated, compassionate, affectionate and commitment-oriented - seeks highly successful, handsome, refined gentleman, 6' plus, nonsmoker, who enjoys fine dining and feels comfortable in jeans or a tux. 9019 ✉

Too Sexy For My Shirt—Hip, mid-30s NYer seeks a modelesque woman (23-32), beautiful inside and out. I'm very handsome (great smile), 6', thin, brown hair/eyes, Jewish. Established in publishing and an East End boater. 9024 ✉ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Dinner By Candlelight—Peanut butte by flashlight. Single Jewish male is seekin long-term investment opportunity wit eventual merger possibilities. My assets mid 50s, 5'7", great personality, good looking NJ business entrepreneur who' passionate, compassionate and enjoys th finer things in life. I seek a merger with Jewish female up to 50, who is understanding, generous, attractive and sophisticated and has a brain for business. Photo. 9007✉

White Hunter—Seeks European o sophisticated American tigress, mid 30s nonsmoker. NYC a plus. Photo. 8969 ✉

Windmills And Tulips—Well-educated professional, pretty, youthful white female 53, with Dutch heritage, seeks highl educated, single white male. Live i (607) area code. Love New England Desire MD, JD, CEO, DVM. Note/photo, phone appreciated. 8966 ✉

Wanted—Witty, fun, athletic female 30-40. I'm a Jewish male, mid 30s energetic, successful, outdoors type, wh enjoys golf, mountain biking and romant evenings with you by my side. Let's enjo our summer together, and maybe... Pleas enclose note and photo. 9033 ✉

Bright, Loving, Very Pretty Woman—Widow. Likes to be serious, likes t laugh, to talk, to listen, 5'3", 120 blue eyes, blond hair. Photo/phone To 70, please. 9002 ✉

Model/Businesswoman—Sensibilitie are swimming/yoga, theater/movies, an entertaining. Seeking tall, previousl married businessman, 50-58. Photo. 8831✉

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Attention! New Number!

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You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th St., New York, NY 10036. (212)852-7700

arm, Pretty, Friendly MD—Jewish, 5", slim, 42, Ivy - enjoys films, reading, usic, successful with stocks. Seeks very right, emotionally open, accomplished, ticulate, previously married man as companion and mate. Note/photo. 8977 ✉☎

---

ussian Beauty—39, 5'5", 125, fashion esigner, seeks stable, intelligent, andsome, marriage-minded man, 35-45. ote/photo. 9001 ✉

---

ccomplished, Very Attractive—5'5", ond/blue female, youthful 46, fit, loves YC fun, nature, travel. Seeks man who, e me, is generous in spirit - a warm, enuine, nice person. 9012 ✉ ☎

---

ropical Girl At Heart—Attractive black male, 29, slim, 5'4", lawyer - loves short irts, summer, dancing, theater, antiqu-g. Seeks educated, attractive, trim male, 7-40. Race unimportant. 8980 ✉

---

oul-Scorching Summer Romance—o last a lifetime, sought by shy, fit, npretentious, single Jewish male, MD, 5, 5'7", 150 lbs. Realistic, smart, thin, rofessional, unencumbered, independent oman, 28-40, desired for life partner. hoto/phone. 8982 ✉ ☎

---

ifelong Romance—Sensitive, sincere, andsome, Jewish, 6', trim Ivy MBA, eks sexy best friend, 25-35, slim, voluptous, to share long soulful talks, warm ights, marriage, kids. Photo. 9027 ✉☎

5-Year-Old Male—Slim, caring, ultured - seeks same in a woman who ants a relationship forever, age 20-40s. hoto necessary. 9015 ✉

---

retty Entrepreneur—Successful, slim, ensual, creative, divorced Jewish woman f style, humor and passion...seeks ccomplished, attractive professional male, 7-60. CT/Westchester preferred. 8999✉☎

---

ttractive English Widow—Reside in ngland. Seeking educated, good-natured merican man, 59-69, with a view to bringg joy to our lives. Photo please. 8974 ✉

---

eltic-American—Midwestern businessman, 36, and frequent visitor to NY, seeks ate for pro- and/or re-creation. Wordmith/genius, like G.B. Shaw. Fun-loving nd innocent, like Dana Carvey. Look like genetically-improved JFK, Sr. Built like an Lendl. Or did he play for the Knicks? ou are also a glaring aristocrat with soft, eautiful eyes. Photo/note. 9008 ✉

---

on't Pass Me By—Successful profesional, Jewish, 45, 5'10", 174 lbs, athletic, ultured, well-traveled, multilingual, ffectionate and fun-loving, Manhattan esident - likes all that NYC has to offer, lus outdoor sports. Seeks woman, 29-39, ith wit, beauty and loving heart, for sting relationship. Please send note with hoto; will reciprocate. 8976 ✉

---

et's Play A Round—Of golf. Seek ewish male, 55-65, who enjoys a classy, ggy, fun, loving woman who knows how spoil right man. Photo. 8978 ✉ ☎

---

anted: Witty, Wry, Nice Jewish Guy—2-40, with integrity, well-educated, by arm, keen, upbeat, pretty, professional ewish woman, young 37, 5'3", slender, r wedded bliss. Photo helpful. 8963 ✉

---

ore!—Adorable blond golfer looking for successful, handsome Jewish birdie! lim, sincere, witty, playful gal seeks guy, 6-45, 5'9" plus, to be lifetime best pal. ote/photo/phone. 9028 ✉ ☎

Romantic Partnership—Sought by intelligent, attractive attorney, 45, 6', 190 lbs, emotionally available and looking for loving, forever relationship filled with laughter and romance with warm, sensitive, intelligent and attractive woman, 34 plus. Note/photo/phone. 9023 ✉

Class Act In Catskills—Jewish widow, attractive, active, good figure, traveled, winters in FL - enjoys cultural interests, quaint restaurants, antiques, theater, country drives. You should enjoy same, 63-71, humorous, nice-looking. Photo. 9013 ✉

Very Attractive, Charming—(Young 45-year-old) female - creative, fit, passionate, quick, successful, etc. Seeks 6' plus (44-55) male, who is very attractive, unusual, bright, highly successful, witty, emotionally and physically fit. Photo/phone number must for reply; will exchange. 8983 ✉

Handsome Executive—49, Connecticut *resident, Westchester business, down-to-*earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman... seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo, please. 8987 ✉

Make This Summer Great—Attractive, intelligent, witty woman, 38, 5'2", seeks smart, kind, genuine man, 35-45, with great sense of humor. 8998 ✉ ☎

Setting Sail For A Soul Mate—Down-to-earth, Jewish (nonreligious), great-looking, very special female - loves sailing/racing, music (from '50s rock 'n' roll to opera), enjoys dancing and sharing the remote. If you are a fun-loving, caring *nonsmoker, 50-63, who still has the wind* in his sails and is ready to share a romantic, exciting relationship, let's meet and sail into the sunset. Note/photo. 8995 ✉ ☎

Chance Of A Lifetime—Attractive, dynamic, successful Jewish male, 45, seeks sincere, down-to-earth, provocative but refined Jewish gal, 35-45, needed to ignite my curiosity, fulfill and explode my emotions, be my companion and whatever else. Life is as much what you make it as it is how you take it. Written/photo responses preferred. 8964 ✉ ☎

Yearning For Your Soulmate?

There is someone out there who can light a flame in your heart. As a therapist and relationship counselor, I will work with you to identify and find the person you most desire. If you seek the best match without compromise, call me.

PROVIDENCE
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575 Madison Avenue, New York

Sarah L. Ossey, MSW
212-605-0282
800-677-8215

With the right match, the flame never goes out.™

Regular Guy—Attractive Latino professional, 44, 6', 180 lbs, fit, smoker, dedicated uncle, seeking (212), 5'5" plus, model-looks, 30-44, professional Latina for friendship/commitment, including movies (old and new), museums, variety of music in quiet places, travel, candlelight romance and passion. Photo/note required for response - will reciprocate. 9011 ✉

Love Is A Gamble—Attractive, slender, green-eyed brunette is a solid asset in every way. Seeks white professional man, 40-50, fit, nonsmoker, who possesses integrity, wit and a sense of adventure. Note and photo gets a reply. 9018 ✉

Pretty Asian-American Female—33, enjoys blading, skiing, tennis, traveling. Seeks athletic, successful, handsome partner, 29-45, to share life with. Photo and note, please. 9032 ✉

Take A Dip In My Pool—Playful, attractive female, TV VP, 50, with a zest for life, seeks irreverent, warm, fit, secure man as a co-conspirator. 9016 ✉ ☎

STRICTLY SPEAKING ...

900 Personals Get Results

☎

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Call by 5 PM on the Tuesday before your ads appears to record your own confidential message. After the ad is published, call your "private line" from anywhere in the U.S. *at no charge* and hear the results.

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To place an ad, call 212-779-7500.

All advertiser messages are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Advertisers who neglect to record a message will forfeit this free service.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, NEW YORK, NY

Very Pretty, Slim Blond—44, fit, quick-witted and smart, seeks intelligent, successful, warm, caring guy, 40s-50s, who loves to laugh. Photo/phone. 8975 ✉

Adventurous—Good-looking, 47, professional, who firmly believes that it is not where you go but who you are with... seeks attractive, athletic, witty woman with a good head on her shoulders. My interests are many and will try anything at least once. Note/photo a must. Will reciprocate. 8981 ✉ ☎

North Jersey Resident—Single white male, 37, 6', 210 lbs, athletic build, easy-going, sense of humor. If you're a single female, 32-40, nonsmoker, let's give it a shot. 9000 ✉ ☎

A Swan Amongst...—Strikingly pretty professional, sophisticated, short-haired, great cook, seeks unruffled, accomplished Jewish prince, 43 plus, who prefers quality - fine wine to cheap imitations. 8965 ✉

GQ, Jew And 32/5'9"/160—Self-made, sexy NJ financier, looking for a stunning unspoiled princess. I love sushi, romance and body massage. Enjoy great conversation, shopping, old movies and working out. I prefer a body for sin and head for business. I am looking for that perfect strategic alliance - as it is time to relax more with the "chosen one". If you are out there, show me with photo and letter. 9010 ✉

Attractive Teacher—36 - enjoys walks, museums, volleyball and country-western dancing. Looking for an optimistic, compassionate, honest, nonsmoking gentleman for committed relationship. 8996 ✉

Still An Optimist—Smart, pretty, slim law-enforcement professional, 46, seeks unique man of substance. 8997 ✉ ☎.

Hot Summer! Romance!—Female, 48, over the top in looks, designs on friendship and refreshed with humor. Waiting to meet you: funny, fit, influential, insatiable, secure, substantive. 9030 ✉ ☎

Shapely Brunette—Well-educated Manhattanite, seeks well-educated professional male, late 40s-early 50s. Prefer nonsmoker. 9009 ✉

Beautiful, Intelligent, Fit 30-Year-Old—Seeks intelligent, loving, financially secure man for fun and future. Photo. 9031 ✉

Strictly Personals

New York's Premier Personalized Dental Practice

"Dramatically improve your smile in as little as one week!"

Smiles Are Romantic℠

Experience the best!
HERCULITE XRV
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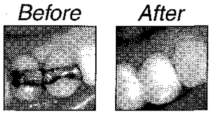

- Cosmetic Dentistry
- Tooth Whitening
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Dr. Dorfman has managed one of the most successful dental practices in N.Y.C. for over ten years after graduating with honors from the University of Pennsylvania. He has edited many dental articles, journals and text books and is the originator of the LifeSmile℠ Program & System. He is a member of Mensa and the American Dental Association.

SM Dr. Jeffrey D. Dorfman & Associates
General, Cosmetic and Implant Dentistry
18 East 50th Street • Penthouse, Suite C • New York, NY 10022
Between Fifth & Madison Avenues • (212) 754-6555

Certified Nice Guy—Divorced Jewish man, tall and trim, early 50s, seeks relationship with kind lady - must have high intellect and libido. 9006 ✉

California Girl—Pretty, fit/athletic designer, 30, seeks hip, humorous, intelligent man, 30-35. Photo. 8828 ✉

Gay White Male—46, 6'6", Waspy, successful lawyer, who still has a firm body, most of his hair and more energy than you do, seeks slim, preppy, affectionate, highly intelligent, gay white male, 22-35, who is interested in exploring all the cultural offerings of NYC, the center of the universe. No couch potatoes. 9026 ✉ ☎

Spent Too Much Time On My Career—Adorable Jewish female, 33, petite, blond, NYC attorney - seeks attractive, single Jewish male, 29-35, MD/JD/MBA, who can prove to me that all the good ones aren't taken. Note/phone/photo. 9022 ✉

Dynamic, Good-Looking—Actor/activist, solid, secure, funny, 5'10", fit, 56 - arts, travel, dining. Seeks very pretty, feelingful lady, 37-44, slim, smart. 8971 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—31, 5'9", 160, handsome MD, seeks soul mate. Photo. 8972 ✉

If I Found Your Wallet On The Street—I'd bring it back to you with all the money in it. Some say I'm old-fashioned, but this 39-year-old, wavy-haired fitness professional believes that everyday actions reflect the love in one's heart. I'm 5'2", petite, 114 lbs, with two beautiful children. Passions include dancing, reading, music, Barnes & Noble, hiking at Mohonk. Seeking kindhearted man to share life and love. 8991 ✉ ☎

(Hopeful) Romantic—Striking Jewish-Italian female, looking for that special man, 56 plus. Photo if possible. 8989 ✉

Beautiful Days Ahead—This pretty Christian brunette would like to spend them with an easygoing man in his 40s, with a good sense of humor. Enjoy my career, dancing, nature, animals, art, laughing and much more. 8993 ✉ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Love Will Find A Way—RN, 5'10", ver pretty, 31, Christian white female, smar balanced, unpretentious - seeks tal motivated, athletic Christian man, famil oriented, to build relationship and sha life. 9004 ✉

Hero Sought—By professional black fe male, 36, for sweet indulgence. 8986 ✉ ☎

Warm, Attractive, Fun-Loving—(914 lady seeking special man. I'm passionat sensuous and intelligent. Desire nor smoking male counterpart, 51-65. 9003 ✉

To advertise in the
ASSORTMENTS section,
Call Denise Sisto at
212-779-7500
or
FAX: 212-779-2449

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Use this coupon or call 212-779-7500. Rate is $36.50 per line, two line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Number.

Mail to: New York Magazine Classified, Attention: Strictly Personals, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016.
All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

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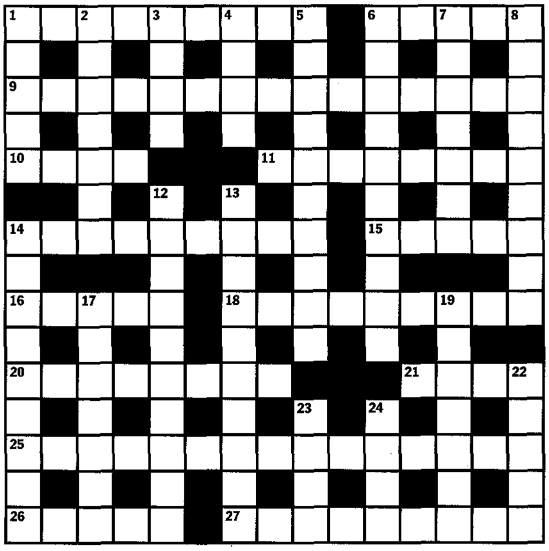
WOULD YOU LIKE A VOICE BOX? IF SO, CHECK HERE. ☐
If yes, we will call to give you an access code. All calls are confidential.

Name ______________________________
Street Address ______________________________
City ______________________ State ______________________ Zip ____________
Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ______________________ Master Card /Visa /American Express
Card Number ______________________ Exp. Date ______________
Signature ______________________________

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

,6 Flower girl, servant to editors on the *Guardian* during Prohibition. (5-4,5)
9 Non-stop activity of draught in which queen and corgi turn to singular charity. (9,6)
0,23 Country, river, and city of old in heavy shower. (8)
11 Letter to the border takes a long time; they are 27 25. (8)
14 Rendering of the town on Seine or Mississippi—it could be a devil. (4,5)
15 Didn't have a ride where the cowboys did? (5)
16 See 3.
18 Rugby scrums have passages on which one may be examined. (3,6)
20 Leaves, if corrupted, the Hippocratic principle. (4,4)
21 See 3.
25 See 27.
26 Poets' always—that's weird. (5)
7,25 Making green red, or how to do anatomy—flash in the pan? (4,5,3,4,8)



DOWN

1 Standing order takes in some people. (5)
2 A student engineer used to be on the Trent. (7)
3,4,16,10 Hush! (4,4,5,4)
3,4,21,10 Don't risk getting wounded. (4,4,4,4)
3,4,24,10 Don't reduce speed. (4,4,4,4)
5 Go on about the badly paid: it means ruin. (10)
6 Possibly the date for making its fortune. (5-5)
7 Money earned and given in Southend. (7)
8 Barren of sense, going round on standard. (9)
12 Nuts from lack of nut? (5,5)
13 Golly! Feel so bad inside, effect of cold or fear. (10)
14 Chester's gallery, 5 perhaps. (9)
17 He gets into space having driven a runabout. (7)
19 Play after hundredth edition allowed to proceed. (7)
22 Marriage portion is precise about part-ownership. (5)
23 See 10.
24 See 3.

© 1996 The Guardian.

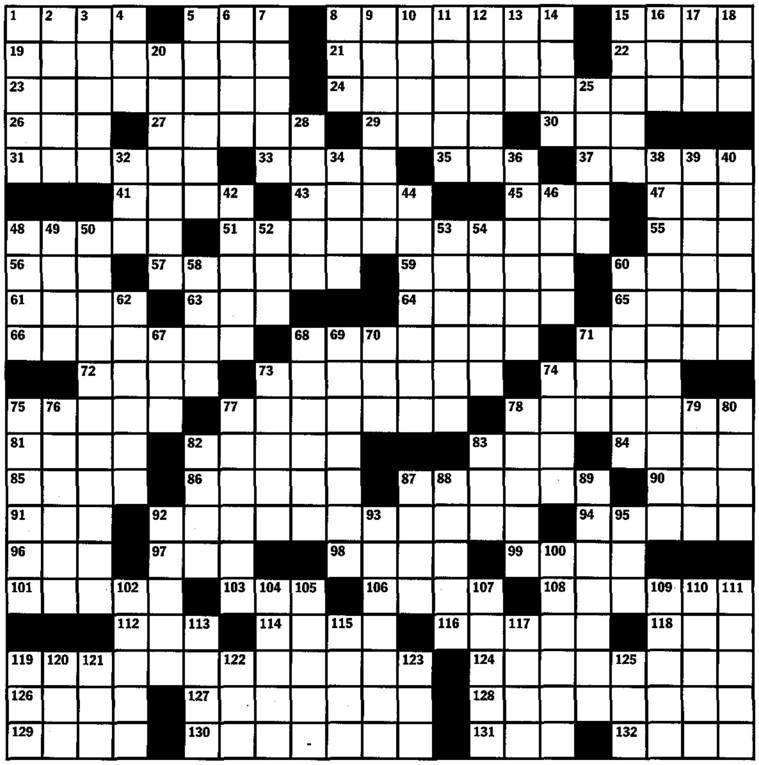
'What's in a Name': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Memorable netman
5 Abbrs. on radios
8 Tariffs
15 Soap shape
19 Mr. Spock's series
21 Computer data display
22 Sandwich cookie
23 Ex-gridder sent a letter
24 Actress entered suddenly
26 Pipe angle
27 Plus factor
29 Greek vowel
30 Rep.'s opponent
31 Partner of cease
33 The sandbox set
35 Kin of sahib
37 One of the Champions
41 Charlie Chan's remark
43 Heavy-metal rock band
45 Tax pro
47 "—— Gotta Crow"
48 "—— Entertain You"
51 How the actress got the hogs in
55 Once across the pool
56 Flurry of excitement
57 Succumbs to submersion
59 Fragrance
60 Gucci of footwear
61 Skirts the basket
63 Hostelry
64 "Not a chance!"
65 Whoppers
66 Notwithstanding
68 "—— tell no tales"
71 Cutting edge
72 Manufacture
73 Critic's command to a smart dog
74 School hop
75 Put on a pedestal
77 Hosiery units of fineness
78 Attired
81 Source of vexation, with 86-Across
82 Ferber novel
83 Chicken —— king
84 Japanese wrestling
85 Pep-squad shouts
86 See 81-Across
87 Large tropical lizard
90 Undo stitches
91 Pay dirt
92 Photographer uses the garage
94 "The Divine Miss M"
96 Broadcast
97 Actor Vigoda
98 Museum on the Thames
99 "Every cloud —— silver lining"
101 Office furnishings
103 Orthodontist's degree: abbr.
106 Adam's youngest
108 Marsh
112 Unlock: poetic
114 Top pair, in poker
116 Portend
118 Python's relative
119 Actor shoots from ambush
124 Not-so-tanned bandleader
126 Songsmith Paul
127 Jacket types
128 Partial to a single faction
129 X and sting
130 Least challenging
131 Koppel of "Nightline"
132 Sofas, converted

DOWN

1 Inquired
2 Couturier's concern
3 Corridors
4 "—— he drove out of sight"
5 Applies icing
6 Shea nine
7 Form of trapshooting
8 Dubliner's land: abbr.
9 Singer Manchester
10 —— Alto
11 "Waiting for Lefty" playwright
12 Sub detector
13 Where to soak
14 Cuff fastener
15 Kramer's first name, in "Seinfeld"
16 Columnist Buchwald
17 Piano feature
18 Endless time
20 Attacked verbally
25 Fit for a king
28 Subway-booth buy
32 Descartes's conclusion
34 Spasms
36 O'Neill's obsolete vendor
38 Actor felt pain
39 Dodged, as taxes
40 Restful state
42 Stratosphere layer
44 Calumny
46 Dramatist's opus
48 Bacon residue
49 Adams or Brickell
50 Comedian suffocates
52 Part of B.Y.O.B.
53 Endings for hippo and aero
54 Laid ('em) in the aisles
58 Ceremony
60 Portions out
62 Fifth tires
67 Dwight's nickname
68 "Raging Bull" star
69 Urgent
70 "We —— the world"
71 Sis's contemporary
73 Enter the auction again
74 Blueprint
75 On a foreign tour
76 Term of affection
77 Having portals
78 Cymbals sound
79 Give off
80 Narc's target
82 Elitist
83 Penguin of the north
87 "I can't believe —— the whole thing"
88 Ingrid's colleague
89 Sops up
92 Quebec peninsula
93 Quarterbacks, often
95 Van Gogh's loss
100 Raised a laugh
102 Nuts containing caffeine
104 Hamlet's people
105 Futuristic lit.
107 Jacques Tati role
109 Residence
110 Seeded
111 Beaches
113 Brontë's Jane
115 Swordplay item
117 Heredity element
119 Major conflict
120 Bambi's aunt
121 Astronomer's vista
122 Neptune's domain
123 Atl. express
125 Umbrella spoke



lutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 103.

MARY ANN MADDEN #857

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

LAUREN C.E.O. L'IVIER
Designer Heads New French Corp.

HARRIS ON FORD
Pollster Rates 38th President

ERNES T.B. ORG. NINE
Bird-Disease Study Group Forms Softball Team

POPE, YET HE'S A I.L.O.R. MAN
Pontiff Member of Int'l League of Raccoons

Above, heads and subheads. Competitors are invited to repunctuate one familiar name and supply for it a brief, illuminating follow-up.

Results of Competition 854, in which you were asked for original items from a summer catalogue.

Report: Birds. The birds was coming. Bathe them, clothe them, shoo them, shoe them, feed them, breed them. Also, dubitably, Kathie Lee–made abroad items. Sports paraphernalia. Worms. Ants. All popular name-brand insects. Compost. Pet togs. Gardening (who you callin' a hoe?) equipment. Honestly, you guys.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

THE TENNIS RACQUET FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCE
Candy Zakrzewski, Kearny, N.J.

L.L. BEING—Lease the perfect family for summer holiday gatherings. Comes with festive 100 percent cotton wardrobe. Golden Retriever available.
Karen Needham, Middletown, N.J.

FRANZ SHOOBIRD—Scarecrow in the image of the Austrian composer.
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

RANDOM AX OF KINDNESS—Clear unsightly trees from your neighbors' yards. Comes with silencer, night goggles.
Sarah Gay, Owings Mills, Md.

NOT TO BEE—Insecticide. The rest is silence.
Laura Shea, N.Y.C.

STOOL PIGEON—Shock and amuse car buffs with these fake bird droppings.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

And Honorable Mention to:

DRIVE-IN BILLIARD PARLOR—Shoot a game of snooker in the comfort of your own car.
Robert Fortensky, Kingston, Pa.

DISAPPEARING GUEST ROOM—For unexpected drop-ins.
similarly: Gisella Baumann, Astoria, N.Y.
John Foshee, Austin, Texas

AUTHENTIC JAPANESE LANTERNS—Made in the USA.
Genevieve C. Vieito, Metairie, La.

HAMPTONS TIME SHARE—The scintillating new board game for city dwellers.
Shane Perez, N.Y.C.

FIND YOUR HOUSE IN THE DARK—Fluorescent house stain, assorted colors.
Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.

PORTABLE TENNIS COURT—Sets up anywhere.
Elizabeth Dean, N.Y.C.

TENTS FOR EVERY TASTE—In three attractive styles: Chalet, Townhouse, Colonial.
Diana Dean, Bronx, N.Y.

BEG TO DIFFER—Stand out in the crowd, attract summer tourists. New York's 100 most unusual panhandling sites.
Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

DON'T BE LONELY THIS AUGUST—Inflatable shrink with pencil and notepad. Tape asks, "What comes to mind?" (Must be reinflated after 50 min.)
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

FIRE-ESCAPE PLAYPEN—L-shaped roomette. Folds for storage.
Louann Galanty, Charlotte, N.C.

RING AROUND THE COLLAR—Phone your roaming dog, garden or poolside. S, M, L; specify gingham, plaid, paisley.
Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.

WHITE PLASTIC GAZEBO—Made in France. Shipped flat.
Helen Shaffer, Chambersburg, Pa.
similarly: Phyllis Levine, Shaker Hts., Ohio;
Jean Sorensenm, Herndon, Va.;
Jack Riley, Los Angeles, Calif.

SNAKESKIN GARDEN HOSE—Choose from Copperhead, Water Moccasin, or Python.
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

CRUCIFORM CITRONELLA CANDLES—Ward off insects, demons, vampires.
Rhoda High, Coral Springs, Fla.

EXECUTIVE COMBO—Phone/fax/copier/hammock. Hammock optional.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

WEED-EATER COOKBOOK—Summer recreational-drug recipes include pot-au-feu, hash browns, foie grass, cannabiscuits, more.
Tanner Foust, Boulder, Col.

POPEIL'S POCKET BARBECUE—Ideal for nouvelle cuisine.
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

JANE AUSTEN IN A NUTSHELL—Everything you need to know about the season's hottest author in just 76 short pages.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

AIRSATS—*Faux* whoopee cushions.
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C

STEER CRAZY—Worried about mad cow? Insert our John Bull probe, and wait for the digital "OK" display.
Ryan Edwards, Denton, Tex

PATIO BARBIE-Q—A minature, working cook-out set for your child's favorite doll. Pastel pink plus propane tank.
Rhea Malinofsky, Hollis Hills, N.Y

PESTO GELATO—Real Italian dessert from our herb farm. Also: chervil and crunchy parsley with whole pine nuts.
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C

LHUDE SING CUCCU—Solar-powered minatures make sumer soundes.
H. Bartow Farr, Winston-Salem, N.C

NERD-ADE—Powdered drink for unkool kids.
Helen Rosenbaum, N.Y.C

MEXICAN SILK FOLIAGE—Replace anemic plants with cactus.
Paula Borden, Portsmouth, N.H

DALI DIAL—Tell time by the sun. Imported from Spain.
Edwin P. Rapport, Shaker Heights, Ohio

YARD ARMS—The militiaman's guide to garden ordnance includes birdshot, trip wire, booby traps, lawn mines, more.
Denise Wempe. Kansas City, Mo.

BALL WAITING—Courtside or seaside, our pulsating golf, beach, and tennis balls alert you to an incoming call.
Barba-Del Campbell, Allentown, Pa.

PAPARAZZI KITE—Invade celebrity play-grounds with rude messages at a safe distance. White with choice of colored markers.
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

WIND CHIMES FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED
Jed Martinez, Margate, Fla.
sp. ment.: Scott Porter, Madison N.J.

EAU PAIR—His and her birdbaths.
Greg Ryan, N.Y.C

EARN WHILE YOU PICNIC—Umbrellas you can paint and erase. Rent like billboards.
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mich

VIRTUAL SHEA—Simulated sights, sounds and smells of ballpark, locker room.
Mitchell A. Kopnick, Oak Park, Ill
sp. ment.: Charles J. Schlotter, via the Interne

FEED ON THE Q.T.—This amazing squirrel feeder uses a patented process to prevent access by noisy, pesky songbirds.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

MPETITION

EVERSIBLE INFLATABLE MAN/INFLATABLE OMAN SWIM RAFT

Susan Kelz Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

UTHENTIC N.Y.C. FIRE HYDRANT—Save your avorite parking space, amuse your friends at he beach. Spray cap sold separately.

Patrick Mason, N.Y.C.

ICTORIA'S SECRET GARDEN HOSE—Doesn't old water too well, but who cares?

Bob Barrie, Minneapolis, Minn.

HOSE WOODS ARE THESE?—I think ou'll know with our exclusive tree-randing iron. Up to three initials. echargeable.

Arthur Fasciani, Townshend, Mass.

IRAFFE-GROOMING KIT—Extension ladder included.

Jane Ash, N.Y.C.

ASUAL FRIDAY DRESSING FOR SUCCESS—The ow-to book.

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

IOME GNOMES—Lawn figurines customized vith actual likenesses of your very own famiy and friends.

Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

RE-OWNED BEST-SELLER BOOK COVERS—Hide he trash you're reading with a recycled jackt from a trendy best-seller.

Allan G. Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

DIBLE OUTDOOR FURNITIRE—When summer's ver, no need to store it—eat it!

Lon Cross, Minneapolis, Minn.

WO WEEKS AT A WORKING SHEPHERD/SHEPIERDESS RANCH—Graduates receive personlized crooks.

Sally Dickson, San Francisco, Calif.

MBRELLAS OF SHERBET—Keep cool nder thee pastel parasols. Made in rance.

Wayne Maibaum, New Rochelle, N.Y.

ABRETT'S PARASOL—Perfect for horse shows, egattas.

Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.

ARASOL—Sunscreen imported from Spain. ontains no PABA.

Gabriel A. Najera, Providence, R.I.
sp. ment.: Phoebe Stephenson, Piscataway, N.J.

nd products only: Trump L'oeil Yachts. ardtop Convertible Hammock. Seltzer prinkler. Doggie Temps. Palm-Frond Car overs. Jon Gnagy Sunscreen. Gator Pool uard. Gardeners' Musical Knee Pads. Zera Mussel Starter Kit. Martha Stewart ud-Wrestling Video. Burlap Hose Cozy. plit-Level Tent. Hamptons Backdrop. he Larry Bird Bath. Laptop BBQ. Aronatherapy Charcoal. 12-step Pool Ladder. ndangered Species Lawn Animals. Backard Twister.

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ompetition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to ompetition Number 857, *New York* Magazine, 55 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or -mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It ust be received by July 19. Editor's decisions are inal, and all entries become property of *New ork.* Results and winners' names will appear in he August 26 issue.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

S	H	E	L	L	■	T	R	Y	S	T	I	N	G	■
T	■	M	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	■
A	L	B	E	R	T	M	E	M	O	R	I	A	L	■
N	■	R	■	G	■	P	■	S	■	M	■	R	■	B
L	E	A	V	E	N	E	D	■	D	A	M	S	E	L
E	■	S	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	G	■	■	■	O
Y	O	U	R	G	R	A	C	E	■	A	L	L	O	A
K	■	R	■	L	■	T	■	L	■	N	■	A	■	T
N	I	E	C	E	■	E	Q	U	I	T	A	B	L	E
I	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	O	■	R
F	L	E	D	G	E	■	W	I	N	D	P	U	M	P
E	■	Q	■	A	■	U	■	D	■	E	■	R	■	A
■	C	U	R	R	E	N	T	A	F	F	A	I	R	S
■	■	A	■	R	■	C	■	T	■	E	■	N	■	T
■	C	L	A	Y	M	O	R	E	■	R	O	G	U	E

D	A	R	E	■	A	S	T	O	R	■	F	I	S	T	S	■	M	E	S	S
O	R	A	L	■	W	A	I	V	E	■	A	L	T	E	R	■	*I*	*M*	*T*	*O*
D	I	C	K	H	A	Y	M	E	S	■	A	L	E	X	I	S	M	A	A	S
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R	I	O	T	■	■	■	Y	A	L	T	A	■	A	D	O	R	E	■	■	■
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M	A	R	K	H	E	R	R	O	N	■	D	Y	A	N	C	A	N	N	O	N
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I	N	C	H	O	N	■	L	O	G	O	■	L	A	I	■	O	N	E	■	■
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A	N	N	E	O	F	C	L	E	V	E	S	■	X	M	A	S	■	E	V	A
■	E	T	A	L	■	A	A	R	■	S	T	Y	■	■	S	E	C	R	E	T
A	V	A	G	A	R	D	N	E	R	■	O	O	N	A	O	N	E	I	L	L
B	E	T	E	■	A	I	D	A	N	■	P	R	O	W	L	■	O	C	T	A
C	H	A	R	■	M	A	S	T	S	■	S	E	W	E	D	■	S	K	E	W

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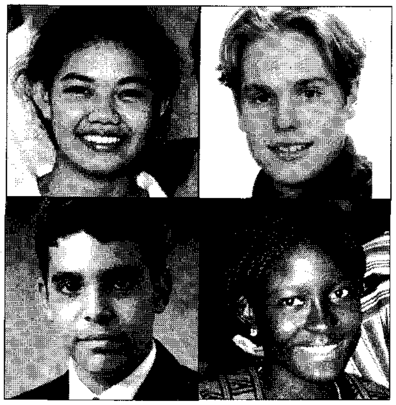

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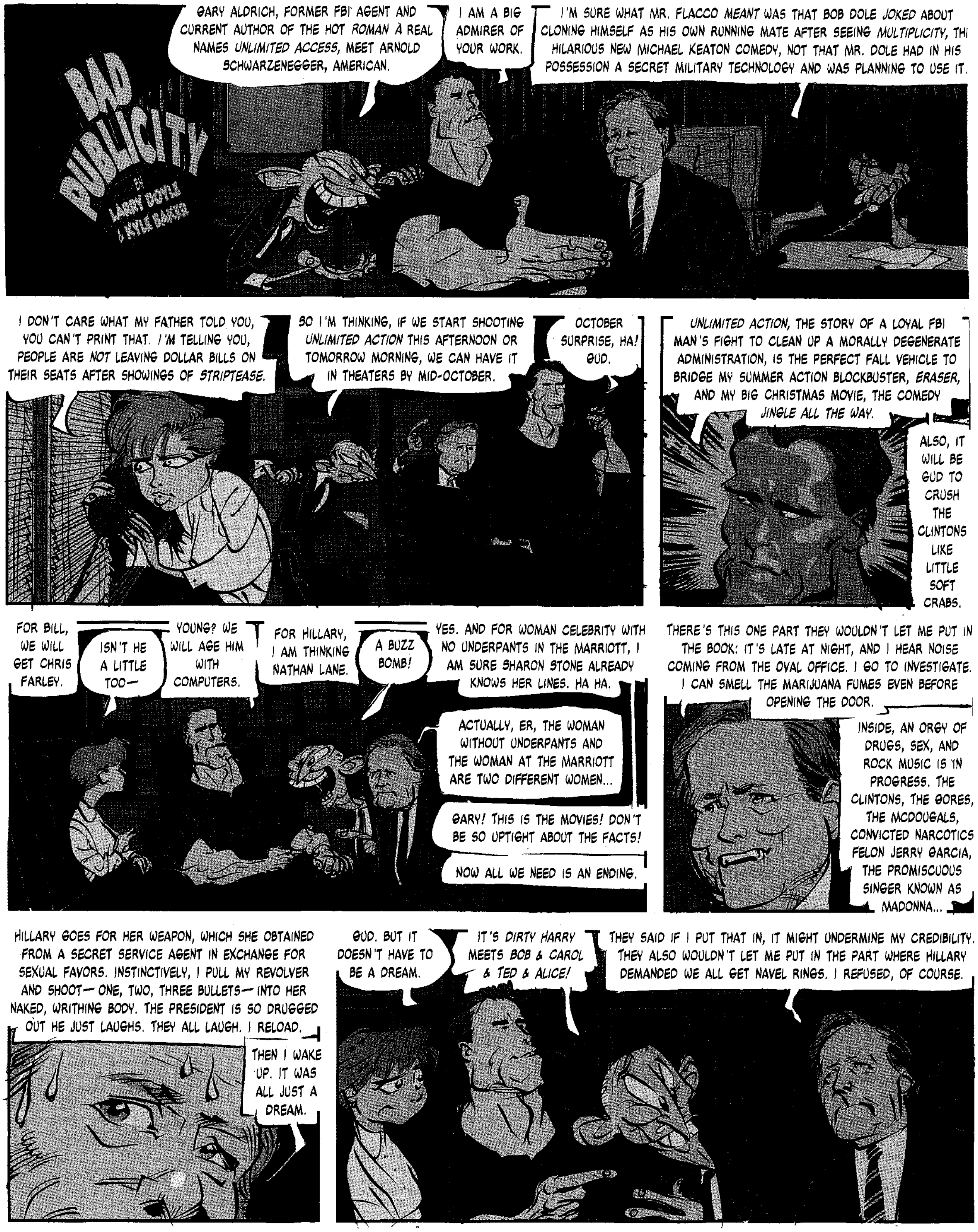
BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
GARY ALDRICH, FORMER FBI AGENT AND CURRENT AUTHOR OF THE HOT *ROMAN À* REAL NAMES *UNLIMITED ACCESS*, MEET ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, AMERICAN.
I AM A BIG ADMIRER OF YOUR WORK.
I'M SURE WHAT MR. FLACCO *MEANT* WAS THAT BOB DOLE *JOKED* ABOUT CLONING HIMSELF AS HIS OWN RUNNING MATE AFTER SEEING *MULTIPLICITY*, THI HILARIOUS NEW MICHAEL KEATON COMEDY, NOT THAT MR. DOLE HAD IN HIS POSSESSION A SECRET MILITARY TECHNOLOGY AND WAS PLANNING TO USE IT.
I DON'T CARE WHAT MY FATHER TOLD YOU, YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT. *I'M* TELLING YOU, PEOPLE ARE *NOT* LEAVING DOLLAR BILLS ON THEIR SEATS AFTER SHOWINGS OF *STRIPTEASE*.
SO I'M THINKING, IF WE START SHOOTING *UNLIMITED ACTION* THIS AFTERNOON OR TOMORROW MORNING, WE CAN HAVE IT IN THEATERS BY MID-OCTOBER.
OCTOBER SURPRISE, HA! GUD.
UNLIMITED ACTION, THE STORY OF A LOYAL FBI MAN'S FIGHT TO CLEAN UP A MORALLY DEGENERATE ADMINISTRATION, IS THE PERFECT FALL VEHICLE TO BRIDGE MY SUMMER ACTION BLOCKBUSTER, *ERASER*, AND MY BIG CHRISTMAS MOVIE, THE COMEDY *JINGLE ALL THE WAY*.
ALSO, IT WILL BE GUD TO CRUSH THE CLINTONS LIKE LITTLE SOFT CRABS.
FOR BILL, WE WILL GET CHRIS FARLEY.
ISN'T HE A LITTLE TOO—
YOUNG? WE WILL AGE HIM WITH COMPUTERS.
FOR HILLARY, I AM THINKING NATHAN LANE.
A BUZZ BOMB!
YES. AND FOR WOMAN CELEBRITY WITH NO UNDERPANTS IN THE MARRIOTT, I AM SURE SHARON STONE ALREADY KNOWS HER LINES. HA HA.
ACTUALLY, ER, THE WOMAN WITHOUT UNDERPANTS AND THE WOMAN AT THE MARRIOTT ARE TWO DIFFERENT WOMEN...
GARY! THIS IS THE MOVIES! DON'T BE SO UPTIGHT ABOUT THE FACTS!
NOW ALL WE NEED IS AN ENDING.
THERE'S THIS ONE PART THEY WOULDN'T LET ME PUT IN THE BOOK: IT'S LATE AT NIGHT, AND I HEAR NOISE COMING FROM THE OVAL OFFICE. I GO TO INVESTIGATE. I CAN SMELL THE MARIJUANA FUMES EVEN BEFORE OPENING THE DOOR.
INSIDE, AN ORGY OF DRUGS, SEX, AND ROCK MUSIC IS IN PROGRESS. THE CLINTONS, THE GORES, THE MCDOUGALS, CONVICTED NARCOTICS FELON JERRY GARCIA, THE PROMISCUOUS SINGER KNOWN AS MADONNA...
HILLARY GOES FOR HER WEAPON, WHICH SHE OBTAINED FROM A SECRET SERVICE AGENT IN EXCHANGE FOR SEXUAL FAVORS. INSTINCTIVELY, I PULL MY REVOLVER AND SHOOT—ONE, TWO, THREE BULLETS—INTO HER NAKED, WRITHING BODY. THE PRESIDENT IS SO DRUGGED OUT HE JUST LAUGHS. THEY ALL LAUGH. I RELOAD.
THEN I WAKE UP. IT WAS ALL JUST A DREAM.
GUD. BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A DREAM.
IT'S *DIRTY HARRY* MEETS *BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE!*
THEY SAID IF I PUT THAT IN, IT MIGHT UNDERMINE MY CREDIBILITY. THEY ALSO WOULDN'T LET ME PUT IN THE PART WHERE HILLARY DEMANDED WE ALL GET NAVEL RINGS. I REFUSED, OF COURSE.

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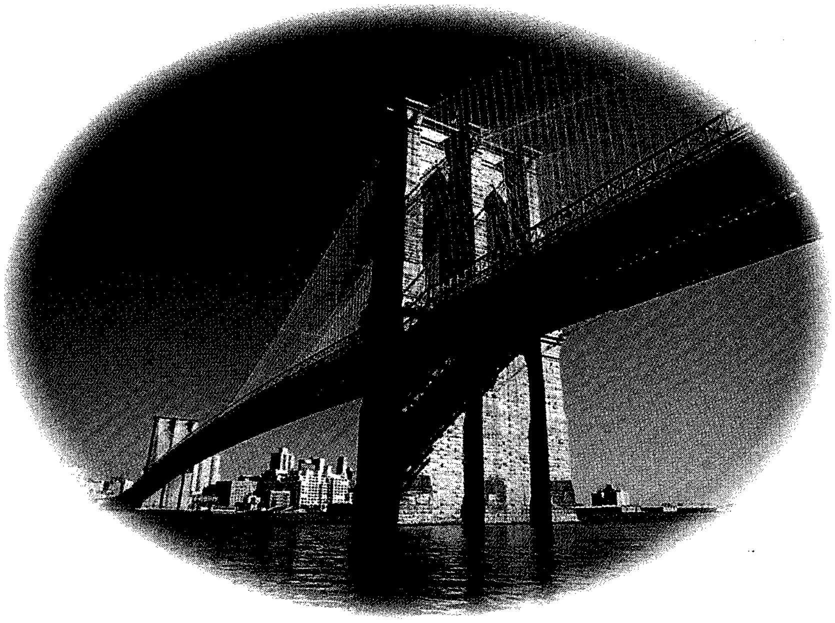

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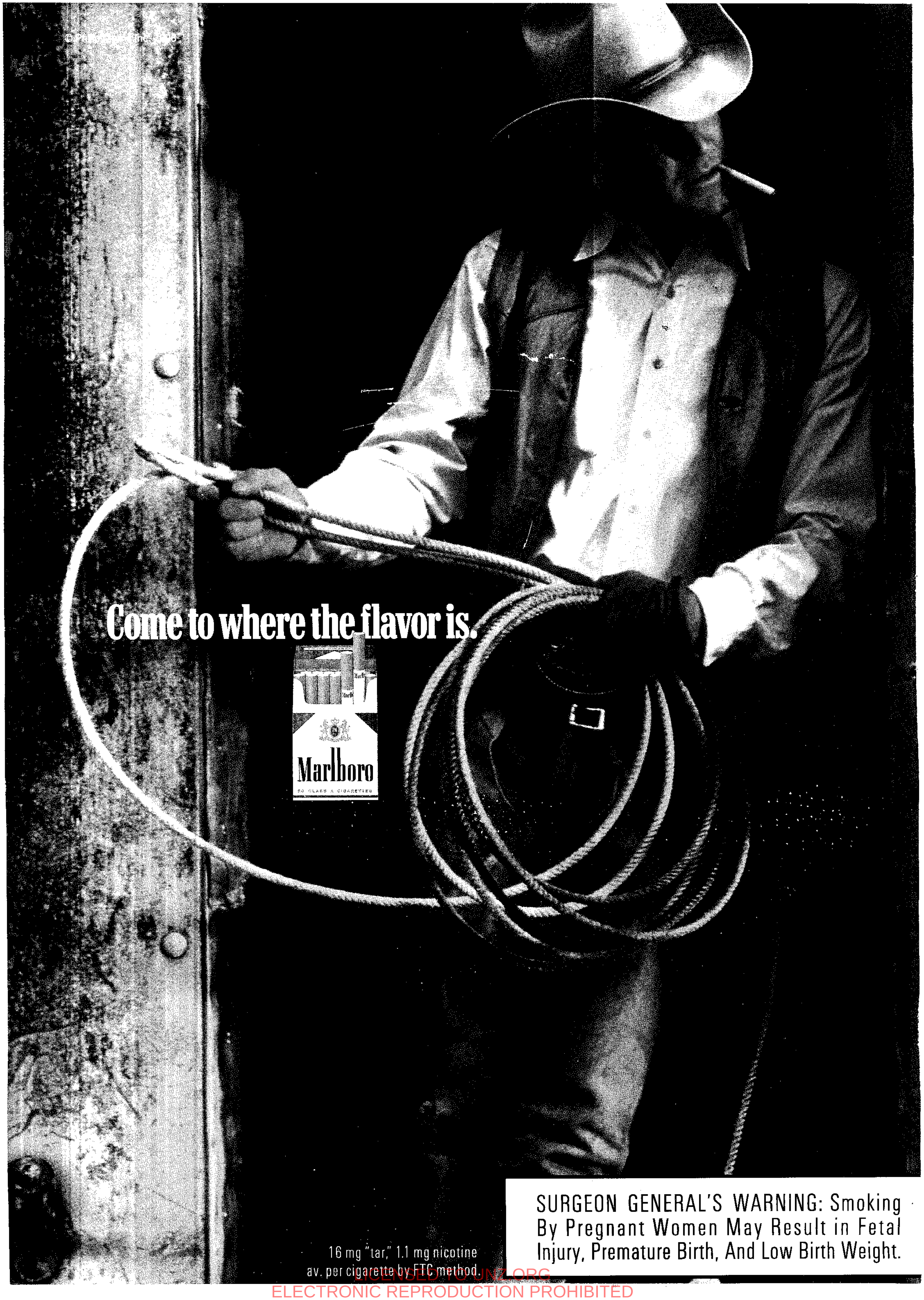
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